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NO. 36

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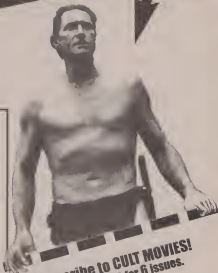




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This issue dedicated to the late great Samuel Z. Arkoff.
May there be drive-in theaters in heaven.

Special Thanks to:

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Photo at right:
Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman
(Universal 1943) from
Bela Lugosi's personal scrapbooks.
Courtesy of Bela G. Lugosi



We Got Mail! letters to the editor

As a lifelong Alfred Hitchcock fan, I enjoyed reading your articles on the director in issue #32. I've watched the *Psycho* trailer many times, but until you pointed it out I never realized it is Vera Miles, not Janet Leigh, who is seen screaming in the shower!

To my knowledge, Hitchcock's only involvement with the TV series *Suspicion* was to direct its premiere episode "Four O'Clock," which aired Sept. 30, 1957. According to Alex McNeill's *Total Television*, the series was hosted first by Dennis O'Keefe, then Walter Abel. I don't know how many total episodes were produced, but I feel ten to be too few for a show that did last a full season. Hitchcock also directed an hour-long teleplay for *Ford Sterling* entitled "Incident At A Corner," which starred Vera Miles and aired on April 5, 1960.

The following films were left out of your Hitchcock filmography.

Harmony Heaven (1929) - This odd title appears on a couple of filmographies, sandwiched between *Champagne and The Menzies*, but I've never found any solid information on it. Can anyone shed some light on this?

Elster Calling (1930) - Hitchcock directed the framing story for this musical-comedy revue, in which the various acts are tuned in on a television set, a concept still very much in the realm of science-fiction at the time. The director later deemed the exercise "of no interest whatsoever."

Mary (1930) - German-language version of *Murder*, shot simultaneously with a cast that included leading man Walter Abel (I presume this is the same Walter Abel who later hosted *Suspicion*), who refused to do several comedy-related scenes which he felt were beneath his dignity.

Bon Voyage and Adventure Malgache (both 1944) - Two wartime propaganda shorts made for the British Ministry of Information, which dramatized the efforts of the French Resistance.

I must agree with the sentiments expressed by Pete Risley in his letter regarding Brad Linaweaver, whose tireless proselytizing is indeed becoming tiresome. It's one thing to make a politically-oriented remark in passing, or to analyze a given film in the political context of its time, but quite another to regard each and every turn at the keyboard as an opportunity to espouse a personal dogmatic agenda, as Linaweaver seems wont to do. This is the type of thing that turned off many *Cosmo* of *Frankenstein* readers, and in my opinion helped kill the magazine. People don't pick up an entertainment magazine expecting a lecture on supposed anti-Scientist conspiracies or a diatribe against gun-control advocates. If you have indeed decided to "jetison the adult-film stuff" as one reader put it, then why not "jetison" the politics as well, or at least survey your readership to determine which of the two is more objectionable?

Sincerely,
Ed Ealing
Ashland, OR

I thoroughly enjoyed your cover article on the comedy of Mel Brooks. My parents took me to see *Young Frankenstein* when I was a mere child. I remember how concerned my

dad was that no one would ever take *Brat* or *Son of Frankenstein* seriously again after they saw how Mel lampooned the same material so mercilessly. He needn't have worried, since all these films seem to exist together quite nicely in the same movie universe.

One could wish Peter Boyle had been around during the creation of the Universal series to give Lon Chaney some tips on how to be a Frankenstein Monster. At the time I saw *Young Frankenstein*, my tender pre-adolescent



Teri Garr as YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

fantasies were fired most by Teri Garr as Inga, the buxom nurse who assists the young Dr. Frankenstein. She was my earliest schoolboy crush, and the subject of my first erotic dreams.

Ken Adams
Reno, NV

I was impressed by Brad Linaweaver's recent piece on W.C. Fields. He made some interesting points about the sudden change in Fields' comedic style, and in American film comedy in general, after the creation of the Hays Office.

Paraphrasing, I never could take Will Hays seriously, because he had very nearly the same name as Will Hay, an English film comedian who was a contemporary of W.C. Fields, and whose onscreen personality was very similar to the sort of disreputable misanthrope that Fields usually played. In fact, Will Hay's screen character and his comedy technique are very similar to those of Fields...and, like Fields, Will Hay often surrounded himself onscreen with grotesque supporting actors who followed him from one film to the next. But Will Hay was no mere imitator of W.C. Fields, and the two men are quite different offscreen: in real life, Will Hay was an excellent amateur astronomer. William K. Everson, in his excellent book *The Art of W.C. Fields*, made a detailed comparison of Will Hay and W.C. Fields. Everson also made the perceptive observation that Hay consistently presents a W.C. Fields-like character in plotlines and situations more appropriate to Buster Keaton.

I'd like to correct one quasi-error in your Fields essay. You state (correctly) that W.C. Fields played himself in his last film, but you then imply that *Never Give a Sucker an Even Break* was that film. Fields appeared in four

films after *Sucker*, including a *March of Time* newsreel. The other three were fiction films with show-biz plots: *Follow the Boys*, *Song of the Open Road* and *Sensations of 1945*.

In each of these three, Fields made a brief appearance as himself, followed by an uninspired skit or variety turn. (In *Open Road*, he worked with Bergen and McCarthy...but their cross-talk routine isn't nearly as good as anything they did together on the radio in *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*.) Fields' best days were behind him - *Sucker* was the beginning of the downhill slope - and I can't recommend these last three films to anyone except the most determined Fields completist.

Sucker is an excellent film, but I would debate the claim (which you seem to make) that Fields plays himself in this film. He actually plays a character named "Uncle Bill" who is clearly a fictionalized and idealized version of himself, rather than an accurate portrayal, just as Jerry Seinfeld allegedly played himself in *Seinfeld*, but was actually playing a fictional character who somewhat resembled himself and had the same name.

I wish that your otherwise excellent essay had gone into more detail about Fields' attempts to transcend the censorship which held sway in Hollywood (and on radio) during that time. Consider his film *The Bank Dick*, in which Fields plays a bank dick who spends most of his time in a saloon called *The Black Pussy Cat Cafe*, which Fields keeps referring to as "The Black Pussy." So, here we have a film in which a dick spends most of his time inside a pussy. I get the feeling that Fields is trying to create a subtle allegory here, but the precise symbolism eludes me.

F Gwynllynne MacIntyre
New York, NY

Tell Buddy Barnett that not everyone in their mid-to-late 20's is a lazy, useless, unmotivated do-nothing idiot. I'm only 28 years old and currently writing for seven different magazines (*Cult Movies* being one of them). Clearly there are young people out there who aren't totally idle, who do aspire to something useful and meaningful, who are getting things done and have something to show for what they do, and even feel obligated to contribute something to the world at large.

I personally believe that my generation has been given a raw deal by the media and should be granted a greater benefit of the doubt. I feel it's my obligation to clear the air on this issue, for it's something that understandably matters a great deal to me.

Thanks for hearing me out
Sincerely,
Joe Wawrzyniak
Metuchen, NJ

[In reference to Brad Linaweaver's article on 2001: A Space Odyssey that appeared in the first of our double issue *Cult Movies/Spaceways* magazines (CM#19), Arthur C. Clarke sent the following letter to *Read* on April 23, 2001]

Brad,
Your article brilliant!
Just had a friendly e-mail from struggling young filmmaker, one James Cameron. Says how 2001 started his career. Give my regards to AE and any other local dinosaurs
All best,
Arthur

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CULT MOVIES

deep inside cult movies

It's a given that the mere sight of the biplane circling the globe, accompanied by the words "It's a Universal Picture", are sure to bring a warm and comfortable feeling to nearly any member of the Monster Boom generation. The Universal globe was the logo bookending nearly every classic horror film of the golden era; assurance that you were about to see a Karloff or a Lugosi, or at the very least a Chaney, Jr.

Most of us grew up watching them on television, and later collecting them on film or video of some format and length. We never thought about the odd place Universal held in the scheme of things, a kind of middle position between the A studios like Paramount and MGM and the B ones like Monogram. We just took it for granted that they made the best of what we were looking for.

For a slightly younger, perhaps hipper generation, the words American International and the symbol of the Capitol building held the same comforting assurance of the right kind of entertainment. By the 1950's there were lots of studios cranking out copies of each trend AIP had started. There were plenty of trends and plenty of copycats. But I think the brand name magic of AIP meant something to all of us, for consciously different reasons than our appreciation of Universal.

It's hard to think about those films and get the feeling going of "so long ago." I used to think of the Universal films as the old ones, and the Hammer and the AIP films as the new ones. Now, to the new kids coming in, all this stuff is pretty antique. Fifty years ago? And you still want to watch this stuff??? Teenage Werewolf, Beach Blanket Bingo, The Undead, How to Stuff a Wild Bikini and Terror From the Year 5,000. They all seem like only yesterday.

When these films first hit, they hit BIG. We took our fun seriously.

This issue, thanks to our friend Ray Greene, we are presenting an interview with American International founder Samuel Z. Arkoff; an intensive session spread over several days and which, sadly, turned out to be the final interview Mr. Arkoff ever gave to the press. Ray Greene, former editor of *Bonafide Magazine*, himself a filmmaker and film editor, has written extensively about film and was conducting this interview as part of a television documentary about the exploitation entertainment business. He was obviously taken by the candor with which Arkoff shared information about the old days, and has been kind enough to, in turn, share that information with us.

About the same time that this interview was presented to us, another interview with Mr. Arkoff was offered to us from quite another direction; the office of David DeValle, a collector, writer, historian, and radio host with special interest in classic film. He had a taped interview with SZA which covered enough different material that we decided to run both of them, together in one issue. My feeling is that each one complements the other, adds to the thoroughness of the picture, allowing us to look a little deeper into Sam Arkoff "The Man."

In planning for this issue, I re-read Sam's autobiography, "Flying Through Hollywood By the Seat of My Pants", published in 1992. He personally autographed it with the line, "It's been a great trip - and there's still more to come!" In reading through, I noticed that although his responses to Ray Greene and David DeValle were amazingly candid and open, other explanations were often quoted again nearly word for word as responses to the questioning of both Greene and DeValle. So the old gentleman had his reality decided on, set it firmly in writing (partly as a reply to Roger Corman's autobiography published two years before) and was going to stick to his guns when speaking in public.

My only sadness is that neither interviewer seemed too interested in talking to him about his involvement in Toho Studios and the many giant Japanese monster movies AIP had a hand in developing with them. Both interviews are filled with questions about Corman, Mario Bava, and Barbara Steele (quite understandably). Being a fan of the Godzilla movies myself, I would love to have read more about them from Arkoff's point of view. Too many film researchers consider Godzilla films to be first cousins to kiddie puppet shows. And so anything he might have mentioned about effects, legends, advertising of these specialty films, interesting negotiations with Toho Studios and countless other questions, got glossed over. There's no "next time", now. But I'm plenty thankful for the wealth of information we did obtain.

A very curious thing, this brings up. Mr. Arkoff mentions Godzilla and Toho exactly once in his own book about himself. Perhaps he, too, was rather uninterested in anything to do with these films, even though they made money for AIP. However, he does go on at great length about the Beach films, and how he may not have invented the teenager, but his films gave a voice to America's teens in the mid 1950's, when other film studios almost denied such a thing. He appeals out an exact formula and mindset that his studio had in providing teen entertainment to teenagers, demonstrating that he knew his demographics and marketing better than some of the bigger, better studios who were losing millions during the onslaught of television.

In his book and in his interviews, Sam Arkoff speaks with great pride about the teen format, and the development of his great pals Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. Reading his remarks caused me to read through Annette's own autobio, "A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes", published in 1994. This is

an enjoyable stroll through the life of the beautiful singer and actress, touching on many aspects of her career. But if dear old Mr. Arkoff was in denial about his connection to the Godzilla movies, Ma Funicello is equally in denial about her association with the beach movies of Mr. Arkoff. She sings the praises of Walt Disney to the skies, but only once comes out and mentions Arkoff's name. She does list a bibliography in the back of the book, which shows four titles for Disney, nine for American International. A candid photo taken during the making of Beach Party has her caption, "In a two piece bathing suit. But faithful to my promise to Mr. Disney, I never showed my navel." However, I have an AIP publicity photo for the same film (her first for the studio, made in 1963) which does show her bikini bottom lowered an indiscreet one inch below her belly button.

So it's a case of pass-the-denial on down the line to the next innocent party. All of us are innocent of something. We just need to read these interviews and books to find out who's innocent of what.

Actually, in gathering a few tributes to Sam Arkoff from people who knew him and worked with him, I found only glowing comments about the man. We've printed them along with the two interviews in this issue.

As we go to press we're excited over news about a first ever biography in the works on Lugosi's long time friend, Dr. Manly Palmer Hall. Our readers know of Hall as the minister who performed the wedding ceremony between Bela and Hope Lugosi in 1955, as well as the man who hypnotized Bela for his death scene in the Universal crime film *Black Friday*. It's assumed that Bela was a contributor to Hall's religious and cultural activities in Los Angeles during the 1930's and '40's. Manly Hall was an associate of political figures, Hollywood celebrities, and many spiritual leaders from many countries of the world. His death in 1990 is presumed to have been murder, though it remains a case to this day unsolved by the Los Angeles Police Department. During his lifetime he wrote no autobiography, and encouraged no one to write his life story.

Now that he is gone, his life belongs to the people, and it may be time to set the facts in order. To that effect, a local journalist has spent two years researching countless individuals, doing detective work and research in astonishing detail, to uncover a story that students and friends of Mr. Hall could only have guessed at while the man himself was alive. I've read the first three chapters of the book, and can declare that they are amazing. I heard Mr. Hall in many a lecture for roughly ten years. I still own and read his books, so I would say that I am "a follower." My curiosity and fascination for this man of learning only doubles with the reading of those three chapters. As the book is completed and word of a publication date nears, you can be assured we will carry details in these pages, as I would encourage our readers to consider this another "must read" book for your personal library.



Herman Gordon Lewis and David F. Friedman reunited after 27 years to make *BLOOD FEAST 2*

In 1964 I attended a meeting of the West Coast Producers Association, the official society of producers and distributors of adult films and the fairly new medium of home video. I met Bob Chinn, Kay Parker, Georgina Spelvin and other adult celebs, some of whom are no longer with us. John C. Holmes was present, just days upon his release from a prison stretch. "This was the first time in years I've been able to be in the same room with Holmes," said Damon Christian who produced some of the Johnny Wadd detective films, which starred Holmes. "For once, Holmes wasn't an arrogant bastard." He made quite an impression on the people, and talked of kick-starting his acting career again. Alas, life didn't hold that much sand in the glass for Mr. Holmes, and he died shortly after that meeting.

For me the most impressive person at the meeting was the president of the



In a cameo performance as a minister, Producer-Director John Waters marries Tiffany (Toni Wyrms) and Michael (Mark McLaughlin) in *BLOOD FEAST II*, a David F. Friedman-Jacky Lee Morgan Production, directed by Herschell Gordon Lewis.

association, Mr. Dave Friedman. At that time, there had been a fairly fresh and renewed interest in the films Dave had made with Herschell Gordon Lewis. A book had been published citing Lewis as the main driving force behind the films, and all kinds of magazine and newspaper articles echoed the same sentiments, although everyone knew the situation had been a partnership on the films they did together, such as *Blood Feast* and *Two Thousand Maniacs*. I had brought a copy of the most recent book to this meeting and Dave was happy to autograph it for me, and tell me all about a planned reunion with H.G. Lewis. I can recall that moment as though it was yesterday.

"We've got a scene planned out where the killer sneaks into the kitchen and comes up behind the woman," Dave enthused, as though directing the scene in his mind's eye. "He's a real maniac, and this has to be as shocking as what we did in the 1960's. So he grabs her arm, shoves it into the kitchen sink, down the garbage disposal, and throws the switch. Blood and bones fly everywhere!"

Sometimes it takes a swell idea a long time to get born. This one only took eighteen years, but they've finally done it. Friedman and Lewis have finally teamed up to make a film; it's called *Blood Feast II*, and it's a direct tie-in to the original. At Christmas time Dave Friedman was here in Hollywood and he was nice enough to screen a copy of his new movie for me. It's funny and shocking, and more than, lives up to expectations one would have for a sequel of this magnitude. And it does indeed have the scene of the woman's arm going down the garbage disposal. The poster art includes a big blurb stating, "It's as bad as the original!" Translated into Cult Movie terms, that means it's very, very good. Among the many delights of the film you will see a cameo by one of the greatest cultists of all time, John Waters in the part of a minister. If you're like me, you'll love *Blood Feast Part II*, too.

Speaking of cultists, I am really happy to have Ed Wood authority Rudolph Grey back on our pages with his photo story on the rediscovery of two lost Wood classics. Fading these films was a major triumph for Rudy, and sharing the news with us as he's done pleases me greatly.

Having stated this, I can't help the strange feeling I get thinking of these as lost films, however. I saw them in the 1970's and '80s several hundred times each, until I knew each film by memory. For two decades I was a projectionist in the Seattle area, and eventually worked in every theater in the jurisdiction of L.A.T.S.E. Local 152, from the biggest multiplex down to the lowliest X-rated grind house. One company, which kept changing its name from NuArt Amusement, to Playtime Theaters, to Top Hat Theaters, and so forth, had a handful of films it ran over and over in its handful of theaters. They related *The Driv House* in Town and *Necromania* between the Embassy Theater, the New Pans, the Downtown, and the Green Parrot, said theaters now all destroyed.

As his grand houses finally ground to a halt, it can imagine that owner Roger Forbes probably threw the Wood films (and all the others) into the trash bin, and thus they became lost, after two decades of continuous use. Discarding films went all over the country as home video replaced theaters. And it remains for a detective like Rudolph Grey to search the hidden places where films remain, once their purpose has been served. After years of musing, he's hit gold and thus we have one of the great Ed Wood enthusiasts reviewing these unusual Wood films. Which proves the old proverb, that nothing is truly lost except that which has been forgotten. Dr. abandoned in some dusty film vault.

Enough chatter. There's plenty of film goodness in store in this issue.

So, on with the show!
Sincerely,
Michael Copner

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SPECIAL ARTICLE BY MICHAEL COPNER

Her name is Tongolele. As an actress she's appeared in 28 motion pictures, as a dancer she's known in the Latin American world as the main exponent of Tabinas and Polynesian dance traditions. Everything about her personality spills out "mysterioso" - everything about her looks and movements are unusually exotic. To readers of *Cult Movies* magazine, she may be best known for her leading role in the film, *The Snake People*, one of the last films produced starring Boris Karloff.

It's always difficult to know where the next newsworthy story is going to come from. In this case, our attention was focused on Tongolele by a young fan of hers, Arcenio Islas, Jr. of Calexico, California. Arcenio is a reader of our magazine who attended our convention last year at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. He began to tell us of one of his "museums in life" as a film lover. Basically he wants to see America lavish the attention on his favorite which she certainly deserves, and which she never found in our country. Up until now if Arcenio has his way, all this may change.

Her true name is Yolanda Yvonne Montes Farrington. She was born of Hispanic and European parents in Spokane, Washington back in 1932. Her parents (Elinor Montes and Edna Pearl Farrington) encouraged their daughter in her performing art interests. The obvious place to go was Hollywood. She spent some time making a name for herself as an ethnic dancer at some of the nightclubs in town during the mid 1940s, but nothing earth shaking happened for her in the entertainment

capital of the world. It was when she migrated further south to Tijuana and eventually Mexico City that her career began in earnest.

Her professional debut as a dancer in Mexico was in 1947 at the Tivoli Theater. This was the same year she made her last film appearance in *Nocturne de amor* (*Night of Love*) directed by Emilio Gomez Muriel. America's loss was Mexico's great fortune, since the career of Tongolele became firmly established as a South American phenomenon. Soon she was appearing in films alongside other top stars, such as Tin Tan and Cuvillazo.

Her appearance and style are distinctive. From the very start she bore a white streak in her long black hair, something she still does to this day. When dancing she performed in the most exotic costumes, all the better to reveal her lush, supple form and smooth motions with which she so effortlessly toured the dance floor. She had a saucy, sophisticated attitude that was not diminished by the occasional comic moves she employed to break the erotic spell, before resuming the hypnotic undulation that matched whatever music was being performed by her orchestra. She was a true natural, and Mexico adopted her as their own. Yet her appeal was far reaching, and she found herself performing live and acting in movies in Spain, Italy, Argentina, and Puerto Rico.

After being deluged by Arcenio with photos, posters, pressbooks and fan magazines pertaining to Tongolele, I

began to realize that this was a cult personality that had been ignored here, but who might be of interest to our readers. Ever relentless, young Mr. Islas had used his influence to secure the home phone number of Tongolele in Mexico, and asked me to call her with the idea of doing an interview otherwise with her for our magazine, and eventually bringing her to America for a convention or festival screening of her films.

I was a bit reluctant to call her. I've only seen two of her films, what would we talk about? My Spanish is pretty rusty, so how would we talk? I went ahead, made the call to Mexico City and had a marvelous talk with the lady herself. There's nothing pretentious about Tongolele. She answers her own phone, she's completely down to earth, and she converses in English and Spanish with equal ease.

When I told her that I, also, was from Washington State (Seattle), she said me she had some relatives still living in Seattle.

I told her that our readers would probably be most interested in knowing about the film she made in Los Angeles with Boris Karloff, she warmed up even more and claimed that Boris, though very ill, was charming to work with and it was his good nature that made working on the film so easy. "Because he couldn't do much physical activity, he spends most of his scenes just instructing me what to do and I end up actually doing the dirty work!" she recalled. "He'd tell funny anecdotes about his earlier days in Hollywood that kept the rest of the cast in good spirits while the technicians were setting up the next scenes. Everyone was in awe of him."

I told her that I'd asked Mexican friends of mine here in Los Angeles about her, and all of them had heard of Tongolele but assumed she was from Cuba or some other Latin American country besides Mexico. "It's because of the style of dance I do," she explained. "What a fine turn of events that she is originally from the USA, found superstardom in Mexico, and even there is considered too ethnic or exotic for them!"

I asked about her current activities. "Recently she has been appearing as a continuing character in a Mexican soap opera entitled 'Salome' as the mother of a troubled son. I'm now 70 years old, and I'm playing the part of a 40-year old woman. In real life I'm kind of like Don Gray, the older I get, the younger I look, and no one watching this network TV show has much of an idea about my true age."

By the time this magazine is printed, Tongolele will be making a film in Chile, but her soap opera will begin regular broadcast on cable TV in America. We'll have more details in our next issue! Our current hope is to secure that career interview, and be able to bring her to Hollywood for our next convention. In the meantime, here is a chronology of her films, listed in their original Spanish language titles.

Spanish Language Filmography:

- Nocturno de amor (1947)
- Han matado a Tongolele (1948)
- La mujer de otro (1948)
- El rey del barrio (1949)
- El amor no es ciego (1950)
- Chucho, el remendado (1951)
- Matenme Porque me muero (1951)
- Ahi vienen los gorriones (1952)
- Amor de locura (52)
- Habia una vez un mando (52)
- El Mensaje de la muerte (52)
- El misterio del carro express (52)
- Si... mi vida (53)
- El detective (1954, Argentina)
- Musica de siempre (1956)
- Pension de artistas (56)
- La muerte es puntual (56)
- Amor a ritmo a go go (1956)
- Las mujeres panteras (66)
- Super espectáculo del mundo (66 Spanish-Italian)
- El crepusculo de un dios (1968)
- La Muerte viviente (68)
- Las fabulosas (1981)
- Las noches del Blanquita (81)
- Las fabulosas del reventon 2 (82)

Sam Arkoff



THE LAST INTERVIEW

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When Samuel Z. Arkoff died in 2001, the world of the cult movie lost one of its greatest figures, and I personally lost someone who I owe an enormous debt of gratitude to. When I decided in late 1997 to get to work on the documentary feature about exploitation films that would ultimately become *SCHLOCK! The Secret History of American Movies*, I had nothing but an idea and a lot of enthusiasm. Knowing there was no way we could deal comprehensively with the subject without chronicling Arkoff's days working with Jim Nicholson at American International Pictures, Sam Arkoff was the first major exploiter we contacted. He was also the first person who agreed to sit for an interview.

It would be over six months before that interview took place. As he moved into his early 80s, Sam's health was already intermittently declining, and he was unable to make our first shooting sessions. By the time we finally landed the interview, conducted at Sam's house in Los Angeles with follow-ups at his office in Burbank, we had found out just how magical Sam's name still was. We had by then spoken extensively to Dick Miller, Roger Corman, David F. Friedman, Harry Novak, Doris Wishman, Vampira, Peter Bogdanovich and many other of the remaining exploitation greats. In any case where we encountered resistance based on our limited resources and lack of a major production company to backstop us, the fact that we had a commitment from Sam Arkoff instantly legitimized us, and made other greats of the form want to sit for our cameras.

So why did Sam do it? I think in large part because he, like many of our other

interviewees, appreciated the mad dog independent spirit of our undertaking. A key to the energy of the old exploitation scene is that many of the filmmakers worked out of disgust with the studio way of doing things. They recognized the fundamental waste of the Hollywood system, saw early that it was a rigged game that would either cripple them with production politics or never let them in, and struck out with nothing to build an empire of their own. Arkoff's empire, started from scratch with Jim Nicholson in the early '50s, was among the most vast and enduring. I would be shocked if there has ever been or ever will be an issue of *Cult Movies* that doesn't prominently feature an American International title in its contents, and several of this magazine's covers, including the current one, have been derived from AIP's wonderful old exploitation ad campaigns.

But it all started from nothing, and then grew to encompass a library of some 500 titles, including everything from *Invasion of the Saucer Men* and *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* to the Arnette Funicello/Frankie Avalon "Beach Party" pictures and every single Edgar Allan Poe film directed by Roger Corman, and starring Vincent Price. I think Sam, who told his wonderful autobiography "Flying Through Hollywood By the Seat of My Pants," agreed to talk to a couple of young punks out of nowhere because, like some of our other interview subjects, he recognized some small subatomic particle of himself in what we were up to, and how we were going about it. He proved amazingly generous with his time and memories, and his mental and physical energies during the three or so sessions we had with him were absolutely undimmed.

In part because of the nature of documentary filmmaking but also because of a certain awareness of the historic importance

of getting Sam's story recorded, we filmed far more material than we could ever end up using. And so what follows is the last major interview with Sam Arkoff, published in its entirety here for the first time. Those interested enough to want to seek out our documentary salute to the wild world of exploitation and sexploitation filmmaking *SCHLOCK! The Secret History of American Movies* can find it on the worldwide web at www.schlockthemovie.com, where it is available for purchase. Like so many of the films readers of this magazine love, it's a picture that wouldn't have existed without Sam Arkoff's help.

So thanks, Sam. For more reasons than you knew.

-Ray Greene, Writer/Director *SCHLOCK! The Secret History of American Movies*

[Note: As the camera started to roll, Sam was already talking.]

SAM ARKOFF: It used to be, in the early days when we were making some of these pictures, that I would get on to these programs, you know, of the dilettantes who were the so-called experts. And they used to say, "Why are you making these kinds of pictures?" See? The reason of course that we were making those kinds of pictures was because, no one else was making those pictures for young people...

RAY GREENE: We have to start getting this stuff. Come on. Are we rolling? We're rolling. Okay Sam. Let's just start at the top then. Can you give me your definition of what an exploitation film is and isn't?

SA: Well, basically, an exploitation film is one that simply caters to an audience, generally speaking on something of a genre nature. The word exploitation is really a very good word. When I was a kid and the circus parade came down the street of Fort

by Ray Greene

Dodge, Iowa in the afternoon before it set up the tents and started charging money for the attractions, that was exploitation. That was there to get all us kids to get our parents to take us to the circus. So basically, exploitation is fine.

Now when the people today and all these arty fartsy making these fifty and a hundred and two hundred million dollar pictures, they don't want to talk about exploitation. Well they are full of malarkey, because without exploitation, those pictures are gonna die on the vine, nobody's gonna come to see them.

RG: There's one person who's an important part of this story who is not interviewable of course, and that's Jim Nicholson. And I think you probably knew him the best, so why don't you tell me about his role.

SA: Well, Jim Nicholson and I were a good team. He was a great title man. And you see, we didn't have big stars, we didn't have best-selling books, we didn't have big plays. So what did we have? We had titles, and we had artwork. And that's what we sold. So Jim Nicholson was the guy who used to be able to make that work -- if he didn't come up with the titles himself, he used to be able to select the titles we would get from our staff. And I can still remember, you know, when he came in one morning, and he says, "Sam, I have a great title." I said, "What is it?" He said, "I Was a Teenage Werewolf." And I knew right off the bat that was a great title. When I went home that day and told my wife about it, she says, "You don't mean to tell me you're going to put that title on your picture?" And Jim Nicholson's wife said the same thing to him.

The point about those titles was, we used to go with the titles first. And then the ads, the poster art. Rough of course, because we couldn't afford to spend very much at that time. And then, once we had the title and the rough art work, then we would send out young people to take a little poll at their high school, or their college, or among other teenagers who weren't either in high school or college. And we would try a number of titles on them. And when we had the titles we wanted, and the artwork we wanted, then we did the script. Other people said, "You're doing it backward." I said, "We're doing it the way American industry works. They find out whether there is a public that will buy their product. That's exactly what we're doing. We can't afford to invest money in a picture that isn't going to draw."

Now it's still a gamble anyway. It's still a gamble whether you make a good picture, it's still a gamble whether you hit the right audience. But that basically was the way it worked.

We both agreed on all projects. We had an inviolate rule that we both had to like it. If we didn't like it, we didn't do it. And there would be projects that would be favorites of mine, projects that were favorites of Jim's,

that the other party would turn down, and we wouldn't do 'em. And sooner or later, somebody would do some of them, and almost invariably, they would die a death. So that was a sort of a safety there. And that's really about the way it worked. He was very good at those things.

RG: How about the personal chemistry of your relationship with Jim Nicholson in terms of running AIP?

SA: Well, he on the one hand hated confrontation. He just wasn't equipped for that. I, on the other hand, welcomed confrontation. As a man who had years and years of high school debate and college debate, and oratory and all of those things, I loved confrontation. So those were our functions, really. He liked to go on the set or location. I detested it. I would go the first day to see how does it look. And then I would go to see the rushes. And then I wouldn't go near it until the film was finished. If there were problems of course, then it always came to me. The call would come from Jim, he's on the set, he'd say, "Sam," he says, "We have a problem. Can you come down?" And I would get in my car and come down.

RG: It sounds like you complimented each other very well.

SA: Yes we did.

RG: I'd like you to tell me, as briefly as possible, how you and Jim Nicholson came to create American Releasing and ultimately American International Pictures.

SA: When I met Jim Nicholson he was working doing re-issues of old theatrical pictures. I'd been in television in the early days, the late 1940s if you can believe that, when television was all basically experimental. And we decided at that time that movies were a good field, because there were all of these problems in the motion picture world from the divorce decrees [note: the legal decision that forced the major studios to sell off their theatrical exhibition arms] and all these other things that were creating havoc. And we knew that there was an opportunity. Especially if we made films for teenagers, because nobody was doing that.

Basically, most pictures were really being made for an adult audience. The teenager was really basically ignored. There were the Disney pictures, of course, that were for pre-teens. And then there were the pictures that were made for standard audiences. And the teenagers really didn't have anybody making pictures for them. As a matter of fact, to Disney, who was a genius, whether you were 8 or 18, you were a kid. What he didn't realize, and what a lot of people didn't realize when they kept talking about family pictures, was that, if you're 8 years old, the worst thing that can happen to you is when your dog is lost. When you're 18, there are a hell of a lot of other things more important than your lost dog. You've got to

worry about your parents, you've got to worry about your teachers, you've got to worry about the other sex, you've got to worry about your own sex. You've got a hundred different things that are far more important. And everybody was ignoring them.

For example, [back in the 1940s you had] Andy Hardy. Played by Mickey Rooney. Now Mickey Rooney was a short teenager. He had a father who was very tall, Lewis Stone, who as a matter of fact was a judge in the pictures -- a JUDGE, see? And that was not just accidental. Now Mickey would get together with his friends, and be overheard by his father, and they would get together and they would say, "Let's do such and such." And Mickey's father would call him aside and say, "Now, be careful, you could get into trouble." And Mickey would say, "We won't get into trouble." Well of course, they went, they did it, they got into trouble, they couldn't get out of trouble. Now Mickey comes back to his father, this very tall man, and looks up at him and says, "Dad, you know what you told us not to do? Well we did it and now we're in trouble. Can you get us out of trouble?" Well, the judge would pat Mickey on the head and say, "Son, I'll try to get you out of trouble." At the end, Mickey looks up at his father and says, "Dad, we'll never do anything again you tell us not to do."

Now that was not a teenage picture! That was a morality lesson. That was a lecture. And the older people in the audience would look at their kids if they brought them and say, "See son? Be careful," you know and so on and so forth.

Well, by the time the fifties came along, the kids were no longer in that position. Number one, they were beginning to earn money themselves. They were working in hamburger chains or soda shops, they were making money. They were also on their way toward a period in the '60s during which the young people sort of revolted. And so what we began to have is we had a special kind of music. We had a special kind of dancing. We had special jewelry for young people. But they still weren't making pictures for kids really. They were still making Andy Hardy, and Disney was making very nice pictures, but they basically weren't for teenagers. So that's exactly where our opportunity came, and we realized it.

Look, I was running pictures in this house [Note: When the crew of *SCHLOCK! The Secret History of American Movies* visited with him, Arkoff still had a projection booth built into his living room, with full 35mm screening capabilities]. And because we were in the picture business, I was able to get pictures from all the major companies, and I used to run pictures Saturday and Sunday, a double feature each day, right here. And I'd get twenty, thirty, fifty teenagers. And it taught me a lot. When we showed pictures by Joan Crawford, for

Arkoff

Sam

example. Now Joan Crawford started in movies when she was maybe 25. By this time she was 50. She of course was always a dancehall girl or a waitress, those were the types of roles she had. But she always had a big apartment of course, meaning maybe there was some extra night work, I don't know. But in any event, the point about it is, she was still acting like a teenager, or someone in her twenties. And the 25 to 50 people in my living room here who were teenagers said, "My God, she's older than my mother!" And that really was the key.

And that is why, for example, on some of our early pictures, we made *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, *I Was a Teenage Crooner*, *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*. The word "teenage," to the best of my knowledge, had never appeared on any picture throughout the world prior to that time. Because the teenagers had never been recognized as other than the category of children.

RG: Amazing. You just answered probably eight of my questions at once.

SA: (smiles) That was what you wanted?

RG: That was what I wanted.

SA: Although I don't practice law now, I'm a lawyer, and lawyers tend to be windy.

RG: [laughs] And I'm that kind of an interviewer too as these guys have learned to their chagrin. I'm one of those arty farty guys you don't like, Sam. Are we rolling? Okay.

You mentioned a little earlier, Sam, how important the marketing was. You just mentioned one of the things I find really fascinating about AIP, which is the way you guys used to pre-sell titles and artwork before having a script or putting a movie together. And I wondered if you could describe that process for me, from start to finish. How you would go out there with a title alone and get the energy to make the movie, and the money.

SA: When we started out, we had no money. We invested three thousand dollars in the company later. We didn't have any dough. And so what we did was that we got advances from subdistributors really. But the question of course was what can we make, and how can we merchandise it? Because we weren't getting any help from the exhibitors or from our rivals, the majors. As far as the exhibitors were concerned, as long as we made second features, they were quite happy. Because most of the theatres in those days had double bills... and the second feature only got a fixed price, in other words, the percentage [of tickets sold] would go to the top feature, and the second feature would get a fixed price, which could be anywhere from ten dollars to a hundred or two hundred dollars. So we made several

pictures that way. And they played second feature. If we continued on that basis, we never would be able to even get our money back. So we realized we were gonna have to do something. So we said, "Okay. Now we're gonna have to make a picture that will play as a top feature, and get a percentage."

What we didn't realize was that the majors were going to make an issue of it. And in essence, they told the exhibitors, "If you play AIP's picture as a top feature and a percentage, we're not gonna give you any second features, and we will not sell to you." And while that was of course anti-trust and illegal, we could have been out of business a long time before we ever got to court, if we could have afforded a lawyer.

So we went from, I think we're talking about 1956 by that time. And we had two pictures, *The Day the World Ended*, and I think *Phantom from 10,000 Leagues*, or something of that sort. And we put 'em together, and we couldn't get anybody to buy 'em. Finally, there was a newspaper strike in Chicago. And in those days, pictures weren't advertised on television. So we got this date in this big theatre in Chicago, 5,000 seats. But how the hell were you gonna get the people in without advertising? The newspapers that not printing, there was nothing on television. So what we finally decided to do is we got hold of two flatbed trucks. And we put a tableau on each, one from each film. In *The Day the World Ended*, we had the three-eyed monster moving onto this girl, dressed in very gossamer and revealing clothes. And in back of her were two young, strapping guys, advancing to protect her from the monster. We did the same thing with the other picture, pretty much then sent these two flatbeds out to drive all over Chicago. And we got all kinds of publicity on television.

That was the beginning of our success, really. So we managed to overcome the major companies that didn't want us involved, except in a lowly position, and we also got the theatres.

RG: Can you talk to me for a second about the rise of the drive-in theatre and what changed in the fifties to make the drive-in possible? How important was the drive-in to AIP's success?

SA: Well, the drive-in theatres were very important [because they came up with us, they had no existing arrangements with the majors]. The drive-in theatres really started in areas that didn't have too many theatres. A farmer would take a few of his acres, and he would set up a drive-in, and he would be open Friday and Saturday night.

After the second world war, we began to have more drive-ins coming in. Because as the new communities came into being, with all of those FHA and veteran's housing [subsidies], you know, no money down, the suburbs were coming in. And all the

theatres used to be downtown, you didn't have theatres out in the boon docks. So people were opening up drive-ins in the boon docks.

But the drive-ins were playing, in those days, tenth run pictures. Because they were really looking at it as being a concession business. So they would be like two dollars a car. Or three dollars a car, or four dollars a car. And they didn't care if you had twelve people in a car. Because that meant they were gonna sell more concessions. And so they were playing last run pictures, because the pictures were not really the most exciting thing, it was getting all those young people together, the esprit de corps and so on and so forth. The money for us was therefore not so good, but we had to have some drive-ins because many of the conventional theatres wouldn't play us. The conventional theatres really didn't want our kind of pictures, or thought they didn't want them. So we would go to the drive-in operators, and say, "Look. We'll let you play first run. And we'll give you two pictures for one percentage." And that's really how it started with the drive-ins.

Later on when you got the multiplex theatres, that ultimately ended in the demise -- not the demise, 'cause you still have drive-in theatres, but they're not what they were.

RG: Why do you think it was that the drive-ins seemed an especially good space for the AIP product? I'm thinking of, in your book you talk about how the teenagers of the period had the freedom to go someplace that sort of belonged to them, and where the movies were their type of film. So that the drive-ins, and the types of movies you were making and the audience you were looking for all kind of came together in this one spot.

SA: Well I think you have to look at it from another point of view. During the war, people may have had money, but they didn't have gas. Gas was expensive, okay? After the war, it took awhile before people caught up -- made money, and then money got into the hands of young people. The automobile really came into being as something for youth in the '50s [which helped the drive-ins to draw teenagers]. The other part of the lure of the drive-ins was that now there was a youth society that used to gather in those drive-ins. So that really was a social function.

Ultimately, of course, what happened was that the drive-in lost some of its popularity for several reasons. First: all that space, which was so cheap in the beginning, began to be more dear. And shopping center people came after those drive-in sites and said, "Okay. Look. We'll put up some hard tops [conventional movie theatres], but we want the rest of your ground for other stores of various kinds." So the land became more valuable for other types of retail. Then you had the fact that you had a little more

turmoil out there. It wasn't as safe to go out at night as it was before. And while the young people still were the ones who had more guts and bravado than it always seems, that was another factor that did drive-in in. So fundamentally, over a period of time, the drive-in built up to a very important factor, and then gradually, with all these circumstances, settled back to where it's not nearly as important any more.

It was very important to us though. Because we got into theatres in areas we couldn't have gotten into the regular theatres. And we didn't really want a lot of those regular theatres, because the terms were so brutal. Exhibitors are a strange breed. I've often said some of my best friends are exhibitors, but I say it guardedly. See? Because they used to try to screw the hell out of you when they paid you, you know. I'll never forget the first time when I saw the sign of a [drive-in] exhibitor who got heaters in the winter time, you know, in more northerly climes. And so I looked to see what the charges were, and the charges in some cases might have been let's say like \$4 a ticket. But it wasn't four dollars for the ticket only. There would be twenty-five cents from each person for the heater, so much maybe as an advance against maybe buying a pizza, you get the general drift of it?

RG: In other words cutting down on your bottom line --

SA: That's exactly right. And as a matter of fact, some very dignified theatre owners, some big theatre owners, used to say, you know, with great abandon, "We really don't need you." Which was a lot of malarkey, because without pictures, they weren't gonna be able to sell popcorn for \$3.00 a box.

RG: A lot of your films in the '50s and '60s were attacked as being morally irresponsible for young audiences. The rock-themed ones and so forth...

SA: You know, it's a very strange thing about censorship and people. The fact is that our pictures were so innocent that today virtually all of them play at noon or in the afternoon or so on and so forth. You have to recognize one fact. There was a period there leading up to the famous '60s when the young people were beginning to pick up new concepts, new ideas. New attitude, a lot of new things. You have to consider not just motion pictures, you have to consider the whole range.

Let's look at the situation. Along comes Elvis Presley. Of the famous loins, see? Now a lot of people didn't like his loins. And a lot of young people did like the idea of his loins. But you see, it was not really considered proper by a lot of people. Along came the Beatles with their music. Now THEIR loins were okay. But their music, you see, astounded a lot of people, because it didn't sound like the kind of music they liked. It wasn't the Blue Danube. It wasn't the Fox Trot and so on and so forth. One of the interesting things about the dancing at

that time, that was frowned upon by so many adults, was really dancing where the people were dancing five, ten, fifteen feet apart. In contrast to the dancing of an earlier era, when they used to hold each other quite tightly.

RG: So why do you think there were these objections to all these things, Sam?

SA: There were these objections because there was now a basic fight on by a group that never had authority before or money: the teenager. And so the teenagers wanted to do these things. They wanted the kind of music they wanted, they wanted the kind of dancing. And they wanted the kind of pictures. The whole problem was the problem between the generations. And as I say, if Joan Crawford at fifty had done those things, they would have accepted it from Joan Crawford at 50. But if some winsome, attractive, supple young girl at 18, wearing a bikini that was way, that became immoral, illegal and fattening. We made pictures with titles like *Hot Rod Girl* and *Drag Strip Girl*, the *Beach Party* pictures later on. Well nobody ever got seduced for God's sakes. We didn't use any drugs in those pictures, we didn't even let them smoke. If you watched the rushes closely, you might see the smoke from my cigars. But you didn't see anybody smoking on the set or in the pictures. So I mean this is all bullshit, unmitigated bullshit.

Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon in AIP's Beach Party (1963).



RG: You mention the *Beach* pictures. I know there's a wonderful story about you receiving a phone call from Walt Disney when you cast Annette Funicello in *Beach Party*. Can you tell me that story?

SA: When we decided to make the "Beach" pictures, which was about 1960, we needed to have two people, basically, who would be the leaders [of the kids - a boy and a girl]. We got Frankie Avalon, who was a young singer out of Philadelphia who was beginning to get a little start, and there was Annette Funicello who had done these innocent pictures for Disney. Walt Disney had employed Annette from the time she was about 12 or 13 for several purposes. One of them was the Mickey Mouse Club. And they used to have this group, you know, [singing] "Mickey Mouse, Mickey Mouse..." I don't know if you've ever heard it. Okay. That was the Mickey Mouse Club. Alright? In addition, Annette and others would be used in two Disney pictures a year. And she always played a daughter who had problems like that missing puppy I mentioned earlier. This is about as rough as it ever got.

Disney had an exclusive on Annette at that time, and then they decided not to do any more of the Mickey Mouse Club, so somebody, some stupid oaf in the [Disney] business office, said, "Well wait a minute, we don't need an exclusive contract with Annette, we'll just have her for two pictures a year." Which they did. Now we heard about this, and we, you know, said, "My God! She would make a terrific gal [for *Beach Party*]!" [And we got her.]

Now in order to help sell our pictures, we would make up advance posters of a sort, you know, small sized ones. And we would send them out to exhibitors to whet their appetite. And Disney got a hold of one [for *Beach Party*] featuring a girl in a bikini bathing suit and he called me at the time. And he said, "What are you doing to my girl?" I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "I have this little poster here, and it shows her..." I said, "That's not her. We would never put Annette in a bikini." The fact is, Annette had a nice figure, but it was not a bikini figure. And I said so. But you know, he was all fired up and ranted... And that picture went out. And Disney never used her again. Because once the public could see that she was 19 and buxom, and was interested in males, you could no longer sell her losing a puppy.

The thing about it was as far as Annette was concerned, nobody thinks of Annette as anything but a wholesome kind of girl. She never really did anything more than go surfing with Frankie.

RG: During our first conversation when I was setting up this interview, you started to tell me about how other people thought the "Beach" movies would only play on the West coast.

Arkoff

Sam

SA: Yes, well there were many people, when we started to make *Beach Party*, who said, "Well there are only so many people who live near beaches." And I said, "Well everybody wants to GO to a beach though." They said, "Well, there are a lot of people who live in inner cities." I said, "Don't you understand? What we're doing is we're building a dream. We're building a dream for every kid who lives in a slum and a city for example. To visualize himself at the beach, with pretty girls wearing bikinis, and somebody saying 'Surf's up,' and so on and so forth. And that's really what it was about. They didn't work everywhere. They worked in some countries, they didn't work in other countries. But they were a big success."

We had no parents in them, that's one of the important things. We never had any parents in the "Beach" pictures. And the other companies imitating us used to have parents. And I would say, "That's wrong!" The ideal world for a teenager is a parentless existence. No parents to shout at 'em, no parents to lecture at 'em, no adults to rule them, to tell them, to mock them, to jail them. That was really what it was all about.

RG: You read my mind, Sam. I was just about to ask you about the parentless nature of the films. Of the movies you made at AIP, are there a handful, a couple, two or three, that are ones that you really love?

SA: I suppose there are. But see, we had to judge by a different rule. We were doing 20 pictures a year for example for quite a period of time, or 15 with a few pick ups here and there, and so on and so forth. So



Arkoff makes changes against the Code and Ratings Administration at the 1971 T.O.N.E. Convention

we always had to worry about a number of pictures [and not focus on just one]. Our concern always was: "What can we do for the next ones?" So when we could mine a vein, and we knew by the first picture that we'd mined that vein, then we were really excited, because that meant then we could make five, or ten, or 15 pictures of the same basic vein, until the vein finally ran out. So it was sort of like this: [demonstrates with hands] Your cost would go up, of course, on each picture. Because you always had to pay a little more to this, to that, and so on so forth. And the gross would be up here. And the gross would start to come down as the cost went up. And when the two met, that was time to stop.

We made 13 "Beach Party" pictures. We made God knows how many Edgar Allan Poe pictures with Vincent Price, which also had Peter Lorre and Boris Karloff and others. We made God knows how many motorcycle pictures. So, when you had one that did well, that was a time for cheers. Because you knew that down the pike somewhere, you'd run out of an audience.

RG: I read somewhere that you guys actually had a theory that cycles ran in three year intervals. Is that true?

SA: Sorry?

RG: At AIP, I read a quote from you, where you said a cycle for lets say beach movies or something, even though I know the "Beach" movies lasted longer, that basically, it was a rule of thumb that a cycle of movies went three years.

SA: Well, let me say this, I don't know that I recognize that quote necessarily, but I have to admit one thing. That there were a lot of people in those days who were imitating us, so that we used to give articulation to things that we really didn't necessarily follow ourselves, in the hopes that... [laughs] They would follow our advice.

RG: [laughs] So you're telling me that you may have said somewhere that a cycle goes in three years so your competitors would get out before the cycle was over.

SA: [Big smile] Whatever. Whatever.

RG: The big studio films had a production code to deal with, which many of the exploitation films of the era were not subjected to...

SA: That's not true [in AIP's case]. It is absolutely not true that AIP didn't go through the production classifications. We certainly did. As a matter of fact, we would send in the scripts to the production code just like everyone else. And I will say this. Generally speaking, there was never any great problem. I do remember one time when we made a horror picture called the *Sir Creature*. Most of our creatures had been male. This time we said we're gonna make a female creature, so it was the "She

Creature." So now the creatures suit was made of some kind of rubber. So we send this script in to the code, and they came back with a rather learned treatise saying, "Now be careful of the cleft between the breasts..." And I thought to myself, this rubber stuff isn't going to [work...]. But there is no question but that the major companies were always the ones that got things changed to being more rambunctious and so on and so forth. They were the only ones who had the authority.

All our pictures went through the production code. And as I say, they play at all hours of the day on television now, and nobody ever says "boo."

RG: I'd like you to tell me about the importance of Roger Corman to the AIP story. About meeting Roger, and your impression of him.

SA: Well, when you speak about Roger Corman, I have to say that Roger was ideal for us, particularly in the early days. Roger had cheap genes. And I only say that in reverence. Because we needed a producer who had cheap genes. We were making pictures for spit and polish. And Roger, there was no waste to Roger. We worked together a great deal. Sometimes the ideas would be ours, and he would do them. Sometimes he would come in with an idea, and we would do that. If you can realize it, these pictures were being done in those days for under a hundred thousand dollars. And see what Roger would do is he would use all of our stuff. And then when he was done with our picture, he'd make another one for himself, see? Using the same sets — we finally would get him to change them a little so they wouldn't look completely identical. And then generally speaking, he would bring it to us for distribution. Roger, in those days, was making a lot of pictures. That was before he got married, and began to have a more normal life.

RG: In your opinion, is he a director who produces, or a producer who directs, or what?

SA: I think Roger basically is a producer. And the reason he became a director is because he could never get a director as cheap as he could do it himself. But that's not to take anything away from Roger.

RG: Of course not. You guys made a lot of great movies together.

SA: Now of course, he's remade some of the pictures he made for us, like the Poe pictures, and I must say, they are not really as good as the ones he made when we were with him.

RG: I wanted to talk about the Poe pictures. How did they come about?

SA: Well, we began to get a lot of competition in those cheap black and white pictures, and we were still putting out two pictures together [for those double bills]. So

we finally said, "Look. Let's make one picture for the money we were otherwise spending for two pictures," which by this time was let's say a hundred, a hundred fifty thousand dollars apiece. "Let's take the two hundred to three hundred thousand dollars, and let's make a picture that will play top of the bill, and then we'll sell again for a flat price one of our [old] pictures that had already played off."

RG: So the Poe films, then, were a decision to upgrade production values to fight off the competition in the type of movies you made originally.

SA: Right. And so we took someone, Vincent Price, who had made some pretty good pictures [for the studios]. And we ultimately had him for about twenty years, exclusively making horror pictures for us. And Poe of course, where else could you get a better writer who was cheaper? Well, we got some good writers to adapt him, you know. [Richard] Matheson and a number of other very good writers.

RG: But he WAS in the public domain.

SA: (Big smile) That's exactly right.

RG: Were the Hammer horror movies in any way something you were looking to when you decided to make your Poe films?

SA: Well I knew the people there very well. In fact I made several pictures with them. *Vampire Lovers*, made a few pictures in England with them. They made a little different kind of picture than we did. They weren't really making teenage

during an evening. And so we had a goodly crowd, because there had been some talk about the picture, and we'd done some initial publicity. And they came into the theatre -- middle-aged and older, with their wives, see? And quite a number of them, I would say, are Jewish, which I happen to be you know. [Note: In *The Wild Angels*, as in real life, many of the Hell's Angels-type bikers wear Nazi-inspired paraphernalia.]

Right from the first reel, there was a steady stream of them getting up and walking out. And they would stop and they'd say, "You know Sam, that's really hell of a picture you have, but I can't play it in my theatre," and another one would come out, "It's a hell of a picture, but I can't play it in my theatre," and by the time we got to the last reel, from a full house of maybe 1500 people, there might have been a hundred people left. And a hundred people came out, and some of those still said, "It's a hell of a picture but I can't play it in my theatres."

So we kind of thought, you know, we're in trouble. But you know, you have a picture, you've got to advertise it, you've got to play it.

SA: They thought, well... It really wasn't violent, it didn't have the kind of violence that came along later, where you used to cut off somebody's head or, you know, that kind of thing. We never did that kind of thing anyway. We didn't believe in that kind of horror. It really wasn't a horror picture. But we did have a scene in a church for example, where it becomes sort of an orgy of sorts. Which I thought was extremely well done, but... ahhh...

RG: You had Bruce Dern's character who was dead, and his body was at the party...

SA: Oh yeah, that's right. Bruce Dern was in it. As a matter of fact his wife was also in it -

RG: Diane Ladd.

SA: As a matter of fact, I think they'd just been married a short while.

RG: Having watched the film recently, I must be shocked at the level of violence, but the world the Hell's Angels in the movie live in isn't pretty, and is without meaning. It's kind of startling. In the last line of the film somebody says "C'mon man, let's go," and Peter Fonda says, "There's nowhere to go." And that's it. Fade to black.

SA: You see, that last line to me was the best thing about the whole picture. You heard the police siren, and he said, "We gotta go," and Peter says, "There's no place to go." I thought that was very good. And that really put it in a completely different bracket in my own opinion. Because it became a different kind of picture.

RG: It wasn't supporting what they did, it was showing the limits of their version of freedom maybe, if I can be artsy fartsy for a minute.

SA: We made another one with Cassavettes not long after that. Cassavettes was a

wonderful actor and a very nice guy. Very bright guy. And he was making his own kind of independent films. And he always needed money, because he always needed to be able to pay off the bills on the last one of his own pictures. And that's the position he was in. And when we brought him that script, he looked at it, and he kind of laughed... He was a good actor.

RG: Yeah he was a heck of an actor. Getting back to the story you were telling, the theatre owners saw *The Wild Angels*, the theatre owners fled the theatre, and then the movie came out and what happened?

SA: Well, we thought we were gonna have trouble, but we did get some dates, and the pictures opened, and it croaked 'em. Really croaked 'em. Biggest thing we had ever had. And by now, some of those same people that were saying "We can't play it. We could never play that picture," and so on and so forth, were saying, "Look. I've been buying your pictures, now you owe me that picture." I'd say, "You told me you wouldn't play the picture, so therefore we had to find your rival across the street." It was one of the most delightful periods of my life.

RG: You got the last laugh. *Wild Angels*, biker movie, started a big trend. I want to talk for a minute about the biker movie that got away, which was *Easy Rider*. I know from reading your book that the project started out at AIP, and even the finished film is full of AIP alumni. You've got Dennis Hopper, AIP actor, Peter Fonda, AIP actor, Lazzlo Kovacs, AIP cinematographer...

SA: It was our picture. It was our picture. And we even put money into it. But unfortunately at the end... I don't want to get into it. We lost out. I could have brought a lawsuit on it but... What was the point?

Arkoff

Sam

RG: A little earlier I was talking to you a little bit about the fact that I didn't see these films growing up. What I grew up with was movies like the Fred MacMurray movies from Disney, and "Love Bugs" and all the rest of that stuff. So for me, watching your movies in a big dump blew my mind. I'm seeing a totally different kind of movie than the ones I was allowed to see as a kid. During the break you talked about the '60s and how that was reflected in the films. So where did those movies come from? The ones you made in the '60s, as opposed to the '50s.

SA: They basically came from the streets. They came from young people in a sense. They came from what young people thought, what young people were doing. They were a departure from the kinds of pictures that fundamentally had been made prior to that time. Not that there hadn't been some pictures about the depression, for example. But basically, there hadn't been too many pictures made about young people, or at least the way young people lived and thought in that particular era. And that's why the young people came, because they sensed what was going on. They wanted a place in the sun, as it were. And they hadn't been having a place in the sun, they had only been, even to someone as astute as Disney, they were part of the children. And they didn't want to be considered children any more.

They were leaving their parents in many cases, they were going to Haight Ashbury, they were going to New York. But in other towns, they were just leaving their own homes and living out in other areas while they worked at McDonald's and other places like that.

You can't really overestimate the effect that the '60s had. There was that great feeling, because nothing really had happened since the war. The war had been a different time, with different purposes. And now you had the children that really came afterwards.

RG: What was it about the '60s that was so different? Why were the lines so sharply drawn between the generations, and the violence that was in the country, and all the rest of it that happened then?

SA: Well, because, you see everything was heading for a number of things. We were heading for the black/white situation [i.e., the Civil Rights movement], for example. I mean when you think back about before the '60s, it was completely different. There were just a great many differences that came up, too numerous to mention, but basically, they were looking for something. They didn't want the same kind of thing that their parents had.

In a sense, the fact that their parents were

now more successful only led to their rebellion more than they had to go through a depression like their parents did. You see, when you go through a depression, that's what you worry about, you worry about eating, and a place to sleep and so on and so forth. They didn't have to worry about that as much anymore. The times were different. So now they had other things to be concerned about, which was their own status in life, their own concepts.

It was a completely different era, really, and the older people didn't understand it, and didn't want to understand it. And basically, that's one of the problems. And that is why, when they would see some of our pictures, they were horrified. As though we had started this. Which is nonsense, we didn't start anything. We may have helped it along. We may have given it a voice. But we didn't start anything. It was there. It was burning inside young people.

The interesting thing about it is that it ended in a sense, some of the rebellion, not all the rebellion, some of the rebellion ended in a sense in that college town...

RG: Kent State? [Note: In a notorious incident at Kent State University in Ohio, four college students were shot dead by National Guardsmen during an anti-Vietnam War protest.]

SA: Because a great many young people who had become a little wild, who had become bold, realized now that they couldn't fight the government. They couldn't fight certain things. And it kind of lapsed into a whimper. And a few years later, there wasn't that much really left of it, except gold chains on middle-aged men, and teenaged styles of clothing on buxom 40 year old women.

RG: You talk about it ending... In your book, when you talk about *Easy Rider*, it seems like the differences between you and Hopper and Fonda over the film boiled down to the ending of the film. In your book you said you objected to the idea that these two motorcycle guys would get shot by a couple of rednecks in a truck, and that was the crux of the difference between you.

SA: I disagreed with the ending. I don't think that was the reason we, that was not the reason we didn't get the picture, really, but I did disagree with the ending because that I thought was extreme. However, a good many of the people loved it.

RG: What did happen there? Why didn't that come out as an AIP movie? I have a very specific reason for asking.

SA: That's a whole big story.

RG: Let me explain to you why I want to go into that a little bit. To me, *Easy Rider* coming out through Columbia was the beginning of the studios going after your audience. The audience you guys created, cultivated, educated, spoke for. And

suddenly this movie that was developed at AIP is released by Columbia, and the studios begin to steal from you, really.

SA: Well, the studios have always stolen things. Do you think there's really that much imagination at the studios? I mean, the suits as they're called, the suits are not producers. The suits wear suits. They're executives. Look, my son-in-law is Joe Roth, you know, whose very high up at Disney. My son-in-law is a real guy. He's directed and he's produced. Most of the people who produce or are in the production department don't know shit from shmolah about production. They're executives, they're the suits. That's not where this stuff comes from. That's why pictures cost two hundred million dollars. I mean, if it wasn't that this is such a wealthy basic industry, they would all be broke.

RG: How do you feel when you see a movie like *Men in Black* coming out as a big studio film?

SA: I liked it. I like the picture.

RG: Remind you of anything?

SA: Everything done in movies reminds you of something. Matter of fact, coming down to that: Spielberg. I have a great respect for Spielberg. And I once read that Spielberg didn't like to read [Arkoff is possibly referring to Spielberg's notorious 1980s comment that he and his filmmaking peers represented a "post-literate" generation - a comment Spielberg subsequently recanted]. And I thought to myself, "Jesus Christ! How could he make the pictures he makes when he doesn't like to read?"

And then I realized what happened. [Unlike earlier directors] he was able, in his era, to see all the older pictures. You understand the difference there? That's really the fact. And that's something that today's audience has the benefit of, if they avail themselves of it. What has been done before will be done again. It may be a little different in style, it may be like, you know, like in men's suits, you have the belt in the back, or you have the narrow lapel, or you have the narrow cuff. But the fact is, they're still making the same kind of suits. They're a little different, they're styled a little different, the language a little different. But it's basically all the same, and that's one thing that Spielberg does.

RG: When we started our conversation, you spoke about how the studios tried to suppress your movies basically, keep 'em out of the theatres. I look around now, and it seems to me that the studios are making almost nothing but AIP movies. And they're spending a hundred million dollars instead of \$60,000 to do it.

SA: Well, I hate to hear that, really, because I think they ought to be able to make them cheaper than they do. But look, I could go into a big diatribe about that. I like a lot of these people who work for the big studios.

The fact is that the whole thing is bigger now than it was. It isn't just the number of people that come to see a movie. It's the fact that you get all those big tie-ins. You've got the hamburger outfit [tied into the film], or some other outfit like that. You have a breakfast food outfit. You have all of those. All of that's tied in. All of that makes everything more giant. Plus the fact that the news of these pictures is so much bigger than it was before. It's a much bigger concept all the way down the line.

And the point about it in truth is that we've had a bunch of pictures this summer that really weren't that very good. And yet... And they've cost a lot of money. The public has come because to some degree, the use of [computer] special effects is still relatively new. But the question is, how long can you make pictures just on special effects? I mean, Spielberg now has made two very good pictures about dinosaurs. Well, you can't make too many more exactly like that.

RG: What can the filmmakers of today learn from the way that you guys made movies during the period we're talking about?

SA: Well, I tell you something. There still are movies that are being made on budgets that aren't that far different than what we had at the end. There're still independents. As far as merchandising is concerned, the big companies are pretty good at merchandising. And they do get a lot of money spent that comes from other kinds of parties. Matter of fact, when you get a videocassette, and you get it for \$15, and you write in and somebody sends you \$5 back, or a label or a prize or something or other, that's all merchandising, you see? And that's frankly, exploitation. Call it what you want, but it's the same thing as having those circus elephants marching down the street. And the fact that those circus elephants used to defecate in the street is still what the big companies are doing at the same time.

RG: Do you see the influence of the movies you folks made in the '50s and '60s in the movies being made by the filmmakers working today who grew up with those movies?

SA: Well, I'd like to think so, I think it is true. When we came along, there were really very few independents. Sam Goldwyn was an independent, but he was only making one picture every x years at that time. Selznick lost his backer, and while he was still planning pictures, wasn't making any anymore. There were some westerns, you know, that used to be made, generally speaking by companies like Republic, who had John Wayne there for awhile. But there really weren't many independents. If we did anything, it was that we opened the way for the independents. And no matter what happens to them today, and no matter that they wind up making pictures for the majors, for prices they would never have dreamt they

would get, the fact is, that's how they became producers or directors or so on, [by doing things independently]. And as long as the public will support them, somebody will be making movies for that kind of price.

But I tell you this: you can't keep going to the well, and drawing more water from it all the time, and still have water left in the well. And it would be interesting to me, I don't know if I'm going to be around here in another 15 years, but it would be very nice to be, because I would have a feeling that long about that time we're going to see some big changes. Anti-trust cases for example. You see, the whole thing has blown wide open. The very things that after the divorce decrees were not permissible are now permissible. And half a dozen companies could buy everybody else out, and might. Certain things will be basic. Certain kinds of pictures will still be made, hopefully they will be better with better scripts... But I think there will be a lot of changes.

RG: What do you think the changes will be?

SA: Well, one of the things I see... We have a great many new theatres being built. But you can't always call them theatres, because they're screens really. And so you have twenty screens here, fifteen screens there, all in one building. We're rapidly getting to a point where we're going to have more screens than we need. We're also getting at a point where a lot of theatres, screens and theatres, are now being owned by a relative handful of companies. Which looks in a way as though we might ultimately get back to the same kind of antitrust days that brought on the divorce decrees beginning about 1948, I think. That's one of the factors.

[Note: Sam was prescient. In the last few years, nearly every major exhibition circuit in America has sought bankruptcy protection thanks to overbuilding.]

I think another factor is that we're gonna have, finally after all of these years, we're finally going to have [high definition] TV screens that can be used in theatres, in essence. And not only in theatres but otherwise. And that will make for a whole new type of delivery system, because you wouldn't in that case have to ship prints around. We haven't quite got to that stage yet, but you do have cassettes that can run a pretty good size picture, you know.

RG: It seems to me like these types of developments are dangerous for independents. That AIP, when it was starting out, if there were five companies that had all the theatre screens, if there was a delivery system that you actually had to get on to the technology to get into the theatres, it would have been more difficult for you, wouldn't it have?

SA: Oh sure. Ten years ago for example, you had smaller companies. And now most of those small companies [i.e., Miramax and October Films] have been acquired by bigger companies, who think that the smaller companies will continue to make pictures at a lesser price and of a different nature. The only thing about it is that in previous times, although there's no direct type of correlation, it generally turned out that the smaller companies that got absorbed lost their individuality, and ultimately got discarded.

They get arrogant. That's the problem. The independent who made the picture at a price, and who put his ideas into it, he gets arrogant with success. He's surrounded by people who gladhand him, and hand him



Arkoff

Sam money, and so on and so forth, to where ultimately, he is not what he was. I mean, I can look around and give you the names of a dozen men like that, who are now directors who have enormous power. And their power only makes them more arrogant than ever.

You can't continue to make pictures for a hundred million dollars, and two hundred million dollars. Can't do it. You can't continue to spend all that kind of money on prints and advertising, where every time you have a picture that does well, the prices for the next picture goes up. What happens when there's a dog? See, there isn't any equity there, there's nothing equitable. [Big smile.] I have a lot of friends in major companies, so I really have to be careful. But naturally, I'm talking about the people who aren't my friends.

RG: Sam, is there anything else that you'd like to say, something I didn't get to?

SA: I can only say it's not come to an end, I have some projects. And it's been a good existence. It's a great business. It's heartbreaking at times, but it's vital, you know, there's nothing like a successful picture. And you never know when it's going to be, it's like *The Wild Angels*, that one turned out big.

I can only tell you one other thing. My wife is not present here at the moment. My wife has probably not seen more than fifty or sixty of our pictures. Because it has been my experience that when she liked a picture, it was the kiss of death. The kiss of death. Because what she liked was not what the teenagers wanted to see. There was one picture, I'm trying to remember the name of it now, and she loved it. And I winced. And I was right. But look, the woman's been a good wife for fifty one years, what the hell can you expect? I never expected her really to tell me what to make. And thank God, she's one of the few wives in the business who hasn't told me what to make.

RG: [laughs] Okay. I do have one last question, this is it, I promise you. You said before there will always be independent films. Will there always be exploitation films?

SA: You know... What the devil do we have but exploitation films? All you have to do is look at those big pictures every week. They go out, they are covered with advertising, with TV commercials, with everything, for God's sakes! And this year, we've seen that

in many cases, the first week is their best week. And then they tail off, and the next one comes along. What do you think sold that? It's the exploitation that sold, it's not the picture that sold, it's the exploitation. And that's basically what we have are exploitation pictures, even though our arty-fartys and pseudo-intellectuals refuse to admit it. The interesting thing about all these arty-fartys is that they want all the accolades, and they want all the wealth, but they really want to be able to sneer at their lesser men: the audience in the theaters. We never sneered at them. We recognized that was our blood.

RG: Fabulous.

SA: So there!

RG: That was great. A great way to end it as well. Can't thank you enough, Sam.

SA: The pleasure was mine. [laughs] Just make me look good.

RG: I promise Sam. I will.

Ray Greene is an L.A.-based author and documentarian. His feature film *SCHLOCK! The Secret History of American Movies*, featuring Sam Arkoff, Roger Corman, Doris Wishman, David F. Friedman, Forrest J Ackerman, Harry Nozak and Milla Nurzi aka Vampira is available for purchase on the internet at www.schlockthemovie.com via mail order.



CULT MOVIES

In Tribute to Sam Arkoff

ALIVE...
WITHOUT A
BODY...
FED BY AN
UNSPEAKABLE
HORROR
FROM HELL!

THE BRAIN THAT
WOULDN'T DIE

I knew Sam Arkoff very well. All of us who were in the exploitation film market dealt with him and respected him greatly. A.I.P. was the apex of exploitation production and distribution.

When I was beginning production on a movie called *Sha-Freak*, Sam and I talked and he said: "Don't make it as rough as *Blood Feast* and A.I.P. will handle distribution for you."

So, I abided by Sam's wishes and when I screamed the completed film for him he said, "I'm disappointed. I wanted it to be as rough as *Blood Feast*!"

You had to love Sam!
David Friedman



I was photographed with Samuel Z. Arkoff and his partner Jim Nicholson on the set of the *Karloff/Priola/Lorre The Raven*. The last time I saw Sam was in his A.I.P. office in Beverly Hills. At the time we were discussing making more imag-movies. But, alas, with his passing they will never come to be.

Hail and Farewell, Sam!
Forrest J Ackerman

Sam Arkoff was a man of great wit, as well as enthusiasm for everything he did in life. I ran into him at Art's Delicatessen, had a wonderful talk with him, and shortly after that he took ill and died. But I got that last chance to tell him how much I'd enjoyed those New Years cards of his. He and his wife Hilda would get dressed up in formal attire and have their portrait taken and send those out to friends and people in the industry. I told him how much those had meant welcoming each New Year, and how I'd missed them in recent times. He said at his age it was just getting to be too much of a chore to do it anymore. But I was impressed that he spoke so well of his son-in-law Joe Roth, who is also a producer in the business.

Sam had the ability and the good sense not to take life too seriously. Of course I don't have to tell you about his many accomplishments. We reviewed plenty of his films and usually found something good in each of them. He lived to enjoy the results of his endeavors.

Kevin Thomas
Los Angeles Times



At a press party for one of our early films I got the idea that Sam was a good businessman. He was friendly and stayed very close to Jim Nicholson, but he didn't care to mix much with the actors who were there. He was pretty much all business, and good at everything he did.

Yvette Vickers
Reform School Girls

Samuel Z. Arkoff had a heart as big as the cigars he smoked. He will be missed.

Harry & Carmen Novak
Boxoffice International Prod.

I saw the old pirate twice in the year before he passed away. Both times were at screenings of *It Came From Hollywood*. He expressed his disappointment on both occasions on the content of the documentary and the way things were presented. He seemed bewildered and upset by it. I assured him that with several years of viewing of the film, he will be as well remembered as Ben Franklin or George Washington. He seemed to get a kick out of that.

He was truly the last of his era. And strangely enough, I miss him already

Aron Kinsaid

Ski Party, Ghost in the Invisible Bikini, Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine (Aron was under contract to AIP from 1965 to 1967)

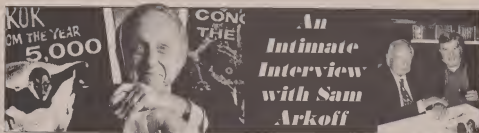


It was a wonderful privilege to know and work with Sam. He played my first film at the Pix Theater here in Hollywood and we all did very well with it. American International continued to distribute my films. By ironic coincidence, Sam's star on the Hollywood Boulevard "Walk of Fame" is directly in front of the doorway to the building where I've had my music studio these past 20 years. He created a new aspect to the entertainment industry and was a giant in the field. It's hard to believe he's gone.

Mark Forest
Goliath and the Dragon, Hercules Against the Mongols, Colossus of the Arena

Knowing and working with him through the years was one of the most important and stimulating associations of my Hollywood career. I feel fortunate to have been selected to re-present him. Sam was a humorous, daringly creative person who never took himself too seriously. And he had some passionate personal interests. Loyola School and Television University, as well as Vanity Clubs International, were the two organizations that Sam donated his free time and support to. Once he was sold on an idea or a cause, he became very dedicated to it.

Julian Myers
Public Relations Mgr. for Mr. Arkoff



An Intimate Interview with Sam Arkoff

The day I heard of the passing of Sam Arkoff, I was e-mailing a friend about the documentary that I had worked on last year for American Movie Classics. It was supposed to be a visual history of American-International Pictures but the end result was a more than fitting tribute to one of the two men that founded that studio.

Sam Arkoff had been an acquaintance of mine for nearly twenty years. I had interviewed him at his office near Warner Bros. This was not the first time I had done one with him. *Cinefantastique* Magazine was preparing a double issue on the career of Vincent Price and I needed to talk to Sam. He was always a good-humored yet irascible character that delighted in pulling my leg as he chomped on his ever-present cigar and behaved just exactly like one would expect a Hollywood mogul to behave.

Now that he is gone it is easy to say there will never be another like him. He was truly a Hollywood original. As I was glancing through his autobiography entitled "Flying Through Hollywood by the Seat of My Pants" I reread his inscription to me "Dear David, I think you know more about me than I do" - Sam.

Well, I don't know if I know everything but I do know this: Sam LOVED Hollywood and he loved making pictures. The last time I saw him was last year at the screening AMC arranged at the 20th Century-Fox lot for invited guests and those that worked on the documentary. Sam looked as he always did perhaps a little frail but very much Samuel Z. Arkoff.

When the screening was over and the lights went up, Sam was still sitting in his seat as everyone was leaving. I went over and sat next to him and told him, "This documentary is really more of a tribute to you than to AIP. And Sam said, "I don't know if you can really distinguish between AIP and myself." When Jim (James H. Nicholson) was still alive it was the two of us but now there is just me.

Well, now he's gone and AIP is a legendary studio the likes of which we will never see again and so is Mr. Samuel Z. Arkoff.

by
**David
DelValle**

The 1965 entry in AIP's "Beach Party" series, *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*



Sam Arkoff is honored in 1977 as Showman of the Year in Dallas by North American Theater Owners of Texas

CULT MOVIES

David DeValle: We're interested in the events that led up to AIP filming *House of Usher* and the Poe series which followed.

Sam Arkoff: We had been making a substantial number of inexpensive black and white pictures which we released as combinations from 1954 to 1958. The films did well, but as always happens in our business, success breeds competition. And although the majors couldn't afford to make these double feature combinations, they could pick up films from independents or commission independents to produce them. So consequently, by 1960 those combinations were pretty dead. There were just too many of them.

So we decided that instead of making a package of two horror, or sci-fi, or teenage, or whatever, we'd put all of our money into one film and make it in color. Except for a few Westerns, all our films had been made in black and white up to that time. So the question arose about what to do for our horror film, which of course was a very popular genre for us. There were a number of talks between Roger Corman and myself, and Jim Nicholson and myself. And talks settled on literary figures and the subject of Poe progressed. Poe was good because his works were in the public domain, he was dead and we didn't have to give him any money. We were quite willing to give him all the free publicity we could drum up. The first one we settled on was *House of Usher*, and Roger Corman has always been a little bit ticklish on this subject. He contends that when the subject was chosen I asked, "Where's the monster?" As if every horror film had to have a monster. And he replied, "Okay then, the house is the monster." Now that whole story is about as far from the truth as it could get. If there was a Poe aficionado among us it was me. As witness when we later did some of the Poe poems.

DeValle: So you didn't have to be sold on the idea?

Arkoff: Our main chore was to make his work graphic.

DeValle: And flesh it out for the screen, since his work is mostly short stories.

Arkoff: That's exactly right. And *House of Usher* was the first time we'd had a press screening and a cocktail party after. It was held in Palm Springs. And it was so wonderful after the screening to hear members of the press telling us, "You've been so faithful to the book!" When of course, there was no book!

DeValle: Was Vincent Price your first choice?

Arkoff: We weighed all the major horror stars. I had met Bela Lugosi during his last years, and met Ed Wood because of *Pioneers*. But Bela was dead by this time, as was Lon Chaney, Sr. We eventually did use Chaney, Jr. in *The Haunted Palace*, but he really wasn't a horror type. We could have gone with Basil Rathbone or Boris Karloff which we considered, and eventually did hire for the series. And there were the two fellows in England.

DeValle: Cushing and Lee?

Arkoff: Yes. But really, Vincent was the main contender. He'd already done *House of Wax*.

DeValle: As well as *House of Hounded Hill*, so another house wouldn't be impossible to imagine with him in it. That's the way the legend's going now — that Vincent was always the first choice.

Arkoff: He really was when it came down to it.

DeValle: Did Roger cast the rest of the parts? Such as, was he responsible for bringing in Mark Damon and people like that?

Arkoff: I never was too interested in casting the lesser parts. Once in a while I'd make suggestions, but usually Jim or Roger would do that.

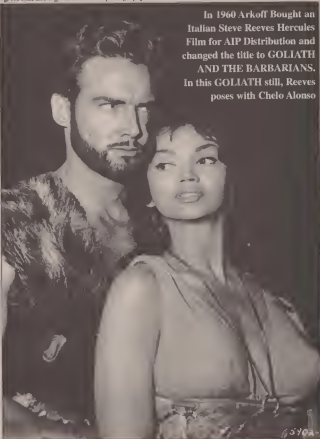
DeValle: One of the only flaws seems to be that starting out you had a great director in Roger, a great actor in Vincent, a great cameraman in Floyd Crosby, and so on. But when you look back on them, the flaw is in the supporting players like Maggie Pierce in *Tales of Terror*. When you did get a strong female in the films like Barbara Steele or Joyce James as comic relief, it made them truly classic.

Arkoff: I suppose if we had a great director, a great star, and a great director of photography it

didn't matter too much if...

DeValle: In a perfect world, though... Arkoff: I see what you mean. But the films stand up pretty well. I never got too involved with casting. I let it be known that Arkoff was a guy interested in the people behind the camera, and the main star, but I didn't want to get involved with the rest of the casting because it can drive you crazy. I didn't want to hear all about somebody's girlfriend, and that kind of chatter can go on forever. Actually, when we made the first one we couldn't afford Vincent Price. So I worked out a deal with him. I had a meeting with him and his agent Lester Salkow. I said, "You're doing very well right now. But an actor's problem is always how well is he going to eat twenty years from now. So, let's do this, we will pay you your current price, but we'll pay it deferred." We'd pay him so much now, so much in five years, seven years, ten years, whatever. If you want to consider that the present value of a dollar, as

In 1960 Arkoff Bought an Italian Steve Reeves Hercules Film for AIP Distribution and changed the title to **GOLIATH AND THE BARBARIANS**. In this **GOLIATH** still, Reeves poses with Chelo Alonso



paid six or seven years from now is going to be worth fifty cents, we were doing Vincent a favor and doing ourselves a favor at the same time.

DeValle: You were on the set of *House of Usher*. Any memories you'd care to share with our readers?

Arkoff: My activities were limited and to some extent they were like those cars that we drove in those early years. Jim Nicholson drove a white car and I drove a black car. And when there were problems, the call would go out for the black car. That's what I was usually on the set for. For example, a common situation would be that if we started a picture on a Monday, we would want shooting to end on a Saturday two weeks later. And you know how these things go. If we had any rules it was that we must not go over time and we must not go over budget. And if it looked like we were going to go over budget the call would go out for the black car and I'd go down to the set and see what we could do. Jim Nicholson would like to have been on the sets more, but he just wasn't built to handle crises of that kind. He had great virtues such as coming up with wonderful titles and art and advertising. But generally the problems with the actual films were handled by me.

DeValle: So, how many times did you visit the set of a given film?

Arkoff: Generally three or four times. For example, if we'd get to that second Monday and be behind, what are we going to do about it? Usually we had the same writers working on other scripts for us, so I could get the writer to come down to the set with me. During lunch or after, we'd sit with the director in a conclave and I'd ask, "Is the ending shot yet?" Roger would know what I was getting at, though some of the others didn't. But I'd say, "If we don't have time for everything, let's re-arrange the shooting schedule and shoot the ending the day-after-tomorrow." That might cause some consternation. But we couldn't sell a film that had no ending, though we could fill in other parts by running blank leader if we had to make up the running time. Then we'd work to see what we could eliminate from the script, how we could speed up shooting by combining sets, and work other things to meet the deadline, since we were renting that studio time.

DeValle: Did art director Daniel Haller surprise you at how lush he made the sets look for the money?

Arkoff: He was very good. And Floyd Crosby was a very good cameraman. Floyd would go from a major picture to an independent picture. We looked for those kind of people. It counted to have that experience and talent. And since we weren't paying them any more than we would have paid anyone else... Oh, I suppose we could have gotten some half-assed journeyman techs for less money, but that wasn't the point.

DeValle: No, you wanted someone to give the films a real polished look. Now, were you responsible for bringing Barbara Steele onto *Pit and the Pendulum*?

Arkoff: Jim and I went over to Italy around 1960 when the combinations were starting to die out. That's where we first met Fulvio Lucisano, with whom we made a lot of pictures. But on this first trip we picked up two films to dub. The first one was *The Sign of Rome* which we changed to *Sign of the Gladiator*. The other one was a very

successful Hercules picture which we titled *Goliath and the Barbarian*.

On our second trip over there we went to a screening of *Mark of the Demon* by Mario Bava, a tremendous director who would have gone on to greater acclaim had he not been in Italy. That was not a great mark for horror at that time.

DeValle: Is that when you met Barbara Steele?

Arkoff: Probably. Maybe not at the screening, but eventually we met her. We were making lots of trips to Italy because we were buying pictures there and eventually we started making films there so we met just about everybody. But Barbara Steele was fantastic. You're right, she probably would have been better in our Poe pictures than just about anybody.

DeValle: She had a demonic look which was exploited in the horror films, and it took her a while to live that down. Even the art films she made exploited the unusual look she had. Tell me, was your next Poe film *Pit and the Pendulum*, or *Premature Burial*?

Arkoff: Well, *Premature Burial* was a strange situation. It's the only Poe film we made that didn't have Vincent Price. And the reason is Roger Corman. Now I love Roger, we're friends to this day. He made 30-some films for us. We had our muted oppositions, but nothing great. And as a producer, money attracted him. As everybody knows he was a tight man with a buck. He liked to make money, but didn't like to spend it. So what happened was that Pathe entered the picture. They were the laboratory that did all our up front developing as well as the final prints of all our films. It was a big outfit with their main office in New York, and they decided they wanted to get into the business of producing motion pictures. So they contacted Roger about making a film, and they offered him more money than we were paying him, and he agreed to do it. And I thought, "Doesn't he owe us a bit of loyalty?" We had other films in development and Roger wasn't going to be hurting for work. Not that Roger didn't eventually become wealthy through working for us. But anyway, we read in the trades that Roger was going to make *Premature Burial*. Now, he couldn't use Vincent Price because we had an exclusive on him for horror. And I got more and more furious and told him, "Roger, what you're doing is wrong." And every time I'd tell him that he'd just laugh. Roger was very good at deflecting. So finally I went to New York and met the top guy at Pathe, named Zeckendorf, and told him, "I do not appreciate your stealing like this." And he replied that Poe was in the public domain. I said, "Yes, that's true, but I also don't appreciate your stealing Roger Corman." And he said that Roger was for sale to the highest bidder. And I said, "There's another thing I don't appreciate. We buy all our lab work on our films from you and if you're going to steal then I'm not going to do business with you anymore." That shook him up a bit and he turned the picture over to us. He paid to produce the film, we paid him back over a period of time.

DeValle: So you had Poe films in development and Roger just went out and got involved with Pathe and *The Premature Burial*. But do you recall what your next one was supposed to be?

Arkoff: I don't remember. Because by the time we got to number two or three we were busy looking at all the Poe works. They were all such short stories that none of them were easy to

adapt. The problem ultimately with the Poe films, besides the one which Roger Corman didn't do...

DeValle: That would be *Murders in The Rue Morgue*.

Arkoff: Well, besides that one, because that one came along much later as a project with some other people. We were involved with it from the beginning, but we really didn't plan that one, and it doesn't have the feel of the AIP family to it. I wouldn't even have thought of that one. But the other one we did with Vincent was *The Conqueror Worm* in 1968.

DeValle: Which was directed by Michael Reeves.

Arkoff: And Michael was also an excellent director. His work was different from what Roger did, but all of these films had a tone, a quality to them. *The Raven* is interesting because it didn't start out as a comedy, but it became one during shooting.

DeValle: Was that because of Peter Lorre?

Arkoff: Partly because of Peter. He had a mischievous side to himself, and if I did Vincent but in a different way. Boris Karloff didn't have that tendency and was more from the old school. But someone noticed the shape things were taking and told me to take a look at the rushes and I could see the change of the film taking place before our eyes, as if it had a life of its own. That's one case of a film ending up very different from what it started out to be.

DeValle: Do those dailies and alternate takes exist? It would be fantastic to show them to the public, especially for the extemporaneous changes Peter Lorre brought about.

Arkoff: It's hard to know at this late date. It's similar to the situation at National Screen Service. For years they swore to us that they didn't have any trailers left from our films. But I finally got ahold of one of the ladies there who'd recently retired, and she remembered that in one of their warehouses in Ohio they had some. We investigated it and found trailers to forty or fifty of our titles. Sometimes these things turn up.

DeValle: With the two films in England, *Masque of the Red Death* and *Tomb of Ligeia*, the interesting thing about them is that it was the end of it. When did you decide to take the whole project out of Hollywood and go film in England?

Arkoff: The pictures were getting more expensive, as always happens. So we could go over there for the locations. And England is a natural lover of horror, so it wasn't a hard decision to come to. *Tomb of Ligeia* had the settings -- as I recall a lot of it took place in an actual abbey. That saved all kinds of money. *The Masque of the Red Death* had people, we had a British dance troupe, which added production value. There were a lot of reasons for filming over there.

DeValle: How would you sum up these films as we move into the 21st Century and these films seem almost indestructible.

Arkoff: For the money they cost and the time they were made in, I think they were pretty good. If they hadn't been period films they wouldn't hold up as well as they do today. There were a lot of real characters in the business then, most of them now dead, sad to say.



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CRY OF THE BANSHEE WRAP PARTY, 1970

LOST ED WOOD MOVIES... FOUND!

BY RUDOLPH
GREY

THE ONLY HOUSE IN TOWN (1970)

Produced by The Professionals, Released by
Stacy Films Color 16mm, 55 mins Written-
Directed by Ed Wood (as "Flint Holloway")
Producer-Photography by "George Van Sol" With
Uschi Digart (as "Mushka Valkaro"), Lynn Harris.

"The Only House In Town is one of those
rare films that makes me glad I turned down
a bright future as a shoe salesman and
became a reviewer. This is more than just a
good film - in many ways it may be a great
film."

—Ed Wood, Wild Screen Reviews

After 18 years of searching, *The Only
House In Town*, one of Ed Wood's "lost"
features has been found. Shot a short time
after Wood's January 1970 *Take It Out In
Trade*, some of the same actors and music
are utilized. It is an enigmatic and puzzling
movie, and looks to be Wood's lowest
budget, most likely shot in one day. Uschi
Digart (known for her Russ Meyer and
countless other adult film roles) couldn't
remember it, although she does have
considerable dialogue.

The entire movie is shot inside "the
house", and opens with an arresting chase
sequence by a gang of young hoodlums
apparently after a girl (Lynn Harris) who
ratted out the leader (here referred to as
"Owen"). Crucial story information is
either missing or barely suggested.
Characters contradict each other in
puzzling revelations which suggest parallel
universes, whether intended or not... The
star, Uschi, plays three different characters:
a wild gang member, a whorehouse
madame named "Freckles Flossie" and a
host (dressed like a mod witch) who strips
as she introduces flashback episodes. Wood
utilizes the Uschi host role in a somewhat
similar fashion to Lugosi's Science-God in
Glen or Glenda. Although extremely
minimalist, the movie grows on you with



Upper & Lower Photos: Uschi Digart in Ed Wood's *The Only House in Town* (1970)
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Uschi Digart in *The Only House in Town*. (1970)
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repeated viewing. In his review for Wild Screen Reviews, Wood mentions plot elements not seen here, including "bootleggers and ghosts." My guess is that Wood was just not given the time or money to shoot his own script. A prerequisite seems to have been extended footage of simulated sex, as the producing company also sold 200 foot reels of 8mm film from their features via mail order. In tandem with this is the producer-cameraman's voice ordering the models around in their simulated naked orgy. Despite the obstacles, Wood still manages to create his magic, in part with his inspired (and sometimes startling) use of music. Here he also uses the Lange and Porter title music from Monogram's 1942 Lugosi crime film, *The Corpse Vanishes!* While the sound is often murky, the color and photography is always sharp and brilliant.

Wood appears to be having fun with the character's names, and to hear Uschi in her thick Austrian accent, introduce "Freckles Flossie," "Louie the Louse" and "Bouncing Beulah," as Wood put it, "has to be seen to feel the exceptional impact." Much of the dialogue seems straight out of his sex novels. "How's that bitch, did you get your jollies?" or "He liked his women hot and rough, and he treated them equally tough. he loved Flossie's size...he loved to kiss her

stomach...he was fervent about her breasts." ("fervent" is Wood's spelling and this is what she says.)

Wood (in his review) claimed that "the ending of this shocker is too much to place on paper." Well, maybe. It's Uschi chastising the voyeuristic audience — "You still here, people? Get out — we want to have some fun."

One more mystery: A former employee of Stacy Films, when questioned about *The Only House/The Only House In Town*: "There were two of those. One totally different. I can't recall the action...kind of slow moving. The hard core was maybe longer, 69 minutes long. If you cut out 400 feet it would give you 57 minutes...one wasn't as fast moving as the other."

Could this explain the fake names for the entire cast and crew? Although there is full frontal nudity for the four women and three men (briefly) the sex is clearly simulated...Or could this be a reference to the "second ONLY HOUSE by San Francisco director Don Brown" mentioned to me by Ed DePriest? In the shadowy, "here today, gone tomorrow" netherworld of the sexploitation/porno film industry, who knows?



NECROMANIA - A TALE OF WEIRD LOVE (1971)

Cinema Classics/Stacy Films Color 51 mins (X version), 54 mins (XXX version). Written and Directed by Ed Wood (as "Don Miller"), photography by Hal Gauth (X) and Ted Gorley (XXX)



Rene Bond & Ric Lutze in Ed Wood's *Necromania* (1971)

"Any moment I expect Bela Lugosi as Dracula" says Danny to Shirley
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"Few people will deny that movies have come a long way since the old, garish, tap dancing films of the past. Many people will even say that the movies of today are too realistic. Whether this is good or bad is still speculative. What is important is, under the harsh and sometimes crude light of realism, the word obscenity is afforded its best chance for a fair trial. Under this untainted light, we, the viewing public, are able to confront ourselves with a simple, either-or question... Which of the following is the most injurious to my society: (1) the graphic cinematic depiction of a sexual act, or (2) the graphic cinematic depiction of death and violence?"

About six years ago Mike Vraney and Frank Hennenlotter turned up a print of a film that said "Necromania" on the leader...there were no titles. Frank told Mike to check it with the shot in *Nightmare of Ecstasy* of Ed directing Ric Lutze and Rene Bond. Bingo! Although only 43 minutes long and reddish in tint, it was an historic discovery. Later another print was found with titles, better color and 5 extra minutes.

Now, finally there are complete versions of the X and (unseen since the early early '70s) XXX *Necromania*, which I was able to find after many years of digging. The difference in the two versions is: in the X version the couples are in some kind of sex hell where nothing really happens, but in the XXX version, as you would expect, the sex is actually consummated. Also, there is a double ending in the XXX version, with an extra 3 minutes. So there are really two different movies.

The color in these recently discovered

suggests that Wood supervised the processing of the negatives in the lab and the results are impressive. Also, if Wood ever played a "wizard" in the movie, he cut it out. He had a real horror of incarceration.

The story involves a young couple, Danny (Ric Lutze) and Shirley (Rene Bond) who arrive at a supernatural sex clinic (Danny can't satisfy his partner). A worker, Tanya (Marie Arnold) informs them that they must wait until midnight to see the head sorceress, Madame Heles. They are given a room where Tanya displays a rubber dong which when squeezed makes a doorbell sound for service. Thus begins *Necromania, A Tale of Weird Love*, one of the strangest "porno" films ever made.

One aspect of the movie's strangeness lies in Wood's surprising use of library music: A surf-beat guitar instrumental; a jazzy cha-cha; an angst-laden teen love theme; orchestral horror (Edwin Astley?) plus gongs and thunder effects, a trademark. The offbeat scoring transforms the sometimes unflattering shots of the nude couples (in the soft version) into something more appealing, via uncharted areas of association.

Keep in mind that in the 1950's Wood befriended low-budget B-movie veterans like Sam Katzman, Harry Fraser and William Nolte (assistant director on *Bride of the Monster*). If Monogram could have made an avant-garde sex film it might look like this. Take particular note also of the sequence which begins 28 minutes & 7



"Madame Heles" in Criswell's coffin in Ed Wood's *Necromania: A Tale of Weird Love* (1971) "Henceforth you shall live for sex, and sex alone."

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seconds into the movie, where Ric Lutze struggles to get his red pajama bottoms unraveled to put them on. But, he can't. His fumbling lasts about 15 seconds, easily edited out. But Wood deliberately leaves it in. Why? I think it's his perverse sense of humour... I think he got a kick out of Lutze fumbling on camera with the pants. Now as you'll see, the editing for this sequence is quite careful, so I don't think it's just a crackpot theory:

Scene: Danny reaches for his silk pants. Begins to try to untangle them (7 seconds).

Cut to:
Shot: Tanya's eyes, peering through holes in Owl painting (2 seconds)

Cut to:
Shot: Danny still struggling with tangled pants, begins to smile then cracks up (silent) (10 seconds).

Cut to:
Shot: Tanya's eyes, still watching through eyes of painting (4 seconds).

Cut to:
Shot: Danny now successfully slipping his pants on (6 1/2 seconds).

There are other bits of stylistic weirdness:

when Shirley meets "Barb" ("I'm one of the inmates - like you're in and you can't get out") they start making out in the hallway. At one point Barb vocalizes two long, very peculiar "oooo-ooohhs."

And what of Madame Heles emphasizing the word "sex" by uncovering and cupping one breast? ("Henceforth you shall live for sex and sex alone.")

Also: Ed Wood tried to get Vampira for the Madame Heles role. But just what could he have been thinking? Surely he didn't think that the nearly 50-year old actress would make her movie comeback naked, screwing a young porno stud in Criswell's coffin? Not to mention that in the XXX version Madame Heles gives Ric Lutze head in that same coffin. According to John Andrews (who worked as a grip on the movie), Ed was disappointed when Vampira turned down the role...

Necromania was shot in two days for five thousand dollars. Wood took the opportunity to make another movie very seriously, and even had a poster made up for it. He had great hopes for it, predicting that "*Necromania* would set a new trend in exploitation films." No one noticed it, not surprisingly. The cast and crew never saw the movie. It opened in New York at the Hudson Theatre (which also premiered Warhol's *I, A Man*). The New York Times (and everyone else) neglected to review it.

Necromania has an otherworldly ambience to it, a feeling that you have entered another dimension. And at one point the characters literally do look into another dimension, the sex dimension of lost souls who can never be satisfied. Taking into account the context and the tone of the rest of the movie, it may be the most remarkable sequence in the history of film. © 2002 Rudolph Grey.

PO Box 536, Cooper Station,
New York NY 10276

Dedicated to:
HAL GUTHU
(1923-2000)

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Stuff to Read

Science Fiction from Wells to Heinlein by Leon Stover

(215pp, \$45, illustrated, from McFarland and Co.)

As a publisher's category, science fiction began in the American pulp magazine industry in 1926. But its origins lay in the British tradition of the scientific romance, whose mastery by H.G. Wells in his Victorian youth (1895-1901) makes him the "father of modern SF" (Jules Verne is a "more distant ancestor"). Wells' most self-conscious descendant is Robert Heinlein, whose rapid rise to fame during the magazine era made him the "dean of American SF." He so succeeded in winning literary recognition for the genre that it all but vanished into the mainstream, save for a lingering identity in classified paperbacks and in television programming (Michael Crichton's *Jurassic Park*, for example, was marketed as general fiction and not science fiction).

The present work, by a man who taught the subject at the university level for decades, is a critical examination of the literary trajectory of science fiction from the scientific romances of Wells to the era of Heinlein. Such luminaries as Isaac Asimov (*I, Robot*), Arthur C. Clark (2001, A.E. van Vogt (*Slan*), Ray Bradbury (*Martian Chronicles*), C.S. Lewis (*Perelandra*), are discussed along the way. The roles of various magazines in establishing the genre are fully examined, and 36 full color photos of some fantastic magazine covers are shown in the telling of the tale.

Leon Stover, professor emeritus at the Illinois Institute of Technology, was the first to bring science fiction to the college curriculum. The author of numerous landmarks of intellectual history, he is also the editor of the eight-volume series *The Annotated H.G. Wells*. He lives in Chicago. Order direct from publisher: McFarland Press, 1-800-253-2187

Review by Coco Kiyonaga

Destination Hollywood: The Influence of Europeans on American Filmmaking by Larry Langman

(286 pp, \$46.50, 51 photos)

During the first part of the twentieth century, Hollywood experienced an influx of European filmmakers seeking new lives in America. With them came unique perspectives and styles from their home countries that forever affected American film production. Well-known talents like Charlie Chaplin, Billy Wilder, and Alfred Hitchcock all made America their filmmaking base, as did other less known but equally influential filmmakers. This is the complete guide to directors, screenwriters, cinematographers, and composers of European birth who made at least one film in the U.S. The book is arranged by country, and each chapter begins with that country's cinema history. Each filmmaker from that country is then given a separate entry,

including biographical and professional highlights, and analysis of their better-known films. Photos from films that featured European talent are included.

Larry Langman has been an instructor of film history and English for over twenty years. He has written more than a dozen books on film, including *The Media in the Movies* and *Comedy Quotes from the Movies*, both also available from McFarland. Visit their website at www.mcfarlandpub.com

Reviewed by Gino Colbert

The Biology of Science Fiction Cinema by Mark C. Glassy

(McFarland & Company, 2001, 296 pages)

Not until I read Mark Glassy's informative and amusing *Biology of Science Fiction Cinema* did I fully appreciate that my first introduction to many aspects of the life sciences - evolution and DNA, virology and contagious diseases, cellular biology and regeneration, and lots more - came via science fiction and horror films. The first brain that I ever saw was in the 1931 *Frankenstein*. In that film and many others, scientists debated life and death, human and animal, aging and mortality. School and church hardly mentioned such provocative topics, but 1950s science fiction movies dove into them with abandon. Their scientists could cheat not only death, but the tree of life itself: humans became insects, insects became gigantic monsters, extinct monsters revived, new ones arose. And, as all such mayhem, the movies' scientists - delivered profound-sounding explanations of what was going on. Over time - with not much relevant input from school or church - I came to realize that a lot of the science in science fiction movies was very questionable. Many of my generation, the post-war monster boomers, did the same.

One of them is Mark Glassy, a life-long science fiction fan and now a biochemist specializing in human antibodies and cancer therapeutics. He has applied both his loves to this remarkable new study of what's right and what's wrong with the biological science of 79 horror and science fiction films. *Jurassic Park* is among them, but most are low-budget movies, more than half from the early 1960's or before. Thus, *The Biology of Science Fiction Cinema* brings such films as *The Wasp Woman*, *The Monster That Challenged the World*,

and *The Brain That Wouldn't Die* under the scrutiny of 21st Century technology. Surprisingly, the B-movies don't fare all that badly. Glassy has no faas that some Dr. Jekyll will become Sister Hyde or that *Humancoids* from *The Deep* will be mating with humans. But science lends more credence to such outlandish plots than our elders would have guessed when told how we had spent our Saturday afternoons. Glassy's case for and against weird science varies from movie to movie, but generally the "big ideas" are more or less sound, while the angels are in the

details. The real world is not awash in reel monsters because some simple ingredient is either utterly lacking (like a nutrient) or cannot be turned off (like DNA or immune response). Basically, H.G. Wells was on the right track more than a century ago in *War of the Worlds*, wherein humans are no match for Martians, who in turn are no match for our bacteria.

I suspect most readers on first picking up the book will skip over the introductions and go directly to the write-ups on their favorite films. There is a wide variety to select from: classic horror from the 1930s (eg. *White Zombie* under the book's Pharmacology section, *Dr. X* under Synthetic Skin), schlock horror from the 1940s (*Devil Bat* under Biochemistry, *The Ape Man* under Endocrinology), 1950s sci-fi (*Them!*, *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, respectively under Entomology and Shrinkology) - despite the lighthearted heading, a topic Glassy takes as seriously as any). The three dozen or so post-1950s titles span the spectrum of high and low brow science fiction films, and Glassy digs into some obscure films that illustrate unique points.

One of the films whose science most impresses Glassy is *House of Dracula*. Dr. Edelman gave Count Dracula and The Wolf Man their only recorded physical examinations. Not only do Edelman's diagnoses and proposed cures hold up today, but he demonstrates a mastery of medical science far ahead of 1945 (when the film was made), not to mention the end of the 19th century (when the film is set).

In spanning films made over more than six decades, Glassy is dealing with screenwriters whose grasp of science varied widely. He sums up the timeline of fantastic science on screen as:

In the 1930s and 1940s, a practical understanding of DNA was a long way off, so the biological science tended to center on glandular and hormonal effects. During the 1950s, the Atomic Age was in full force, and most of the biological science during this decade centered on radiation-induced mutations. During the 1960s and 1970s some sophisticated biological science concepts began to appear in SF films, such as immunology, cryobiology, biochemistry, endocrinology, virology. The 1980s and 1990s clearly belong to the DNA age, when the phrase "DNA" is frequently mentioned in movies without really knowing what it is. Glassy overlooks the fact that 1930s film makers learned the hard way the cost of mentioning "evolution" (even if only a mad doctor mouthed the word). Until the 1950s, "glad" was Hollywood's byword for "evolution". I know of only three 1930s films that even mention the word: *Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1932), *Island of Lost Souls* (1933), and *Dr. Renault's Secret* (1939).

Prime examples of cinema's use of fantastic science are the four versions of H. G. Wells' *Island of Dr. Moreau*, filmed between 1933 and 1996. Each version is a product of its time and each has a different slant of the science of making humans from animals. *Island of Lost Souls* is by far the best of them. Almost in the same sentence that Moreau boasts of controlling evolution via "a slight change in the single unit of the germ plasma," he lets drop that he also uses "plastic surgery, nutrient infusions, gland extracts, ray beams." Moreau is ultimately defeated by something he cannot understand. "Everybody," writes Glassy, "is controlled by DNA," and Moreau in 1933 does not even know it exists. Dr. Gerard

In 1959's *Terror* is *A Man* should know about DNA, but he opts for something closer to the methods of the original Moreau in Wells' novel. He creates a man from a panther only by surgery. Gerard's numerous operation on the tortured animal, Glassy concludes, must be on the bones and brain, for "all organs, like lungs, livers, kidneys, intestines, spleens, etc., are essentially the same in all animals." The operation that most troubles Glassy is the one that gives the panther the mental power to speak. Perhaps Gerard agrees with Wells' Moreau in the novel: the brain is the easy part - simply (and painfully) create enough room in the cranium, and the brain grows and develops to accommodate it. Wells' agenda was more political than scientific.

1977's *Island of Dr. Moreau* is the only period piece among them. This 19th century Moreau stumbles onto "a cell particle" which can only be DNA. He develops a serum that somehow displaces the host DNA, but like the Moreau of 1933 he bootlegs into his procedure some transplants and surgery. All the Moreaus have to cheat a little because their "men" constantly revert to their original form. The script for the latest *Island of Dr. Moreau* (1996) is little more than a keyword search of the latest terminology Glassy is impressed with such modern, specialized jargon as "plasmid origin of replication," "E Tag," "gene signal sequence," and "pCANTAB5," but the movie simply does not know what to do with it. Glassy does fine one realistic aspect in this abysmal film. "Like too many real scientists, Moreau is extremely arrogant." So arrogant that Moreau has invented his own DNA alphabet - otherwise his notes on sequencing, that are clearly seen onscreen, are gibberish.

I doubt *The Biology of Science Fiction Cinema* will inspire many scientists to start watching what are mostly bad movies, but the book may well drive some movie lovers to read up on their science. The ideal readership for this book are people like Glassy and myself, who grew up watching a lot of these movies, and who find more pleasure in searching for their hidden virtues than laughing at their obvious faults. I learned a lot of science and a lot about movies I had seen many times from this book.

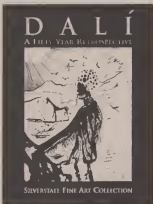
In reading of *The Biology of Science Fiction Cinema* two subtle points that now seem so clear jumped out at me. While our schools were trying to teach us a pedantic version of modern science, schlock films were actively instructing my generation in a much older set of beliefs - wherein man and beast change form, where self is mutable and where the thresholds to other existences are many and near. The mad doctors are not so much scientists as shamans, and their patients/subjects/victims are initiates into new worlds. The second revelation derives from a point Glassy mentions often. If transformations into beasts and monsters are possible at all, they would be achieved only by multiple injections or treatments over long periods, and even then their effects might only be transient. The Moreaus know those problems well, but many mad doctors achieve permanent and profound results with only the smallest, one-time dosages. "Only a pinpoint, Monsieur," says the sorcerer (Lugosi) in *White Zombie* of his strange drug, "in a flower, or perhaps a glass of wine." No way says Glassy, nothing is that powerful. But he admits such a dosage might be sufficient to create hallucinations, to make the victims believe they have transformed. I'll have to dig out my old videos and watch some of these 1950s movies. If no hard physical evidence of the

monster remains after the maybe (eyewitnesses don't count - they can imagine things too), then the whole story is suddenly more than plausible.

The Biology of Science Fiction Cinema is designed to look like a grade school science book (can the publisher, McFarland, at last be developing a sense of humor?). On the laminated cover is, at first glance, what appears to be a typical textbook illustration of a dedicated researcher in his laboratory. But in the foreground is a miniature man, grown like one of Dr. Pretorius' homunculi, in a glass terrarium. The book is largely written in the terse, no-nonsense style of a textbook. Readers may sense Glassy occasionally straying towards a lighter tone, but he always calls for order in the classroom and returns to form. If he is not serious about hemolytic anemia in *Horror of the Blood Monsters* or lymphokine activated killer cell therapy in *Island of Terror*, who will be?

[The *Biology of Science Fiction Films* is available from McFarland & Company, Box 611 Jefferson, North Carolina 28640. Order Line: 1-800-253-2187]

Reviewed by Frank Dello Stritto



Dalí A Fifty Year Retrospective

142pages.\$39.95

Silverstare Fine Art Collection, 2001.

Call 1-800-DALÍ ext. 0 or www.Dali.com

Salvador Dalí died in 1981. Three years later another child was born in the Dalí family, and he too was given the name Salvador. This second child has been hailed as the most innovative artist of the 20th Century. Dalí believed that the first Salvador left the earth in order to be reborn together with him the second time so that the two of them therefore would be as one superhuman.

It is true that since a small child Dalí exhibited unusual, erratic behavior. He would scratch drawings into a small table on the family balcony. His mother encouraged his artistic experiments. When a family friend, impressionist Ramon Pichot saw a still life of cherries that Salvador Dalí painted on an old

wooden door, Pichot asked Salvador, "Where are the stems?" Instead of painting the stems; Dalí instead went into the yard and found real stems and stuck them into the heavily painted cherries. When Pichot saw this, he declared that Dalí was a genius! Quaint stories of Dalí and his development as a painter are included in this fifty year retrospective of Dalí's work. Also in the 1940's Dalí collaborated with Alfred Hitchcock on the film *Spellbound*, and designed backdrops for the ballet *Bacchante* in 1944. He even collaborated with Walt Disney on a project that later fell through. You won't be disappointed with this retrospective. There are hundreds of color prints to pour over; all on high quality heavy gloss paper. This is a great reference book for the collector.

Reviewed by Coco Kiyonaga

Vulgarians At The Gate

by Steve Allen

Prometheus Books, 2001

A few weeks ago, in the hills of Beverly here in California, a friend of mine met his neighbor on trash day, trundling overflowing garbage cans to the curb. On top, spilling out onto the ground, and rolling over to my friend's feet were various C.D.'s produced and published by the neighbor for a record company that shall remain nameless. Thinking that the empty jewel boxes could be put to some other use, my friend picked up a C.D. at his feet and read the song titles of the latest "teen singing sensation."

And this is where I have to tell you that the song titles alone are unprintable for this review. When my friend commented on the unintentional song lyrics his neighbor's reply was "Yeah, I can't listen to that crap either, but I'm laughing all the way to the bank!"

It is this total lack of accountability on both a corporate as well as individual level that spurred author-songwriter (and all-round renaissance man) Steve Allen to write his last book *Vulgarians At The Gate*, a book that he finished just hours before he passed away at his son's house on October 30, 2000.

Since then, his wife and working partner Joyce Meadows and his son, producer Bill Allen have picked up the banner and marched forth into battle against an unconscionable foe: A foe that insists that the be-all and end-all of money justifies anything done in its name. Whether it is the over-all dumbing down of the print-media; the no holds barred talk of raunch radio; or the assault on our eyes and ears by graphic advertisements, music videos and depictions of violence in the prime-time hours of network television (Allen has no quarrel with cable on this issue due to the late hour of its' R-rated programs and the blocking devices that can be utilized by parents).

Despite his obvious concern and passionate arguments against all the above in his book, Mr. Allen does not deliver a one-sided rant. *Vulgarians At The Gate* is a well-organized, thoughtful collection of essays that strives for fairness and understanding of the myriad of first amendment issues facing us at the dawn of the 21st century. "How things got this way" is presented in the progression from television's start to music videos while including the role of super market tabloids, talk radio, the news media as well as Mr.

Allen's understandably keen interest in the decline of the late night talk show that he invented. (Included in that section is a transcript of the infamous Madonna vs David Letterman show of March 31, 1994.)

Mr. Allen's point throughout the book is that we are all responsible for the current state of affairs and none of us should be evading the responsibility of what is being done in our name. He singled out Time-Warner for special mention, with their multitude of denials on related charges.

Allen is especially concerned about the music and violence connection (the Columbine Massacre being the impetus to write this book) and he urges us to rage against the dying of the light. In view of current events, his message is more than timely and perhaps a wake-up call we need. However the world shakes out in the coming months, we all have an opportunity to clean things up and start fresh. Steve Allen's book points the way.

Reviewed by Kathe Orrison

An Illustrated History of Horror and Science Fiction Films by Carlos Clarens

DaCapo Press, \$14.95

When this was first published in 1967 it was simply called *An Illustrated History of the Horror Film*, and *The Detroit News* hailed it as, "the definitive history of the horror film, and likely to remain so." Indeed, during that time, the only other book devoted to horror films was the atmospheric tome by Drake Douglas, *Horror! How unlike this new age where a new monster film book is published every day. And in this environment, what a surprise that Carlos Clarens got around to reprinting Carlos Clarens' amazing book.*

A Havana-born film critic and historian, whose other acclaimed book was *Creme Movies*, Clarens died of heart failure in 1987. And his great contribution to horror films had been more or less out of print since a paperback reprinting in 1968. Now here it is, re-printed from the same plates, with nothing much changed except the addition of "Science Fiction" to the title, and a new introduction to the book by *Village Voice* film critic J. Hoberman. There's an appendix of over 300 primary horror films, and still not too many photos for a book that says "Illustrated" in the title. The book's still great, and the new cover designed by David Scott, showing the original *Invisible Man* is a minor masterpiece. You can find it at the bookstore or order directly from DaCapo at: 1-800-321-0050

Reviewed by Michael Copner

Kings of the Jungle: An illustrated Reference to "Tarzan" on Screen and Television by David Fury

(270 pp. \$25 paperback, 92 photos)

Here's a book that chronicles every Tarzan film ever made, in a very well researched and written style. It includes cast, production credits, release date, and running time for each film. The plot synopses, background information, and contemporary critical commentary. The book also takes a look at Tarzan on TV, from the TV movie *Tarzan and the Trappers* (1958) to the 1991 series. The book has the endorsement of *Ebony*, and is heavily illustrated. David Fury is a freelance writer and songwriter from Minneapolis who has published other related books on the cinema.

Order from McFarland at 1-800-253-2187. www.mcfarlandpub.com

Reviewed by Gino Colbert

Forbidden Animation: Censored Cartoons and Blacklisted Animators in America by Karl F. Cohen

(216 pp. \$35 library binding, illustrations, indexed)

Twenty Bird was colored yellow because censors felt the original pink made the bird look nude. Betty Boop's dress was lengthened so that her garter didn't show. And in recent years, a segment of *Mighty Mouse* was dropped after protest groups claimed the mouse was actually sniffling cocaine, not flower petals. These changes and many others like them have been demanded by official censors or organized groups before the cartoons could be shown in theaters or on television.

How the slightly risqué gags in some silent cartoons were replaced by rigid standards in the sound film era is the first misadventure covered in this history of censorship in the animation industry. The perpetuation of racial stereotypes in many early cartoons is examined, as are the studio's efforts to stop producing such animation. This is followed by a look at many of the uncensored cartoons, such as Lenny Bruce's *Thank You Mask Man* and Ralph Bakshi's *Fritz the Cat*. The censorship of TV cartoons is covered, from the changes made in theatrical releases shown on TV to the different standards that apply to small screen animation. The final chapter discusses the many animators who were blacklisted from the industry in the 1950's for alleged sympathies to the Communist Party.

Karl F. Cohen teaches animation history classes at San Francisco State University and is also an independent film distributor.

(Order from McFarland and Company, Box 611, Jefferson NC 28640. Call 1-800-253-2187)

Reviewed by Coco Kiyonaga

White Zombie: Anatomy of a Horror Film

by Gary D. Rhodes

(352 pages, illustrated case binding, indexed. From McFarland & Co.)

It's time for rejoicing. After years of researching and compiling, historian Gary D. Rhodes has seen the publication of his book entirely devoted to Lugosi's *White Zombie*. People in fandom knew that the book was in the works, and I for one would say that it was worth the wait. The finished book is a joy to have and hold. I still don't know exactly why young Gary loves this film and has devoted so much of his life to it. But the result is a treatment usually given to the films of D.W. Griffith, or the best thrillers of Alfred Hitchcock. The book analyzes the film from nearly every possible viewpoint, placing it in context amidst other horror films, most essentially with similar themes of voodoo and zombies. Included are bios of the Halpern brothers who produced the film, and everybody associated with the production of *White Zombie*; all kinds of fiction writings that impacted the narrative, audience reaction to the film in 1932, a rare look at the British pressbook for the film, and so much more.

Young Mr. Rhodes has written for many film magazines, including *Cult Movies*. He is the author of the definitive *Lugosi* (McFarland, 1997), and is obviously a Bela fan. It shows on every page of this new book. But Rhodes also currently teaches at the University of Oklahoma College of Business and in the

Department of Film/Video Studies. So he approaches his subject as more than a fan, a collector or a dealer. As a documentary filmmaker, he has the ability to unfold his subject matter in a way that draws the viewer or reader into the material at hand and join him in pursuing the subject of his study.

With a controversial classic like *White Zombie* it's easy to have a reverential attitude, and it's good to see that the result is itself a classic book. If he should choose to give the full treatment to *Invisible Ghost* or *Night of Terror*, could Gary fill up 350 pages with such great fascination? Since it would be about Lugosi, just might be able to do it. I wonder what's next on his to-do list?

Reviewed by Michael Copner

The Annotated H.G. Wells, 4. The War of the Worlds

by H.G. Wells. Edited by Leon Stover. (333 pages. Frontispiece, illustrations, introduction, annotations, appendices, bibliography, index. McFarland & Company, Inc. Publishers, 2001)

The War of the Worlds known as a "scientific romance" probably best known for the infamous 1939 radio broadcast "Invasion from Mars" by the late, great Orson Welles. Unfortunately, H.G. Wells would have rather his novel be taken more philosophically. The situation between Human and Martian being the whole point. There was a specific reason that the Red Planet was chosen. Culturally different worlds were clashing and threatening our perhaps placid existence?

Reviewed by Coco Kiyonaga

Horror Film Stars by Michael R. Pitts

(576 pages, \$39.95 softcover, 383 photos, indexed. McFarland & Company)

Right at press time McFarland printed the third edition of this classic book which every fan of genre films will enjoy. Michael first began this book back in 1979, and since then there have been some changes and additions. Essentially a checklist, it just happens to be a checklist of 80 different personalities in the films, all in one handy little volume. All kinds of favorites including John Carradine, Yvonne DeCarlo, Evelyn Ankers, Rondo Hatton, Lex Barker, and so on. Each celebrity gets a chapter with a quick bio, a few rare photos, and a checklist.

In the case of someone like Glenn Strange, who once told an interviewer that he estimated he'd made around 300 quickie Western features in his heyday, the author must limit the bibliography to only genre films. But in the case of a major player such as Bela Lugosi, all known films are listed - and this is where I feel Mr. Pitts has done his research. He lists eleven European films wherein Lugosi used his original stage name of "Arisztid Olti". In all 111 Lugosi titles are listed.

The Lon Chaney, Jr. section is broken into three distinct periods as Creghton, then Jr., and finally as just Lon Chaney. What I'd forgotten was that in his last years for things like *The Female Bunch* (1971) he reverted to being Chaney, Jr., again.

A handy book to thumb through, research in, and settle arguments with.

McFarland Press, Box 611, Jefferson NC 28640. www.mcfarlandpub.com

Reviewed by Michael Copner



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Science Fiction Confidential

Interviews with 23 Monster Stars and Filmmakers

Tom Weaver. 320pp., 2002, \$38.50 hardcover (7 x 10), 124 photographs, filmographies, index, ISBN 0-7864-1175-9.

White Zombie

Anatomy of a Horror Film

Gary D. Rhodes. 360pp., 2001, \$65 hardcover (8 1/2 x 10), 244 photographs, appendices, notes, index, ISBN 0-7864-0988-6.

"MAGNIFICENT" — *Classic Images*

Terror Television

American Series, 1970-1999

John Kenneth Muir. 685pp., 2001, \$75 hardcover (7 x 10), episode guide, notes, appendices, bibliography, index, ISBN 0-7864-0890-1.

"SUBSTANTIAL" — *Classic Images*

Horror Film Stars, third edition

Michael R. Pitts. 576pp., 2002, \$39.95 softcover (7 x 10), 383 photographs, filmographies, bibliography, index, ISBN 0-7864-1052-3.

The Hong Kong Filmography, 1977-1997

A Complete Reference to 1,100 Films Produced by British Hong Kong Studios

John Charles. 397pp., 2000, \$75 hardcover (8 1/2 x 10), appendix, glossary, bibliography, index, ISBN 0-7864-0842-1.

"HIGHLY RECOMMENDED" — *Little Shoppe of Horrors*

Television Horror Movie Hosts

68 Vampires, Mad Scientists and Other Denizens of the Late-Night Airwaves Examined and Interviewed

Elena M. Watson. 256pp., 2000 (1998), \$25 paperback, 79 photographs, filmographies, discographies, bibliography, index, ISBN 0-7864-0940-1.

"ESSENTIAL" — *Videoscope*

John Carradine

The Films

Tom Weaver. 408pp., 1999, \$65 hardcover (7 x 10), 117 photographs, filmography, index, ISBN 0-7864-0607-0.

"TREMENDOUS" — *Cult Movies*

The Films of John Carpenter

John Kenneth Muir. 275pp., 2000, \$48.50 hardcover (7 x 10), photographs, notes, appendices, bibliography, index, ISBN 0-7864-0725-5.

"IMPRESSIVE" — *Fandom*

Lugosi

His Life in Film, on Stage, and in the Hearts of Horror Lovers

Gary Don Rhodes. 430pp., 1997, \$55 hardcover (7 x 10), 60 photographs, filmography, bibliography, index, ISBN 0-7864-0257-1.

"FABULOUS" — *Cult Movies*

The Fantasy Role-Playing Game by Daniel Mackay.

(215 pages. \$32.00 Softcover. Notes, references, index. 2001.) Many of today's games focus on shooting and maiming as many bad guys as one can. The baddest bad are captured by the baddest good guy and this makes all the violence worthy to be imitated by today's generation of pinball players. Oooh? Did I say PINBALL? NO WAY! Today's gamers often play with cool video games with generating, high brain energy vehicles. What makes these games so popular? According to Author Mackay, it is the ever present need for mankind to play a fantasy role and not just to focus on the most points or getting all the cards such as *Pokemon* or *Mortal Kombat*. It appears that the craving that develops in the fantasy games is not who wins but the interaction between players. In today's world, it would appear that the younger generation needs structure and dare I say it? Permission to interact with each other. Performance is a major part of role-playing and role-playing games as a performing art is the subject of this book. Judging by the number of teens and pre-teens that get involved with these fantasy games, it would appear that there is a need for such.

Reviewed by Coco Kiyonaga

Fantasy femmes of Sixties Cinema: Interviews with Twenty Actresses from Biker, Beach, and Elvis Movies by Tom Lisanti.

(McFarland & Co. \$30 pages including Bibliography and Index.)

Although Tom Lisanti was born in the swinging sixties (and one would think, is too young to appreciate and be nostalgic for teenage movies created for an audience a generation ahead of him) he more than proves otherwise with his thorough, well-researched and entertaining book.

Citing 1970s after-school TV as his great equalizer and his desire to know "whatever became of..." as his mission, Mr. Lisanti does far better by his twenty screen vixen subjects than the traditional "Whatever Became Of" books. In-depth interviews with the likes of Pamela Tiffin, Diane McBain, Celeste Yarnall, and Linda Harrison go beyond the usual "camp" bio, providing a lengthy, well-written look at not only the glory days of the 1960s, but their upbringing, ambitions and early successes as well as accomplishments in the years since.

Fantasy Femmes is a welcome respite from the past several decade's cynical take on sixties youth culture. At all times, author Lisanti's tone is informative, chatty, and enthusiastic, giving the reader the impression that he never met a Corman Biker-chick, Elvis Alumni, or Beach Bunny he didn't like. All his subjects are allowed to reflect an opinion about their career decisions, movie roles, producers. All of this in the first person after Lisanti spends a couple pages introducing his subject. In the interview chapter contains any "dish" it always comes clearly from the actress herself and never from the writer at the expense of the actress. So the

reader learns first-hand from Pamela Tiffin that Gardner McKay was arrogant and never talked to any of his co-stars; that Edd Byrnes was busy french-kissing Chris Noel against her will on *Beach Ball* (she calls him "a jerk"); that Elvis Presley lived up to every girl's dreams according to Celeste Yarnall; and that A.I.P. blonde hunk Aron Kincaid was the favorite co-star on the Beach movies for Chris Noel, Lana Wood, and Nancy Sinatra.

As an extra added attraction, this book is chock full of good old-fashioned Hollywood cheese-cake photos of Lisanti's individual chapter subjects in all their 1960s lushness along with complete film and television appearance listings.

Actresses and films unjustly neglected or forgotten are given a bright new spotlight and a fresh moment to shine in these pages thanks to Lisanti's mis-spent youth in front of the television set.

Reviewed by Katherine Orrison

Hobbits, Elves, and Wizards by Michael N. Stanton.

(192 pages includes index. St. Martin's Press. \$19.95)

Michael Stanton writes on J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* with an intellectual dedication that many would not appreciate. It is obvious that his exploration of the world of Tolkien comes from complete devotion and what he describes as his belief that Tolkien has written the finest work of heroic fantasy the English language. Stanton employs the method of critical analysis to the story and studies the language, dialogue and quirky characteristics of each character. He studies the places, dreams and history as well. What we end up with is a nicely done reference book to the complicated world of Tolkien. It is good that a scholar can take Tolkien and in a sense translate some of the fantasy for those that may need a map into the world of the Hobbit. Mr. Stanton has done us all a good service by this examination. He has done it with depth and feeling that only a true Tolkien lover could accomplish. Of course, one cannot read *The Lord of the Rings* just once. *Hobbits, Elves, and Wizards* could make a good companion.

Reviewed by Krysta Olson

More Than Mortal By Mick Farren.

(A Tor Hardcover. Pages 383. \$25.95)

This is the third book in the *Requiem Quartet*. A book of Vampire Mythology and ancient British legend in the form of a crueler Merlin than we have known from other characterizations.

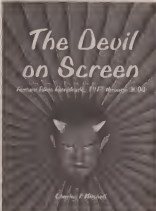
Expect this book to be made into a movie or at the very least for television. It has all the key ingredients for the next Vampire or Highlander series. A group of existing and powerful vampires alien to earth learn that archeologist; have uncovered the remains of Merlin. But unlike the kindly white wizard of Camelot he is actually an alien from another planet with deadly powers growing stronger every day.

Mick Farren is also the author of the *DNA Cowboys* Trilogy and has a band called the

Drivants. He lives in Los Angeles and writes for film, TV and teaches a course on science fiction, horror and fantasy literature at UCLA.

You can contact www.tor.com for further info.

Reviewed by Coco Kiyonaga



The Devil on Screen

by Charles P. Mitchell (344 pages. \$49.94 illustrated case binding. Illustrations, filmography, appendices, index. 2002)

It has always been fascinating to see how many different ways Hollywood has chosen to depict the Devil be it horror, comedy, musicals, fantasy, satire, drama or the religious epic. He is a character that while obviously evil is given us a cinematic handle on the horror of what a devil truly represents. Perhaps it is Man's ability to create a character of the devil that we can learn to laugh at the things that delight us yet offend the devil; ie. baby's milk in the bottle would normally be viewed as pure, good-for-you nectar but John Carradine's Satan finds baby milk too sour in *Autopsia de un Fantasma*. Take the character of Ray Walston in *Damn Yankees*; one can't help but feel a strange fondness for the evil little guy especially when he loses Lola played by Gwen Verdon, to the forces of good. Walston doesn't seem to have unlimited powers over Tab Hunter who plays Joe. Walston is forced to use the telephone booth to call Lola even though he is able to get the coins back. This comic relief serves the purpose by making us laugh at the idea of being sent to hell and gives us hope for a "fair" chance against the forces of evil.

Mr. Mitchell takes us from 1913 through 2000 on feature films throughout the world with a view of the Devil on Screen. Entertaining and thoughtful book. Available through McFarland & Company Inc. (336)246-4460 or www.mcfarlandpub.com.

Reviewed by Coco Kiyonaga

Considered by many to be one of the most colorful figures in Hollywood history, Writer/Producer (and sometimes Director/Actor) Philip Yordan is known for films that run the gamut of 1940's Monogram thrillers, Film "Noirs", 1950's "Cult" movies, historical epics, "Spaghetti" westerns, British sci-fi chillers and offbeat video features.

The Chicago-born Yordan was brought to Hollywood by director William Dieterle in the early 1940's, to co-write his first feature script, *SYNOPSIS* (1942), and has been busy ever since.

Although much has been written about his collaborations with various writers, producers and directors, the amazing scope and resonance of his films has only been touched upon. I had originally intended to focus on his work from 1970 on, which has received only scant attention, and to build interest at the start for contemporary readers. Intrigued at what I found, I decided to expand it into the article itself.

Long before the recent trend of producing Shakespeare in a modern context, in such films as *RICHARD III*, *ROMEO AND JULIET*, *LOVE'S LABOURS LOST* and even *TROMEO* (!) AND *JULIET*, Yordan wrote some of the first contemporary cinematic adaptations of the Bard's work.

HOUSE OF STRANGERS (1949) was kind of a cross between King Lear and the Biblical story of Joseph (which, by itself, was the source of the recent stage musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber, Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat). Based on a book about an Italian family that, according to Yordan "didn't make any sense at all", he decided to come up with his own original storyline, touching on some of the classic themes. Leonard Maltin had this to say about it in his *Movie and Video Guide*: "(The) Unique plotline has been used in various disguises for many subsequent films—most memorably, five years later in *BROKEN LANCE*."

Twentieth Century/Fox used this as the basis for a remake in a western setting in 1954, entitled *BROKEN LANCE*, which starred Spencer Tracy, and won Yordan an Academy Award for Best Original Story. The tv series *Bonanza* used characters strikingly similar to those in both films: the patriarch and his four sons, the youngest named Joseph.

Thus, *Broken Lance* can be included in an even rarer category (including the non-Yordan spaghetti western *JOHNNY HAMLET* (1969), a Shakespearean western! Still another western adaptation of King Lear was Anthony Mann's *THE MAN FROM LARAMIE* (1955) which Yordan co-scripted. Along similar, though more obvious lines, he also wrote the script for *JOE MACBETH* (1956) which placed one of the playwright's most famous plays into a modern gangster setting.

Although not an actual adaptation, *REBEL*

WITHOUT A CAUSE (1955), starring James Dean and Natalie Wood, has been likened to the play *Romeo and Juliet*. Directed by noted Yordan collaborator Nicholas Ray, and with uncredited contribution to the script by the writer, the film has influenced a later, even more direct version, the 1950's musical and 1961 film *WEST SIDE STORY*, which even included leading lady Wood.

JOHNNY GUITAR (1954), also directed by Nicholas Ray, is a cross-gender western starring Joan Crawford, and a true cult film. Based on Roy Chanslor's book and scripted by Yordan, it is one of his best known works of and by itself, but whose themes and subjects have found their way into a number of amazing places.

Director Roger Corman did a quickie version of the same theme shortly afterwards in

The Yin and the Yan of Mr. Yordan by Alan Doshna

GUNSLINGER (1956) starring Beverly Garland, which, more recently was itself the subject of an episode of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST (1969), directed by Sergio Leone and starring Henry Fonda and Charles Bronson, also draws plot inspiration from *JOHNNY GUITAR*, concerning the impact of the railroad's expansion. In his Leone biography, *Something About Death*, author Christopher Frayling quotes Bernardo Bertolucci, one of the film's writers, this way: "(JOHNNY GUITAR) was one of the more explicit references in *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST*". *CEMETERY WITHOUT CROSSES* (1967) is another "spaghetti" co-written by Dario Argento, (who also co-wrote *ONCE UPON A TIME*...) and with Sergio Leone himself in a small role. Frayling writes: "The film owes a lot to

JOHNNY GUITAR."

Other films including both female gunfighters and Leone homages include Alexandro Jodorowsky's *EL TOPO* (1971) and Sam Raimi's *THE QUICK AND THE DEAD* (1995). Director Francois Truffaut also included an homage to *JOHNNY GUITAR* in *MISSISSIPPI MERMAID* (1969).

Another fan, Martin Scorsese, included *JOHNNY GUITAR* in a line of video releases bearing his name, for which he provided the on-camera introduction. He said: "Johnny Guitar is an example of a minor film grown to achieve the status of a classic. There is really no other film like it." In fact, perhaps due to the earlier film's success, author Chanslor wrote *CAT BALLOU* (1965) which starred Jane Fonda as a gunfighter!

An early Liverpool rock'n'roll group named *Rory Storm and the Hurricanes* capitalized on the then-popularity of western films and tv series by having it's leader bestow "colorful stage names on each Hurricane." Band member John Byrnes thus became "Johnny Guitar", owing to the film and it's title character.

(Another band member, one Richard Starkey, had a bit of a back door rechristening along these lines. He became known as "Rings", according to a biographer, for his Teddy Boy habit of adorning each hand with four increasingly splendid rings.) Unfortunately, however, the name of a particularly appropriate American gunfighter was already in use by a musician in another group. As it turned out, the drummer ended up appropriating it anyway, with a little switch here and a modification there, and later became a member of a popular 1960's group which had a string of hits. His name? Ringo Starr. (The aforementioned quotes were from Alan Clayson's book *"Ringo Starr—Straight Man or Joker?"*.)

Another Beatle-related connection was through scriptwriter Marc Behm who co-wrote *HELP!* (1965). His novel, *Eye of the Beholder* was originally written as a script for Yordan, although it was never produced by him. However, it was filmed twice, in France as *MORTELE RANDONNE* (1983), directed by Claude Miller and starring Isabelle Adjani, and in English as *EYE OF THE BEHOLDER* (2000) starring Ewan McGregor and Ashley Judd.

The recent award-winning box office hit *GLADIATOR* was partially inspired by and was based on the same time period as was Samuel Bronston's *THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE* (1964), for which Yordan was co-writer.

Yordan was nominated for an Academy Award three times: for *DILLINGER* (1945), *DETECTIVE STORY* (1951), and the previously mentioned *BROKEN LANCE* (1954), for which he won. In the book *"Backstory 2, Intermus With Screenwriters of the 1940's and 1950's,"* he



Yordan a prospectus concerning the project and a video of *CROSSROADS*, to see if he would be interested in doing something along those lines to bring our film to feature length.

He fell in love with the idea of doing an "Ed Wood goes to Hollywood"-type biography, before ED WOOD was a twinkle in Tim Burton's eye. He envisioned something along the lines of *CITIZEN KANE*, with a reporter ferreting out the real story. Unfortunately, Thomas pretty much had his heart set on doing a documentary, and didn't actually have the financing to do the type of feature Yordan had in mind. Efforts to raise financing for the project on his own were, sadly, met with indifference.

Interestingly, in *BRIDE OF THE MONSTER*(1956), Ed Wood let actor Ben Frommer provide his own dialogue in a police interrogation scene, which was lifted verbatim from DILLINGER!

(cf. *Nightmare of Ecstasy* by Rudolph Grey).

Yordan also figures prominently in the recent, absorbing book *Hollywood Exile: How I Learned to Love the Blacklist* by Bernard Gordon, one of the writers adversely affected by the HUAC Hearings in the 1950's. He hired Gordon as a surrogate writer during the 60's and 70's for numerous film projects he produced overseas, including *DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS*(1962) mostly in Spain. He is quoted on the back cover, "Everything Gordon writes about me is untrue, but I found the book fascinating".

Both Yordan and Gordon as well as numerous other Hollywood "survivors" were recently interviewed by Turner Classic Movies. According to Hank Rosenfeld, who covered the project for the L.A. Times Sunday

told author Pat McGilligan that he believes he won belatedly for DILLINGER, as the major studios in the 1940's had signed a consent agreement to not make gangster pictures at that time. The Academy took the path of least resistance, by not giving the award to the Yordan film, which was produced by the non-signatory Monogram Studios. Ironically, according to Yordan, "Daryl Zanuck (later) ran that picture again and again, and was used as the basis of many pictures at Fox. In other words, I had created a style".

He held back the script until Lawrence Tierney(*RESERVOIR DOGS*) was cast in the lead as Dillinger, who attained stardom in the role.

I came into contact with Philip Yordan when I was the Associate Producer of what later became *THE HAUNTED WORLD OF EDWARD D. WOOD, JR.* (1996). While working for the late Crawford John Thomas, who produced Ed Wood's first, aborted film *CROSSROADS OF LORADO*(sic)(1946), I ran across The Phantom's review of Yordan's *NIGHT TRAIN TO TERROR*(1986), which consisted of three compressed horror features surrounded by a wild framing device. I sent



CULT MOVIES

Calendar Section ("Ah, Yes, They Recall It Well", 12/26/00). "the interviews are employed as clips to tickle and teach viewers during TCM film festivals"

Yordan still remains active in film. JOHNNY DILLINGER, a modern version of his classic script is in the works, as well as the independent feature: OUT OF THE BLACK, for which he is Executive Producer, is in post production, at this writing. He has also assisted in the development of a sequel to the late Jerry Warren's WILD WORLD OF BATWOMAN (1966).

Author Rosenfeld's words in winding up his article concerning Yordan and Gordon seem especially applicable to Yordan and his films: "TCM packs up another collection of archived memories of old men who will live forever, as classics"

Philip Yordan(1913-) Filmography (With acknowledgment to Pat McGilligan)

- 1941 All That Money Can Buy (a.k.a. The Devil and Dahlia) (Webster)(Uncredited contribution)
- 1942 Syncopation(Co-Script)
- 1943 The Unknown Guest (Story, script)
- 1944 Johnny Doesn't Live Here Anymore (Co-script)
- 1945 Dillinger(Story, script) Why Girls Leave Home(Uncredited contribution) The Woman Who Came Back(Story suggestion) The Chase(Story) Whistle Stop(Story) Suspense(Story)
- 1948 Bad Men of Tombstone(Co-script) Tap Roots(Uncredited contribution)
- 1949 House of Strangers(Story) Anna Lucasta(Co-script from play) The Black Book(a.k.a.Reign of Terror) (Co-story, co-script)
- 1950 Edge of Doom(Story)
- 1951 Defective Story(Co-script) Drums in the Deep South(Co-script) The Enforcer(Uncredited contribution)
- 1952 Mara Maru(Co-story) Murky(Co-script)
- 1953 Houdini(Story) Blowing Wild(Story, script) Man Crazy(Co-story/co-script/co-producer)
- 1954 The Naked Jungle(Co-script) Johnny Guitar(Story) Broken Lance (Remake of House of Strangers)
- 1955 Conquest of Space(Co-adaptation) The Man from Laramie(Co-script) The Last Frontier(Co-script) (aka Savage Wilderness) The Big Combo(Story, script) Rebel Without a Cause (Uncredited contribution) Scarlet Coat(Uncredited contribution)
- 1956 The Harder They Fall(Story,

- producer) Joe MacBeth(Story) The Wild Party(Uncredited contribution)
- 1957 Four Boys and a Gun(Co-script) Men in War(Story) Gun Glory(Based on novel Man of the West)
- 1958 No Down Payment(Story) Street of Sinners(Story) The Bravados(Story) God's Little Acre(Story) Island Women(Story) The Fiend Who Walked the West' (Co-script) Anna Lucasta(Story, from his play) Edge of Fury(Uncredited contribution) Murder by Contract(Uncredited contribution) The Lost Missile(Uncredited contribution)
- 1959 Day of the Outlaw(Story) The Bramble Bush(Co-script) City of Fear(Uncredited contribution)
- 1960 Studs Lonigan(Story, producer) The Time Machine(Uncredited contribution) The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond(Uncredited contribution)
- 1961 King of Kings(Story) El Cid(Co-script)
- 1962 55 Days at Peking(Co-story, co-script) The Day of the Trifids(Executive producer, script credited to Yordan, actually by Bernard Gordon)
- 1964 The Fall of the Roman Empire(Co-script) The Thin Red Line(Uncredited contribution, prod) Battle of the Bulge (Co-story, co-script, co-prod) Crack in the World (Uncredited contribution, prod) Circus World(Co-story suggestion) Bikini Paradise (Uncredited contribution, producer)
- 1965 Custer of the West(uncredited contribution, producer)
- 1968 The Royal Hunt of the Sun
- (Script, co-producer) Krakatoa, East of Java (Uncredited contribution, producer) Captain Apache(Co-script, producer) Badman's River(Co-script) A Town Called Hell(aka A Town Called Bastard) The Ying and the Yang Mr. Go(Uncredited contribution) Horror Express(Uncredited contribution)
- 1973 The Mad Bomber (aka The Police Connection)(Uncredited contribution)
- 1974 Psychomania(Uncredited contribution)
- 1975 Pancho Villa(Uncredited contribution)
- 1977 Bingham (aka Savage Journey)(Script contribution)
- 1978 Cataclysm (aka The Nightmare Never Ends, aka Satan's Supper, aka Shiver)(Director, script)
- 1983 Death Wish Club(aka Carnival of Fools aka Erskine Caldwell's Cretia)(Script, actor) Scream Your Head Off(Story)
- 1985 Night Train to Terror(Story)
- 1986 Cry, Wilderness(Story, producer)
- 1987 Bloody Wednesday(aka The Terrorists)(Script contribution, prod)
- 1988 The Unholy(Co-script)
- 1992 Too Bad About Jack(Story) Marilyn Alive and Behind Bars (Script)
- 2000 Dead Girls Don't Tango (Script) Out of the Black(Executive Producer) Crossroads (Crossroads Film (Executive Producer)

Novels include: Man of the West Plays include: Any Day Now, Anna Lucasta, The Bride Got Far Blondie, and The Windy City.

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Special thanks to Philip Yordan, Stephen R. Golden and Jimmy Traynor

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American International's

The Women of the Amazon Tribes

Are these not the perfect characters for an exploitation film? With *Amazon Women* you necessarily have violence (towards men) and sex (Lesbianism, at that). And should critics accuse the picture of being nothing more than exploitative sleaze, the filmmakers can argue, "Hey, don't blame us. The *Amazon Women* are characters of Classical Mythology - and were maybe even a historical phenomenon."

Though American International's release of a 1973 Spanish/Italian production, *Battle of the Amazons*, does not play strictly like a Classical Myth, it's an amalgam of influences. The fighting most closely resembles kung-fu chop-socky (replete with exaggerated fist-smuckin' sound design), the plot is a variation on the *Seven Samurai/Magnificent Seven* story (with warriors defending a poor farming village), and its poster art is obviously meant to cash in on the success of the '66 Raquel Welch film *One Million Years B.C.* (yet there's not a single Amazon in the film that looks like Raquel).

The plot - not that one was necessary - involves a bandit named Zeno (Lincoln Tate), who escapes from the Amazons' male slave camp and rejoins his three bandit buddies in a desert canyon. And when a nearby farming village is raided by the Amazons and the bravest male villagers are herded off for slave labor, Zeno and his bandit buddies are employed as village protection. The leftover villagers comprise mostly women and cowardly men, so the four bandits must teach combat to the farmers.

And with a couple of female villagers posing as Amazons, Zeno's bandits sneak into the enemy camp and emancipate the male slaves. They all return to the village and defend it from a massive Amazonian attack.

The Amazons are all but wiped out, but a crop of pre-pubescent girls are already in training to take their place.

The hand-to-hand fighting style used in the film is explained by one of Zeno's buddies to be "Caspian," but viewers will easily notice the influence on *Battle of the Amazons* of the popular Martial Arts films coming out of Hong Kong at the time. There's flipping, kicking, high-flying bounds (aided by off-screen trampolines), and goofy-looking, arms-crossed fighting stances. These are all accompanied by a Kung Fu-esque sound design that causes every connecting fist to sound like a couple of 2x4s slapping together.

And there's a dash of blood and gore too. An arm gets cut off here, a body is impaled on wooden stakes there, a river of blood runs down that rock.

But ironic is the fact that this film - about the Amazons' physical superiority over the average fella - very obviously used male stuntmen to play the female warriors in the climactic fight. On the pretext that the Amazons wear big white face masks in battle, these stuntmen are disguised as they fight in their long-haired wigs. In fact, it's only two stuntmen reused as different Amazons in almost every shot of the climax, fighting the villagers - one in a red dress, one in a blue dress. And boy, the red-dressed Amazon seems to die at the hand of



HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE
10,000 WOMEN!

Women of Love
and War
and better at
both than
any man!

TRIAL BY TERROR
Over a bed
of spikes.

DEATH DUEL
Naked warriors
with naked
blades.

EXECUTION OF
THE LOVERS
who have served
their purpose

by Mike Malloy

BATTLE OF THE AMAZONS

every single villager, and yet he's always back again for more punishment from Zeno and Co.

Also ironic is the fact that actor Benito Stefanelli, besides playing the cowardly peacemaker Emo (who sneaks out of the village and turns himself over to the Amazons just to avoid fighting them) served as *Battle of the Amazon's* stuntmaster, coordinating the film's violent and gory action.

Unfortunately, *Battle of the Amazons* will perhaps be most memorable to viewers for its overused Amazonian war-cry - *Ha-Ooo-Aay!* - which will be naggingly stuck in one's head until his or her dying day.



Battle of the Amazons

Your very own, highly collectible, and
suitable-for-framing **BATTLE OF THE
AMAZONS** still photo scrapbook



LEFT BRAIN/RIGHT BRAIN GOES TO THE MOVIES

THIS ISSUE: THE FLESH EATERS

LEFT BRAIN

BY RON GARMON

"And the most murderous of all devices
are poison gases and air-bombs,
refinements of evil."

— D.H. Lawrence

Lawrence died young in 1930 and so never had to come to grips with nuclear weapons, the Holocaust and a fifty-year global crusade over systems of exchange. Lucky him; I doubt his simple-minded romantic individualism would've survived any part of the machine worship and butcher's block ideology of the past half-century. The rest of us have had to live in a world where the relatively benign mustard gas and air-bomb were replaced by ICBMs, chemical and biological agents, airliners-as-bombs and the garish screen in your living room that shrieks about "the last superpower" and a "war on terror" (or "terra," as our flannel-mouthed Commander-In-Chief puts it).

A black & white fantasy appropriate to this paranoid era, *The Flesh Eaters* (1964) is a mean low-budget shocker built on the not-yet-irrelevant theme of governmental obsession with a superweapon that might break an international stalemate. A shifty scientist of vaguely Middle European origin (Martin Kosleck) is conducting unauthorized viral experiments on a small island off the coast of the Northeastern U.S. When interrupted by an assortment of goofball stereotypes (pilot, alcoholic movie queen, beautiful secretary, beatnik), the scientist seizes on the prospect of human subjects for his life's work: a species of flesh-eating virus to go up for international bidding.

Despite a silly, convoluted story, *The Flesh Eaters* moves so quickly, with so much style and imagination, that you accept all gaucheries in a spirit of indulgent fun. Kosleck, a refugee from Hitler turning up in Hollywood films in the late 30s, brings a horror pedigree (appearances in *The Mummy's Curse* (1944), *The Frozen Ghost* (1945) and *House of Horrors* (1946) late in the second Universal horror cycle gave him a break from playing Nazis) and his trademark arctic hatefulness to the entrepreneurial doctor. Most accounts of this film call the scientist a Nazi, but the narrative makes clear he's American enough to understand a solid business opportunity when

the U.S. government sends him abroad to examine captured documents detailing Third Reich experiments with carnivorous microscopic organisms. Cashing in, he burned the documents, but kept the information. The rest of the tiny cast turn in performances of revue-style wit and assurance. Special notice should be given Byron Saunders, who makes the pilot a dead accurate parody of John Agar. Jack Curtis, the director, worked in obscure nudies before and after. Scenarist Arnold Drake was a writer for DC Comics (he created *Deadman* and *The Doom Patrol*) and co-



scripted the loopy *Who Killed Teddy Bear?* (1965). The editor was no less than Radley Metzger, soon to graduate to glossy European porn.

Most reviewers express surprise, even guilt, at how good this film is. In *Guilt Pleasures of the Horror Film* (Midnight Marquee Press, 1995), the fan reviewing *The Flesh Eaters* makes note of its status as a primitive gore-movie (by the way, I think recognition of a "guilty pleasure" ought to be enough to get anyone heaved out of criticism and into *The Salvation Army*). By the mid-60s, the official censorship didn't really apply to C-grade movies, anyway. This led to a horrible schism, the results of which can still be seen in the sour division between people who don't think Lucio Fulci a genius and all the rest of the world. The surprise part is often unfeigned, since the film has no visible cult, was made by people without much genre background and has enough bra-and-panties sauciness to look like something Russ Meyer released under a pseudonym.

Still, it's hard to overstress the physical ickiness of this film. Part of that comes from watching one of the great Hollywood Nazi swine leer and swagger like Vincent Price.

Another factor is one of the slickest conjuring tricks ever used in a cheap commercial film. The effect of the tiny meat-loving virus was made by scratching the original negative with a pin, an old underground movie gag used by Stan Brakhage and others for different purposes. Add large amounts of blood, an inserted color sequence (a stunt also pulled by William Castle in *The Tingler*, Sam Fuller in *Shock Corridor* and Robert Downey, Sr. in *Putney Sledge*) and camera set-ups filched from the European art-house and the viewer is buffeted first to last with wild images. The abrupt, surreal climax is entirely shorn of the usual mankind-is-saved pieties— we are fully aware there could be many more of the rotten fuckers.

Ultimately, the shock value of a yarn like this comes less from its *Weird Science* nastiness than its place in what Susan Sontag called "The Imagination of Disaster." The "painful" and "deadly earnestness" of the SF film plays with the more general nightmare of mega-destruction in an effort to *alleviate* the fears they invoke. In the case of *The Flesh Eaters*, the sense of play is as efficient and amoral as a holding pen in a stockyard. We are a walking, arguing, pululating banquet for a voracious something out there waiting to be born.

RIGHT BRAIN

BY BRAD LINAWEAVER

"That's One Loving Appetite"
— Beatnik observing a human
skeleton in *The Flesh Eaters*

At first glance, *The Flesh Eaters* offers less meat for ideological mastication. But watching this ultimate example of exploitation cinema in the company of Ron Garmon — editor of *Worldly Remains Magazine* — helped bring into focus a genuine issue for the American right and left. And it also brought us back to the Cold War dialectic.

The real protagonist of *The Flesh Eaters* is Martin Kosleck. He turns in his definitive horror movie performance, as important in its own way as his definitive portrayals of Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda minister, in many Hollywood movies. No stranger to horror before *The Flesh Eaters*, he'd worked with Rathbone and Halton and Chaney, Jr. — but no production of his studio days had fused his portrayal of political evil with the macabre. It fell to a sleazy drive-in movie of the early



sixties to do the obvious and have Kosleck play a mad scientist continuing an experiment begun by the Nazis toward the end of the War.

The rest of the cast serves as a foil to Kosleck. Everyone is playing a cliché but doing it amazingly well. Strand a conventional hero and heroine, a drunken stuck-up movie actress and a crazy beatnik character on Kosleck's island, and what's the doc going to do? He has monsters to feed and the opportunity is just too good to pass up. Actually, the situation feels like a demented lost episode of Gilligan's Island where the Professor finally loses it.

(In fact, you have to wonder if the creators of Gilligan's Island weren't horror fans. Their collection of castaways is perfect for a cheap monster movie. The true horror was that the monster never showed up.)

What makes *The Flesh Eaters* great trash with a notorious reputation is that it deals more honestly with a real political problem than serious studio productions of the era. The issue is the role of the research scientist during wartime. Now more than ever, we live in a world in which war and preparedness for war will never end.

Kosleck has all the best lines and is therefore allowed to bring reality into a comic book fantasy. He delivers the villain's speech and turns a well written scene by Arnold Drake into art. Sarcasm is just what the show needs.

Basically he is the stepfather of microscopic parasites that consume living flesh at lightning speed. The Third Reich was the original father. He knows that he has the ultimate biological weapon and defends the whole idea with this memorable line: "Is it so much more pleasant to die from the atomic bomb than a hypodermic needle?" That was just the sort of bad attitude of real Nazis at the Nuremberg trials (If the flesh eaters actually existed, they would be the most frightening of all weapons for a terrorist.)

The mad scientist has come a long way from

his status as a "poor, underpaid Marine biologist" sent by the American government to go through Nazi research materials. He explains to our reluctant heroes what he intends to do with the stolen biological weapon.

"You underestimate my patriotism," he tells hero Byron Sanders. "Of course, I will offer our own government first bid." Then he smiles and explains, somewhat regretfully, that if other countries offer more, he'll have to go with the high bid. Finally, he delivers the best line of the movie. "I'm not a super-patriot."

I'm sure that the screaming kids and necking teenagers at their local drive-in did not fully appreciate the subtlety of all this. But it provides a moment of dark sophistication to equal anything from a Oscar winning production. Meanwhile, the kids and the teenagers had blood-gore effects to keep them entertained.

One has the impression that the small cast had a good time making a nasty little flick. This is one time that a New York independent film beat Hollywood at its own game.

Besides the speech, my favorite portions of the film are when Kosleck kills off the other interesting character types - the drunken actress and beatnik - as if to say there's only room for one character actor on this island. There is an extra touch of irony in that right before he dies, the beatnik is babbling about how he wishes he could have become involved with nuclear physics and smash some atoms, but he wasn't smart enough. He serves science anyway by making a perfectly good test subject for the most cold-blooded moment of Kosleck's performance. I also like the giant monsters at the climax. The micro-organisms form into creatures right out of Lovecraft.

Jack Curtis is a good director. He poses his actors for interesting shots. The film looks fine and is well edited. Rita Morley and Barbara Walken are sexy and shown off to good

advantage, as is the girl from the prologue in a remarkably revealing bikini for 1962 when the picture was actually made. It didn't hurt that Radley Metzger was editor on the film.

Over the years, the reviews have been as weird as the film. As a kid, I loved the Famous Monsters cover for *The Flesh Eaters*, showing a face being eaten away. It's kind of surprising that Calvin T. Beck used this as a reason to complain about lowered standards at FM in the pages of his own *Castle of Frankenstein*. In just a few years, CoF would be the magazine keeping us up to date on more adult genre movies that FM wouldn't cover.

Nothing tops the contrasting reviews in *The Encyclopedia of Horror Movies* and *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction Films*. In *Horror*, the review lauds a "highly watchable piece of gory horror-comic fantasy" and relishes how "the film is carried along with tremendous verve and pace and a good deal of imagination." In *Science Fiction*, the review laments "a lackluster low-budget shocker" and complains that "Curtis directs with enthusiasm but little imagination."

So what makes these reviews worthy of note? Only that both books are from the same editor, Phil Hardy!!! His is the name on the books. You'd think he'd do a better job of keeping the troops in line. One encyclopedia, one listing, one leader!

As for "Left Brain/ Right Brain," I'm afraid that Ron Garmon has the lobe with the morality on the subject of this film. As for "right brain," I am not an anarchist but a limited government libertarian and that makes me the same as a conservative when it comes to issues of defense (but I part company on big chunks of foreign policy). The point for now is that I'm no different than a good Republican or cold War Democrat when it comes to the search for the ultimate weapon. We must have it first!

I can say the coldest words in the English language: "regrettable but necessary." That's an explanation for the climax of *The Flesh Eaters* where the hero and heroine are working with the mad scientist even though they know the depths of his evil. They cooperate for immediate survival, a metaphor for surviving any war, cold or hot, big or small.

A last quote from the villain-protagonist says it all: "Emotionalism is a bad ally."



MAXIMUM
PICTURES:



BLADE RUNNER



AND
THE
VISIONARY
CINEMA
OF
RIDLEY
SCOTT

BY KATHERINE ORRISON

Cinema historian and wife of late *Blade Runner* storyboard artist Sherman Lobby, Katherine Orrison attended the American Cinematheque's September 21, 2001 screening of Ridley Scott's sci-fi neo-noir masterpiece and reported back to *Cult Movies*. Orrison also shares some of Lobby's original *Blade Runner* storyboards.

Recently the American Cinematheque honored director Ridley Scott with a retrospective of his work, the highlight of which was (in the Cinematheque's words) "his acknowledged masterpiece," *Blade Runner*.

Blade Runner has re-surfaced in several guises since 1982's audience walked out in droves when confronted with Mr. Scott's dense, dark, damp and damaged view of Los Angeles's collective future; made all the more unsettling by Harrison Ford's jarring expository-laden voice-over narration. At the dawn of the "don't worry, be happy" Reagan-Era, *Blade Runner*'s premiere showing was akin to sitting in the premiere of *Citizen Kane* in 1940. As with *Kane*, it would take years of film and TV rip-offs (most notably commercials where Ridley Scott had started out) as well as the accidental screening of the narration-less work print found in the Warner Bros. film vaults in the early 1990's - before the rest of the world caught up with *Blade Runner* in all its retro-futurist Von-Sternbergian glory.

At the sold-out Friday night show on September 21, 2001, *Blade Runner* was preaching to the converted. Sinfully secure in the sure and

certain knowledge that they had been in the Vanguard (way back when) and thereby responsible in establishing the film's legendary cult status, the audience's evident excitement and anticipation filled Hollywood's Egyptian Theatre with an electricity that I haven't felt at such an event for a good ten years.

The extra-added bonus was the fact that Ridley Scott had been up until the wee hours of the morning, personally color-timing a "director's cut" print at the lab especially for that night's viewing. Now, my memory of what *Blade Runner* should look like is vivid owing to the fact that my late husband, artist Sherman Lobby, worked for a solid eleven months on *Blade Runner* as the storyboard illustrator. Over that year I went onto almost every set, from Tyrell's bedroom (resplendent with gold Egyptian furniture from 1956's *The Ten Commandments* that I can just barely see over in a corner for a couple of seconds in the finished film) to Deckard's Mayan-block apartment, to the 1895 Bradbury Building appearing as Sebastian's digs, and the Warner's Roaring '20s back lot (where Bogart's '40s noir was born) standing in for the mean streets of downtown L.A. And to say that the *Blade Runner* we all saw that night was the best I've ever seen would be an understatement.

Merely stating that *Blade Runner* "holds-up" after all these years is academic. Made in 1982 on a budget of \$26 million, I can only mourn for those things I saw on the drawing board that the budget wouldn't



Blade Runner's Imperial, when setting, both as envisioned by storyboard artist Sherman Liddy (top) and as realized in Ridley Scott's film

allow. Most notably, the loss of Lora's snake dance at a smoke-filled club still bothers me (frustratingly, we can hear the music and the crowd's reaction, but never see her). As well as my favorite opening, which took place in an isolated farm-house with Deckard "retiring" the farmer-replicant when he comes in from harvesting his crop.

Still, Mr. Scott and company succeed on a scale with *Blade Runner* that few futuristic movies ever come near. At all times, from the very opening frame, we are completely enveloped in an on-screen world that has been created from the ground-up in every detail.

When asked what his inspiration for the oil-field-view-from-a-spinner opening came from, Scott said that he had grown up in Manchester, England, the most industrialized, concrete covered, smog-filtered landscape in all the British Isles. "Seeing beauty where other people see ugliness was a trait Mr. Scott nurtured from boyhood on. After Manchester, L.A. (once a garden-spot in the desert) was a snap.

The Q and A after the dazzling wide-screen, personally-timed print lasted close to an hour and felt like ten minutes due to the thoughtful questions from well-informed aficionados. Ridley Scott stated for one and all that both the narration (which some have claimed was planned from the get-go) as well as the "happy ending" where the hero and his girl escape to the mountains were forced on him by the studio after a disappointing preview screening (all to no avail, as these two items turned off the potential audience and made no difference with those who didn't like it to begin with). And he confirmed that his point with restoring Deckard's "unicorn dream" was to tip the audience off to the fact that Deckard, too, is a replicant (or, "It takes one to track and kill one").

Twenty years later, Mr. Scott is more than a gentleman and has never said a discouraging word regarding Harrison Ford, but to my mind, Ford is the luckiest actor of the 20th Century. It helps his performance now that his voice-over is gone — but Rutger Hauer still blows everyone off the screen. As a consequence, Ford's best scenes: quiet, evocative, romantic, melancholic are the love scenes at the piano and in the hallway with Sean Young. At the time a mere nineteen and in her first film, Young's Vivian Leigh-like beauty in the wide-screen close-ups are breath taking and a haunting reminder of a time when movie stars were heralded as the most beautiful people on earth. Who do we have now really?

Looking at *Blade Runner* again after many years, I think it is the apex of a lot of people's work. During his twenty-five years in feature-film making, Sherman worked on some eighty movies, usually averaging four to five a year. Only on *Blade Runner*, working with Ridley Scott who was an artist himself (bored to death in regular school he admitted that night, he switched to art school at age 16) did Sherman have a full year to devote to a movie and do his very best work.

Blade Runner remains a modern classic in whatever form one gets a chance to view it. For all you *Blade Runner* cultists, we present some exciting stills and rare storyboard sketches, which I know you will enjoy. ---



IN UPD AREA STAYS



D. LEANS IN TOWARD CORNER (VIEW FROM KITCHEN)



AS D. REACHES INTO MOUTH.



HE PULLS OUT "UNICORN"

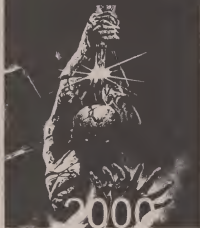
The storyboarding of a sequence that takes place immediately after Deckard retires a farming replicant at *Blade Runner*'s beginning.

This sequence went unused.



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I DRINK YOUR BLOOD

David Durston: Part One



Dave Durston with prop from
"I Drink Your Blood"

When asked about the history of *I Drink Your Blood*, David Durston had these comments to make:

Through Internet commentaries, regarding the successful comeback of *I Drink Your Blood*, I've been asked why I never joined the ranks of the horror film masters and did more horror films. Well, I've always admired the creative imaginations of such horror filmmakers as Cronenberg, Craven, and Romero, but never had the drive to become a horror master after the nightmare of my first film.

I had never done a horror film before *I Drink Your Blood*. The closest I came was working with the great Mort Abrahamson, the first rate producer of "Tales of Tomorrow" on ABC-TV. It was the first science fiction series on TV, performed live, with guest stars. At story conferences Mort always drove home the point that what makes a script truly terrifying is if the audience can identify with a location and the situation. When I was called into Cinemation Industries they said they were looking for an over the edge original horror story - no vampires, no werewolves, no mad doctors, or people from outer space. They wanted something different, something believable, but jolting and nail-biting.

How I came up with the idea for *I Drink Your Blood*. Simple. A story in the newspaper.

One critic said that what made *IDYB* so terrifying was that the situation was probable - in other words it could happen, and it could happen almost anywhere. A small town facing an epidemic of hydrophobia. I think that is probably why the film has held up, and is going to enjoy a new life.

When I finished the picture I was quite pleased with what had been done. It was better than Cinemation or I had ever expected. It was planned for Drive-In bookings, and switched to a first run theater on Broadway (Warners, I believe). I had written the script under the title of "Phobia", the perfect title,

when you consider the success of Hitchcock's *Psycho*. But after I moved on to another assignment, the distributors decided to play with the film some more. First, they changed the title on me to *I Drink Your Blood*. This was a vampire picture, which they said in the beginning they didn't want. In *IDYB* nobody even drinks a Bloody Mary. That was the first blow. Then they decided to remove any and all comedy lines, as they diluted the horror elements. Hitchcock had always believed there should be a few chuckles, here and there, to give audiences a break from the tension. Thank God these guys decided what to cut out while watching the film in a screening room without any audience reaction. They had no sense of humor, and a few of the funny lines escaped their notice and remain in the film. I tried to have my name removed from the film, but it was too late and expensive to change.

Cinemation Industries had a dog of a movie titled *Zombi*. They couldn't give it away to exhibitors, even with Peter Graves in it, who happens to be a very capable actor. But nobody could elevate that film. So rather than have a total loss, they changed the title of that film to *I Eat Your Skin*, and tagged it onto *I Drink Your Blood*, which, by the amount of bookings they were getting, they knew was going to be a money maker. One NY critic hails the picture as "The gourmets delight."

Now here comes the biggest blow, the worst that have befallen any movie, be it good or bad. The film was booked into 300 theaters across the country, and sent out for a nationwide release the following week...a small saturation-bookings affair with lots of promotion and ballyhoo. MPAA steps in, bless their bad timing, double-standards, and destructive little hearts, and slaps an X Rating on *I Drink Your Blood* the day after the prints have been shipped out. They didn't even bother looking at *I Eat Your Skin*. The X Rating did two things: *I Drink Your Blood* became a landmark film in history as the first ever to be rated X, based on sheer violence alone, as opposed to sexual content. And legitimate exhibitors in those days, refused to play X Rated films, and began wiring the company they were canceling their contracted playdates. To avoid a total disaster, and save a lot of invested money, Cinemation phoned each theater or chain individually and told the projectionists to cut the film as they considered fit for their community. Mind you, these men were not editors, and no two people have the same taste! So the film opened up in 300 play dates alike. In some cases only a few bloody frames were spliced out, while other prints were unceremoniously cut with whole scenes missing. Naturally I was convinced the film would be the worst disaster in the history of the cinema.

However, *I Drink Your Blood* is one of those films which continues to confound film fans.

In spite of a tacky title, and dreadfully edited prints, the film did well at the box office. One of our most respected critics, Kevin Thomas of the *Los Angeles Times*, gave the film a very objective and favorable review. I'm not saying the film didn't get panned by some reviewers, understandably so with the extremely butchered prints, but mainline critics prevailed, seeing something unusual in the film, and *IDYB* went on to show profits almost everywhere. This is logical, since this was a low budget film to begin with.

I am happy to see the film get restored at last and released for the first time to DVD markets, foreign and domestic. It will also be seen internationally on television, where it has never been shown before. Now, at last, we will be circulating an uncensored print with four new sequences never before included, adding another 7 minutes to the running time. There will also be a Collector's Package, containing stills from the film, photos of the stars, and interviews and extra film footage.

With *I Drink Your Blood* becoming a cult classic, I've been asked many times if I will be doing another horror film. The answer is "You bet!" I have many fresh and original ideas for horror films. At the present I have four in the works or development. "The Well of Darkness" deals with a diabolical well that drops into hell. It has been taken for production by Liberty International Entertainment. "Leech", deals with the vampire leech which devours Dracula. This one is pure camp, but with enough scare elements to lift audiences out of their seats. I'm hoping to be able to do this one myself. A screenplay entitled "Cats" is a conceivable follow up to *I Drink Your Blood*, dealing with a wild pack of rabid cats on the loose. (If there's an epidemic in the story, chances are I will be involved. Years ago I did one that involved an epidemic; *Stigma*, which was well received.)

Finally there's "Inflamed" a projected supernatural thriller which I wrote about a year ago, dealing with a crematorium operating in the Mojave Desert. There are elements of "X Files" in it, and it could be developed for a continuous TV series, following the motion picture release. ---

End of Part One.

Look for an in-depth interview with David Durston in Part Two in the issue 37 of CULT MOVIES MAGAZINE.



Dave Durston's Mugshots
Find out the whole story about Dave's
arrest in the upcoming issue of
CULT MOVIES MAGAZINE!

A Retrospect by Joel Frazier & Harry Hathorne



The story of the making of Disney's sci-fi classic, as continued from Cult Movies #34 and #35

Returning to Disney's Burbank lot after eight weeks of location shooting, the main unit began four months of principal photography. On March 10, Fleischer started shooting the fight with the giant squid, the most technically difficult sequence in the film and one that plagued the production for months.

Getting things started were sculptor Chris Mueller and mechanical effects expert Robert A. Matthey, who were responsible for the creation of the monster squid. Mueller began his career as an apprentice sculptor working under his father on the San Francisco World's Fair in 1914. By 1936, he found himself working in Universal Studio's staff shop, where he came up with scores of creatures, including the "Gillman" in *Creature From the Black Lagoon*.

Mueller's reproduction of the giant squid differed only slightly from the real animal. When the art department blew up the image of a squid to gigantic proportions, it was discovered that the squid's tentacles were too short in comparison with its elongated body. To make the creature more formidable in appearance, Mueller stretched the tentacles to twice their length and tapered them, using rubber, steel spring, flexible tubing, glass cloth, lucite and plaster to construct them.

While Mueller gave the squid its body, it was up to Robert A. Matthey to give it life. Matthey, who has spent 50 years in the film industry, became interested in the field of special effects while working in RKO's prop shop on the mechanical props for King Kong. RKO's series of Tarzan films gave Matthey the opportunity to create a variety of mechanical animals,

Part III of CULT MOVIES 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA: The Filming of Jules Verne's Classic Science Fiction

including a walking turtle that could spit water and a radio-controlled 15-foot alligator. Another creation, a giant octopus that attacked John Wayne in *Wake of the Red Witch* (1945), attracted Harper Goff's attention and Matthey soon found himself working on 20,000 Leagues, his first of many Disney films.

On March 17, after a week of shooting the squid fight, Disney stopped the filming. "No matter what I did, or what any director could have done, I couldn't make the fight look realistic," remembered Fleischer. "The scene took place on a placid sea at sunset. In the bright light, it was difficult to hide the flaws, especially the wires that supported the tentacles. When you tried to do something with the squid, it looked phony as hell."

"For example, its body, which was filled with kapok, would absorb water and become so heavy that the technicians couldn't move it," continued Fleischer. "The added weight would break the wires and the squid would just lay on the deck like a log. After a few days of struggling with it, Walt said to me, 'Stop working on this scene and go on to something else. Let's see if we can solve the problem.'"

"The problems were numerous," Goff added. "The deck looked like a concrete island. With all the people and activity on board, the deck should have floated and canted to one side. The tentacles were another problem. They would deteriorate right before our eyes. Big chunks would fall off in the middle of shooting and we'd have to glue them back."

Since Fleischer had to continue shooting the rest of the film, Disney hired second-unit director James C. Havens to restage and reshoot the squid fight. A veteran director of action sequences, Havens' credits include

Captains Courageous, *Creature From the Black Lagoon* (in which he directed all the underwater scenes) and both versions of *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

Disney screened the original footage of the squid fight for Havens. "It was terrible," he recalled. "Everything looked fake. There was absolutely no menace to it. Also, the actors didn't take the fight seriously and clowned around on the set. The editor who put the footage together had a sense of humor, too, he dubbed in voices for James Mason AND the squid. For example, while Mason was jabbing at a tentacle with his harpoon, his dubbed voice would say, 'Sorry about that, old chap.' Then the squid's beak would open and reply, 'That's quite all right, dear boy, because I have none more!' It was very funny."

Havens' solution to the problem was to reshoot the fight in a tremendous storm, with the wind and waves crashing into the submarine. The director believed the sequence would be far more exciting with Nemo fighting the elements as well as the squid, and the "bad weather" would hide the artificiality of the squid. [Fleischer disagrees with Havens, however, and credits writer Earl Felton for the idea of shooting the fight in a storm.]

"I told Walt that a terrific gale would add more menace to the fight," Havens said. "He said, 'Go ahead, you've got a blank check. But make it right. It's got to be right or we haven't got a picture.'" The new sequence would cost Disney \$200,000 and a six-week delay in shooting.

While waiting for Matthey to come up with a better method for operating the squid, Havens took his second unit to San Diego to shoot the scene in which Ned, Aronnax and Conseil are left on the deck of the Nautilus while it



Paul Lucas, Kirk Douglas, Peter Lorry, and James Mason standing in front of the studio blue black wall.

submerges. To make the scene look as realistic as possible, a mock-up of the boat's afterdeck and dorsal fin was attached to the stern of an actual submarine, the USS Redfish. One remote-controlled camera was screwed down fairly low on the deck while another was stationed on top of the conning tower at periscope fairwater. On deck were Fred Zenda, Gil Parker and Charles Regan, who doubled for the actors. Simulating a dive, the Redfish was supposed to go down only far enough for the cameras to shoot the ocean lapping at the stern surface.

"The captain and I were on the bridge when he ordered the boat to submerge," recalled Havens. "But it went deeper than expected and washed the three stuntmen overboard. The captain and I had to climb up to the top of the conning tower while the Redfish continued to submerge. Soon all that was visible on the surface were two guys hanging on to two periscopes. Finally, the crew in central control got wise and surfaced before we got washed off. Fortunately, two boats went out and picked up the three men." the submerging scene, which lasts less than a minute on the screen, took nearly one week to set up and shoot.

Meanwhile, director Fleischer was putting his actors through their paces on soundstages in Burbank. Although both Kirk Douglas and James Mason were considered temperamental actors, it was Paul Lukas, who played the kind and open-minded aronax, with whom the director had the most difficulty.

"In the beginning, everything was fine," the director explained. "I didn't have any trouble with Kirk or James. I got along with everyone except Paul. He and Peter Lorre were the closest of friends when we started shooting, but by the time we finished the picture, they weren't talking to each other."

"Paul was going to sue Walt, Kirk and myself," continued Fleischer. "He was going through some kind of crisis. He was a very distinguished stage actor and as actors grow older, they have trouble remembering their lines. Paul had that problem, and I think it disturbed him. When he couldn't remember his lines, he'd blow up at somebody. He and I had a terrible argument on the set one day. He thought his dialogue was terrible and blamed Earl Felton for it. I defended the writer and told Paul to blame himself because he couldn't remember his lines. I said it because I had finally lost my temper."

In April, the main unit moved to the 20th Century-Fox backlot to film exteriors. The deck of the Nautilus was moved in sections via trailer tracks to Fox's Chicago Lake, which served as the location for Nemo's base. Another Fox facility rented by Disney was the huge Sersen tank with its painted sky backdrop, used to film the scene in which the cannibals are shocked by electricity while attempting to board the submarine. After two weeks of shooting, the main unit returned to Disney's Burbank lot to shoot additional interiors.

On April 26, second-unit director Havens

went back to re-shooting the all-important squid fight. In order to get the rough weather needed for the scene Havens rented MGM's wind machines, dump tanks, water cannons and other effects equipment, which cluttered Disney's Stage 3.

The deck of the submarine, which had been on an even keel in the first version, was now canted to port in order to give the impression that the squid was clinging to the hull. Working closely with art director John Meehan, Havens replaced the sunset backing with a black and gray cyclorama.

"There is no color in the sky on a dark and stormy night," said Havens. "For that reason I graded the cyclorama down from pure black to medium-dark gray at the horizon line so that we'd get some differential between that and the sea."

After several weeks of trial and error, Robert Matthey had finally devised an effective method for operating the mechanical squid's 20-foot-long tentacles. "We utilized vacuum and air pressure," explained Matthey. "It was a system that had never been used before. Each tentacle, which had a pneumatic tube and thin spring steel interior, was hooked into an air pump. When you pressurized the interior, the tentacle would expand and straighten out. When you vacuumized it, the tentacle would draw back and coil up. Each tentacle was supported by half a dozen wires and, in some shots, we had as many as 50 people in the stage rafters working them."

The most difficult problem was getting



those tentacles to do what you wanted them to," he continued. "They seemed at times to have a mind of their own: a lot of rehearsal went into coordinating the tentacle movement. After a lot of practice, we could get one to reach out and literally roll up an actor's leg."

This was, indeed, puppetry on a grand scale. The squid's 10-foot-long body was attached to a hydraulic ram that could raise it several feet out of the water, a dolly below the ram could move the body in any direction. Its snapping, parrot-like beak was operated pneumatically, and other actions, like the movement of the eyes, were electronically controlled. A team of 16 men was needed to operate the mechanical beast, which weighed nearly one ton.

"Walt gambled everything on this picture, including his studio and the future of Disneyland," said Havens. "There were many days when Walt would bring down a number of guests to the effects stage to see the shooting of the squid fight. These guests were money people - bankers, owners of oil refineries and chemical plants - wealthy businessmen whom he was trying to interest in the Disneyland project. He needed money badly because it was impossible to build the park himself."

"We had a grandstand built where Walt's guests could sit and watch the action with the squid," he continued. "Walt wanted his potential investors to realize that he was making an exciting picture that would be popular with the public and do well at the box office."

Because the squid fight took place at night

during a storm, the faces of those on deck were indistinguishable before the camera, therefore neither Kirk Douglas nor James Mason were needed on the set. However, on May 10 and 11 (which was the only time Fleischer and his unit worked on the sequence), both stars were present to film their close-ups. Things did not go smoothly



While maneuvering toward the squid, one of Mason's legs became entangled in a lateral wire, which swept him overboard. When the crew realized that the actor was being pulled under the water by the wire, they quickly jumped into the tank to help him. Luckily, Mason surfaced uninjured.

On May 12 - nearly three months after the squid fight sequence was first attempted -

Havens wrapped it up, completing the film's toughest work.

Even with this big sequence out of the way, Fleischer and his crew still found the last weeks of principal photography hectic. Not only did they have to shoot the opening sequences of the film, but also interior scenes that required water effects, like the flooding of compartments after the submarine is shelled by a warship.

Filming the water-effects scenes involved rebuilding the set pieces and mounting them in a shallow section of the tank on Disney's Stage 3. Because of extensive preproduction planning, the shooting of the flooded interiors went smoothly and without major delays.

In early June, the main unit moved to the back lot of Universal Studios to shoot exteriors for the San Francisco sequences that appear in the beginning of the film. After a couple of days, the company returned to Disney Studios to film additional pick-up shots and wet interiors. Finally, on June 19, Fleischer completed principal photography with the filming of the Treasure Galleon sequence, with divers Norm Bishop and Ed Stepner doubling for actors Lorre and Douglas.

End of Part Three

Read about the theatrical release and aftermath of Disney's great sci-fi epic in the next issue of Cult Movies!

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GOOD GIRL IN A BAD WORLD

by Mike Malloy



Talking the Seedy World of Film Noir with One of Cinema's Greatest Girl-Next-Door Cuties, Coleen Gray



Preparing to meet and interview actress Coleen Gray at a horror convention, I was nervous. My worry was it might seem ridiculous for me to interview Ms. Gray—whom I know primarily for her female leads in the crime films *Kiss of Death* (1947), *Kansas City Confidential* (1952), and *The Killing* (1956)—solely as a “film noir actress.” After all, Gray had a long and varied acting career, and, heck, I was catching her at a horror convention.

How relieved was I to arrive and see that Ms. Gray had copies of Eddie Muller's *Dark City Dames: The Wicked Women of Film Noir* at her table, and that two of the book's twelve chapters were devoted to her.

But why should there be any question in the first place as to Coleen Gray's status as a film noir actress? Besides starring in the three, aforementioned “letter K” classics, she also starred in such dark and shadowy crime pictures as *Nightmare Alley* (1947) and *The Sleeping City* (1950).

Well, perhaps there are three reasons why one might give a moment's hesitation before classifying Coleen Gray as a noir actress.

Firstly, the hard-boiled crime picture was not the type of film she most often made. She appears more in Westerns than in any other kind of movie. One of which—1948's *Red River*, starring John Wayne and Montgomery Clift and featuring Gray at the very beginning—has endured to become one of the greatest cinematic treatments of the Old West.

Secondly, her single most notorious role was not done in the context of film noir, but rather in the horror genre. 1960's *The Leech Woman* saw Gray in the title role, and that film was the basis for her appearance at the horror convention.

Thirdly, Coleen Gray just seems so nice and good. Film noir generally deals with sweaty losers, crooked cops, double-crossing dames, cruel bosses, and the shadows they all inhabit. The pleasant, wholesome Gray might, on paper, seem an unlikely actress to portray a character in such a tough, mean genre.

But Coleen Gray is great in these films. Sure, she toned down the cheeriness for *Kiss of Death* and *The Killing*, playing in each a woman faithfully in love with a crook or ex-con. And since such relationships don't often end well, she appropriately gives these two characters a tragic quality.

Though my favorite role of hers is, without a doubt, Helen Foster from *Kansas City Confidential*. Helen is yet another Coleen Gray character to fall for an ex-con, but in Helen the actress is able to be sunny and good-natured and friendly—the traits she plays so well. And because Gray so skillfully portrays intelligence, wit, female independence, and cleverness in the character (Helen, we learn, is a law student), it is entirely convincing when she holds her own against some vicious bank-robbers and helps her ex-con boyfriend out of scrapes.

In short, I consider Coleen Gray to be a film noir actress. And Ms. Gray, as you'll read, thinks so too.

The following interview took place on August 11, 2001 at Fangoria's Weekend of Horrors convention in Pasadena, California. The interview took a break anytime a passerby would stop at Ms. Gray's table to chat with the actress. But here, more or less, is what was said:

Cult Movies: Looking back at your career, do you identify it with any particular genre? And what I mean to ask is, because you've been in *Kiss of Death*, *Kansas City Confidential*, and *The Killing*, do you consider yourself a film noir actress?

Coleen Gray: No. We didn't have “film noir” when we were doing those films. I just consider myself an actress, period, who happened to be fortunate enough to appear in some good pictures which later have been termed “film noir.”

CM: So looking back at it now, do you consider yourself a film noir actress?

CG: Yes.

CM: And you have a really special noir accomplishment, because a very characteristic part of film noir is the narration—usually delivered by the hard-boiled detective—but you delivered the narration in *Kiss of Death*. There's probably not many actresses that have delivered the narration in a film noir.

CG: Well, that's true, and that was 1947. If I play the picture now and hear the narration, I say, “Oh my goodness. I could have done that a lot better.”



CULT MOVIES



CM: More in the style of the hard-boiled detective?

CG: No, just invested a little bit more in it.

CM: What did you think of Barbet Schroeder's 1995 remake of *Kiss of Death* [starring David Caruso and Nicholas Cage]?

CG: I never saw it.

CM: A film noir is usually populated with shady or seedy characters, but you usually played the "good girl." And you did it very well. I mean, that's the reason I'm such a big fan of yours. But I've heard it said that if you had played the femme fatale a little more, you would have reached an even bigger success. What do you think about that?

CG: Well I always wanted to be a "sex goddess," let's say. And I bemoaned the fact that I was the wholesome type.

CM: Do you think it was just your look?

CG: Not only that, I think it was the way I was brought up. I was raised in a church atmosphere. They didn't see me that way [in sexy roles].

CM: So you've done some film noirs and at least a couple of Westerns, and yet there's a certain--

CG: More Westerns than a couple.

CM: I remember *Red River* and then the one with John Payne.

CG: *Tennessee's Partner*. Oh, yes, with Ronald Reagan. I did a lot. *Apache Drums*. *Fury at Furnace Creek*. *Copper Sky*. *Star in the Dust*. *Arrow in the Dust*. I don't know what else. [jokes] "Bit the Dust." [laughs]

CM: So you've done all these different films, and yet there's a certain segment of film fans that will know you primarily for *Leech Woman*. Does that bother you?

CG: Not at all. As a matter of fact, I get a lot of fan mail from young teenage boys, sort of, and they just think *Leech Woman* is terrific. And it's one of the ten top camp horror pictures, or something. You know, people say, "Oh, poor thing. Here you've done *Red River* and *Kiss of Death* and *Nightmare Alley* and all those good pictures, and you're best known for *The Leech Woman*." Well, I can't help it. It's better to be known than unknown.

CM: You mentioned you wanted more of the sexy roles, but you played the "good girl" so well, especially your strong, independent character of *Kansas City Confidential*. That's got to be my favorite.

CG: Really?!

CM: You don't get that often? Is *Kansas City Confidential* not one that people remember?

CG: I think *Kansas City Confidential* was outstanding because Phil Karlson was a fine director, it was a good script, and they had Preston Foster, John Payne, Neville Brand, Lee Van Cleef, and Jack Elam.

CM: A lot of the big character actors and heavies of the day.

CG: Yes, but I've always felt that my part was incidental. Kind of, you have to a romantic interest. In a picture, you have to have a leading lady.

CM: I thought you were one of the best things about the film. Your character was strong, independent, clever. You kept right up there with the bad guys. But do you have a favorite character or a favorite film?

CG: I have four: *Red River*, *Kiss of Death*, *Nightmare Alley*, and *Riding High*.

CM: *Riding High*, with Bing Crosby?

CG: Yes, and Frank Capra directed. It was a very happy experience.

CM: They weren't all happy experiences?

CG: Oh, yes. But I had such admiration for Frank Capra, I almost revere the experience of working with him.



by Eric Caidin

This issue my column should actually be called *Spotlight on Las Vegas*. I found myself going to Las Vegas almost every three weeks for Years eve to attend various shows.

The first event of note took place Jan 9 - 12th at the Sands Expo Center featuring the annual Adult Video News entertainment show. Last year, in an unsuccessful experiment, the Consumer Electronics Show, the Video Software Dealers Association and the AVN shows took place over the same week. The VSDA show took a hit as there were just too many shows for people to attend. The other problem is that once you go to the AVN show, it's too easy to get distracted and hard to leave.

This year, the CES and AVN shows coexisted at the same time with no problems.

From 10 am to 1 pm each day, the press and business owners would go from one adult film company booth to another and get autographs and pose for pictures with the top stars in the adult industry. It's difficult to spotlight just one company but the ones that really stood out included the Wicked booth featuring Serenity, Big Top Video with special appearances by adult heavyweights Summer Cummings and Skye Blue and the Sex Superstars.Com booth featuring the legendary Amber Lynn and the triple delight talents of Alyssa Alps, Glori-Anne Gilbert and Devan Michaels. The latest adult films were shown on big screen at the many booths, and catalogs and brochures were plentiful.

Special events included the sold out traditional AVN awards show on Friday night Jan 11th at the Venetian ballroom and the live benefit auction at the C2K Club, an event to raise funds for the Free Speech Coalition, and The Aim Healthcare Foundation. A round of applause for the AVN folks for putting on a spectacular show as always.

The second big show attended in Las Vegas was the NAPTE Convention at the Convention Center Jan 21-24. This is a showcase for studios and independent film companies to sell their shows, films and series to cable and television buyers for syndication. An unofficial secondary show was put on by many of the major studios including MGM, Buena Vista and Warner Bros. at the Venetian Hotel. Rather than pay for exhibition space at the Convention Center, the major studios rented suites and buyers were busy shuffling back and forth between the Convention Center and the Venetian Hotel.

There were a few booths of particular interest. Naked News, based out of Toronto, Canada was making its first appearance at NAPTE. They've been around since 1999, but Naked News has been available exclusively at Naked News.Com. Featured are 12 naked newscasters reporting on daily news events. Both a 22 minute and a 50 minute version were offered as well as both a male and female format. Two of the newscasters

were signing and posing for pictures, but unfortunately had to keep their clothes on.

A new wrestling group, the XWF (Extreme Wrestling Federation) based in Tampa, Florida



Eric Caidin and friend

really made its presence known with a wrestling ring in the middle of the booth and wrestling highlights shown on large monitors in front of the booth. Founder Jimmy Hart, former WCE and WWF manager, has put together an impressive roster of established and up n coming stars to offer an alternate wrestling program to the more adult oriented WWF. Present for autographs were the Road Warriors, Jim Duggan, Greg Valentine, Nasty Boys and Rena (formerly Sable) Merc.

Back in Los Angeles, it was time for the monthly Los Angeles Comic Book And Science Fiction Convention at the Shrine Auditorium downtown. These shows always feature hundreds of dealers, guest stars, artists, slide shows and interviews, film previews and much more.

Ray Courts Hollywood Collectors Show at the Beverly Garland Hotel in North Hollywood was held in late January. These shows are eagerly awaited events every three months at the Garland Hotel. The most recent show featured guest Carrie Fisher of Star Wars fame making her first convention appearance. Signing autographs for a reasonable \$20.00, all proceeds went to the Hollywood Heritage Museum group. Also appearing was 94 year old actress Francis Dee, star of Val Lewtons I Walked With a Zombie, and married to Joel McCrea for 57 years. Ms. Dee was very gracious, talked about all her films and looked beautiful. She was easily the show's highlight. Jonathan Winters was present on Saturday, made enough money selling autographed pictures on Saturday that he didn't have to return on Sunday. Upcoming guests will include Debbie Reynolds and Rod Taylor star of the original Time Machine.

And tell 'em you read about it in Eric Caidin's column in Cult Movies.

That's it for now. See you at the movies, or at the cons! ~~~

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DENNIS WEAVER

Dennis Weaver is one of the most respected actors in the history of television. As Chester in television's longest running series, *Gunslinger*, (he won an Emmy), as Sam McCloud in the *McCloud* series (3 Emmy nominations), and in numerous other series, Dennis created many memorable roles.

Dennis had a short but successful career on Broadway until Universal International Pictures brought him to Hollywood for the first time. Around that time he also was enjoying success as a country singer and composer, with five albums of his compositions in release. Dennis has had leading roles in more than 50 television series and movies. He has sung and danced with comedy stars on musical and variety TV shows. For the big screen he worked with Orson Welles in *Touch of Evil*, and starred for the youthful Steven Spielberg in the first Spielberg Directed film, *Duel*. He also has won the Yugoslavian version of an Academy Award for his acting.

Today Weaver continues to thrive in his acting career and also serves as president of the Institute of Economics, which he co-founded ten years ago with his wife, Gerry. It is showing the way toward profitability for those who would improve the environment. Dennis' autobiography, *All the World's a Stage*, was published in 2001, and it's enjoying a brisk business. It has been moved to the "front table" at all 550 Barnes & Noble bookstores.

Another memorable role is that filled by Weaver as host of the feature length production *Hopalong Cassidy: Public Hero # 1*. This true roundup of the life of the legendary Western star William Boyd debuted July 29 of last year, and Dennis is shown at many of the sites where the late star worked; his narration provides the tribute.

Because of the respect Dennis Weaver enjoys with the public he is often called upon to be a presenter at nationally recognized awards events. Recently these have included the Golden Boot Awards, Screen Actors Guild Awards, Genesis Awards and Publicists Guild Awards.

At the Orangutan Foundation International Awards he was both an honored recipient and master of ceremonies. In November, 2001, Weaver was given the Silver Spur trophy by Reel Cowboys. The Hollywood Women's Press Club presented its Humanitarian Award to him at the annual Golden Apples Luncheon Dec. 2, 2001.

Dennis is determined to save our environment from pollution, and our economy from stagnation. Gerry is enthusiastically and creatively at his side for every endeavor, as she has been during their 56 years of marriage.

To illustrate how vehicles can be propelled with less fossil fuel, and almost no pollution, Dennis drove a non-conventionally-powered auto from Los Angeles to Denver, in what he described as "Drive For Life." He left Los Angeles October 26, 2001, and arrived in Denver, Colorado, November 3. On May 23, as participant in an energy forum, Weaver publicly called for President Bush to appoint a committee to guide America from a gasoline to a hydrogen fuel economy. Incidentally, The Weavers drive an electric/gasoline auto, the Toyota Prius.

Although the Weavers have a home in Malibu, California, which they stay at when Dennis is acting in Hollywood, their environmentally friendly residence, known as Earthship, is in Ridgway, Colorado (population 600). Earthship is an independently sustainable living space of 9,000 square feet. This environmentally friendly, solar mass home utilizes worn-out tires and tin cans as the basic building materials.

A film documenting the building of this home has been shown at the International Environmental Film Festival.

Dennis' respect for environment has helped to unite business, science

and education to form new solutions to save the earth. It was from this natural

progression of events that Dennis saw the need to create a new institution. To name his new institution, he coined a term from his speeches to describe a mutually beneficial blend of ecology and economics...

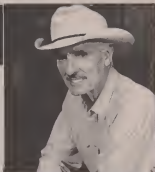
ECOlogy + EcoNOMICS = ECOLONOMICS.

Dennis and Gerry, nutritionists and near vegetarians, have many worthy "causes" they fight for in their daily lives, from air quality to animal safety. People who wish to contact Dennis to find out more about the Institute of Econonomics may do so by telephoning 1-970-626-3820, or writing Box 500, Ridgway, CO 81432. His website: www.dennisweaver.com

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Dennis Weaver enjoys hearing from like minded, light spirited, and enlightened individuals. ****



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I.Re: The Sons of Frankenstein

I had wondered out loud (okay, in print) why Ludwig von Frankenstein (played by Sir Cedric Belfrage in *The Ghost of Frankenstein*), "the second son of Frankenstein," looked considerably older than brother Wolf (Basil Rathbone in *Son of Frankenstein*), the Baron Frankenstein. (In point of fact, Rathbone, born 1892 was in reality a year older than Hardwicke.) Now, Ludwig, a psychiatrist ("Doctor of the Mind") has the more advanced medical degree; Wolf is a slapdash surgeon who can't even mend a broken neck — given all that has gone before, why should this be difficult? Ludwig has an adult daughter, whereas Wolf only had the annoying little boy. Further, Ygor seems to recognize Ludwig in some murky fashion, implying that their paths had crossed earlier (The Monster also recognizes Ludwig, but we must infer that he's just picking up instinctually on a family resemblance.)

One idea is that Wolf is a lot older than he's letting on, a brilliant chemist, he's probably discovered Grecian Formula and Viagra

long before Proctor and Gamble and Whomever. Premature senility might explain his hammy emotional outbursts as well as anything might. The Elsa von Frankenstein (Ilona Massey) of *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man*, so different from her Ghost counterpart (Evelyn Ankers) is really Wolf's daughter, who was off at school and hence absent from *Son*. I even consider it possible that this sophisticated Elsa is in fact a sister to Wolf and Ludwig, also getting on in years, but still a knockout. Any way you look at it, her father suffered a tragedy.

My more-fun, off-the-wall theory, hitherto unrevealed, is that there's an untold story surrounding Ludwig, whom Henry Frankenstein named for the peasant Ludwig. (Peasant-Ludwig's dad was a real charmer, and that's why people who look like actor Michael Mark keep turning up throughout the series.) Frankenstein became close to that man in the course of years, knew that his Monster had caused the death of Ludwig's daughter Maria, and so chose the name to expiate his guilt in this small way. Ludwig was indeed the second son, Wolf the third. There was a Henry, Jr. who of course met some sad demise rather young. This would lend particular poignancy to Wolf and Ludwig's concern over the plight of Peter (Son/F) and Cloestine Haysman (Ghost), respectively.

(Specifically, Henry [junior probably fell into a laboratory sulfur pit, had his head torn out by the roots by some laboratory Giant, or blew himself to atoms on a laboratory switch.)

Early in Ludwig Frankenstein's career, there was some sort of scandal, for which you can fill in the details. Perhaps it involved dispensing contraceptives or teaching evolution, or something equally reprehensible. Somehow, Ludwig's assistants, Ygor and Dr. Bohmer took the rap (and how in the former case), and Frankenstein emerged relatively untainted. But it was enough to get the elder surviving son to renounce the heronage in favor of his brother, to establish his practice off in Vassaria, and to employ Bohmer against his better judgment. Little good it did him! Ygor's assertions to Wolf that he assisted the elder Frankenstein might have been "doctored" a bit to avoid mentioning the estranged brother's name.

II. Re: The Two Faces of Elsa

But now, I will retract one alternative explanation. Elsa of *Merits/Wolf Man* most certainly is Henry Frankenstein's granddaughter. She can't be his daughter. Recently re-viewing the picture (for maybe the 50th time), I found that although she refers to her

father's sad fate many times, in her last scenes she adds that her grandfather suffered a similar misfortune. I can't see any way to revive that notion, unless

We all know that Henry's father, Baron Frankenstein, was a pompous old windbag, a spokesperson for propriety and the orthodox. The only other tragic (which implies thinking) grandfather I could come up with for a daughter of Henry's would have been Elizabeth's father. Was he somehow Henry's mentor? Does that explain the arranged marriage?

Mary Shelly had Elizabeth a close cousin of Henry's, almost incestuously so. Just maybe the blustery Baron isn't aware that the putative in-law is Henry's true father. As far as Elsa's lineage goes, that would be really interesting, "as Pretorius might put it. This is rapidly turning soap opera, and so I'll cut it out.

Elsa could still turn out to be Wolf's daughter, as we don't know the final fate of that man. (I cannot explain why the Monster, once revived and free of his bonds, single-mindedly fights his way to Elsa and carries

CULT MOVIES

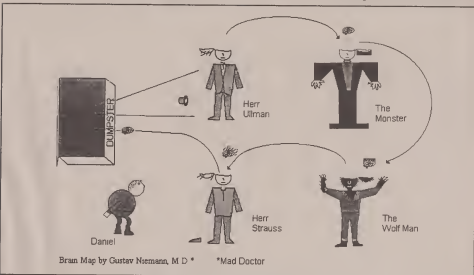
her off. Except that it's exactly what I'd do, given the chance.)

III. Re: The New Dracula

Where was Bela Lugosi when Universal gave his Dracula role to Lon Chaney, Jr. and later John Carradine? Playing in Dracula Meets the

cowboy actor. To see Strange in Western regalia, check out the readily available first episode of television's *The Lone Ranger*. For years, Strange portrayed the bartender on *Gumshoe*.

¶ Nim de Incisor: Regarding Dracula, Carradine's alias in the two House films was "Baron Latos." Lugosi's in *A & C Meet Frankenstein* is



Computer-produced illustration regarding *House of Frankenstein*

Wolf Man, more or less. Columbia, a rival studio, was imitating the Universal formula, but at just enough of a distance to avoid a sequel called *The Lawyer's Curse*.

In *Return of the Vampire* (1944), Lugosi plays Dracula for all intents and purposes, but is given the alias of Dr. Armand Tesla. He even has a werewolf servant, played by Matt Willis, a poor man's Lon Chaney, Jr. (By the way, although we usually refer to him thusly, for the record, Chaney was almost never billed as "Jr.")

The creaky *Return* has the taste of a distillation of all the Universal elements. It's the perfect Halloween flick.

IV. Short Takes

Some clarifications that were lost along with the original footnotes to the earlier Continuity articles follow.

¶ *Frankenstein and Bride*: My authority for the story that the upbeat ending of *Frankenstein* was snipped in order to square up with the *Bride* storyline was Carlos Clarens, *An Illustrated History of the Horror Film* (New York: Capricorn Books, 1968), p. 67; and Don Glut, *The Frankenstein Legend* (Scarecrow Press: Metuchen, N.J., 1973), p. 146.

¶ The Monstergate Factor: I speculated that during these years, the various burgomasters rarely served a second term. In *The Ghost of Frankenstein*, the villagers threaten their mayor with replacement "after the Fall elections," so this was a democracy. (Ygor, I suppose, was a hanging "chad.")

¶ Bohmer! You Played Me a Trick! I facetiously blamed the blood-tying fiasco of *The Ghost of Frankenstein* on the fact that Lugosi was not a "Universal" donor, having picked up some foreign blood factors at Paramount or M.G.M. No, I don't even want to think about what he might have contracted at Monogram, P.R.C., or Ed Wood!

¶ Wild and Woolly: In *House of Dracula*, when Chaney's Larry Talbot, changed into the far more hirsute Wolf Man, he seemed to lose his mustache. Universal's lycanthropes have relatively hairless upper lips. On the other hand, note that Columbia's werewolves (Matt Willis in *Return of the Vampire*, 1944, and Steven Rutch in *The Werewolf*, 1956) had prominent mustaches as wolfe-men, although clean-shaven as humans!

¶ Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie. Okay, Bury Me Once or Twice: We mentioned that Monster portrayer Glenn Strange had been a

"Doctor Lajos." Some variation of this name must have been part of the Draculean nomenclature. Where's Professor Leonard Wolf when you need him?

¶ *The Mummy's Hand*: With Dick Foran, Peggy Moran and (director) Christy Cabanne, doesn't the credit list sounds like one of those that Johnny Carson's "Art Fern" used to rattle off for the "Tea-Time Movie"?

¶ *The Mummy's Tomb*: I noted "interminable flashbacks." In fact, they're almost nine minutes (interspersed with head shots of "old" Barning as he narrates), which is a hell of a lot for a 61-minute movie.

¶ *Sit in on the Dock*: The fact that we've encountered Ardash Bey, Mehmet Bey, and Youssief Bey, not to mention actor Turhan Bey, does not indicate any particular relationship. "Bey" is a title of respect in Turkish and Egyptian cultures, I believe. Some reason all those Godfathers are named "Don," and all those archbishops seem to have "Cardinal" for a middle name. A "Don" myself, I don't object.

Your comments, conundrums, solutions and scandalous musings remain welcome. Here's a computer-produced (now ain't that authoritative?) illustration regarding *House of Frankenstein* that I submitted too late for Cult #31, but it does illuminate. If my editors have it redrawn, even by a madman with crayons, I salute them.

Source material: I'm going to give that brain of yours a new home. Niemann says to Herr Ullmann, "in the skull of the Frankenstein Monster. As for you, Strauss, I'm going to give you the brain of the Wolf Man, so that all your waking hours will be spent in untold agony, awaiting the full of the moon, which will change you into a werewolf."

Not long afterward, Niemann tells his servant Daniel that "Talbot's body is the perfect home for the Monster's brain." This doesn't sit well with Daniel, who wants Talbot's body. For heterosexual reasons, I hasten to add, namely to present a more handsome form to the gypsy girl. Only a real loser would consider Lon Chaney, Jr. handsome. ~~~~

*Editor's note: We appreciate Don's efforts to continue to illuminate our readers with personal touches such as the Brain Map. Just for the record, we were able to find a madperson with a computer rather than crayons to reproduce his brilliant drawing! We didn't have to look very far. At any rate, we salute Don Mankowski for his unique and scholarly take on the ongoing Continuity series. It takes someone with a good brain to be able to keep track of all that!

Film & Video Reviews

Satan Was a Lady

When I met Dons Wishman a little over three years ago, I immediately realized that the key to this remarkable, willful, infuriating woman was that, in her own mind, Doris was still a working filmmaker, who just happened to have been between projects for the last fifteen or so years.

Even if Doris was a studio director with millions in the bank and her own backlot production slung, this would have been a remarkable, maybe even a delectable self-perception. In the dog-eat-dog film biz, people don't go for fifteen years without making a movie. That's not even called retirement, it's called oblivion. And Doris was (and always has been) the farthest thing from a studio filmmaker. Her most recent production as the sure I met her, the independently produced 1986 slasher pic *A Night to Dismember*, had been an unmitigated disaster, in large part because half her negative was destroyed in a lab accident at a time when neither Doris nor the lab was carrying production insurance. Doris finished the film after a fashion by completely reworking the photos to accommodate outtakes and unused footage, but the resulting movie was deemed unmarketable by every distributor she contacted, and was never screened in commercial theatres. Since Doris paid for everything herself, this was a personal as well as a professional catastrophe—one which almost left her bankrupt.

But when I met her, Doris was barely interested in talking about her more than 25 previous films, or the accidents of fate and fortune that had reduced her circumstances. She had an idea a minute about films she'd like to make: a sci-fi spy spoof entitled "Jane Blonde Secret Agent" was particularly present in her thoughts that day. And I can remember being touched and impressed by what I took to be her erotic intimacy in talking to me, and that the game was as pretty much over.

Well, guess what? The undesirable Doris Wishman was completed a new movie, and it's every bit as potent and characteristic a film as some of her best work. *Satan Was a Lady* finds Wishman working once again with some of the recognizable conventions of the "roughies" of the exploitation days (the best known of which is probably *Hot Girls Go to N.Y.*, though the less well known *Indie Dicks* and *Love Joy* are both even better films). A saga about power, betrayal and female sexuality, *Satan* proves that Doris Wishman really is what her fans have claimed for her: a dark auteur of human desire. As an adjunct to what is already one of the most singular bodies of work in exploitation filmmaking history, this is a movie not to be missed.

The surprisingly beautiful Honey Lauren, in what is easily one of the best acting jobs ever featured in a Wishman production, is Cleo Inese, a barnum pole dancer and sometime dominatrix who decides to make it out of her dead end life by blackmailing one of her richest customers. Honey's plan goes awry when her doubtful boyfriend (Glyn Styler, done up in Beatles haircut and dark glasses like a sort of our best beat poets that were such a fixture of the roughies back in 1965) finds her all gotten cash and promptly gambles every nickel of it away. Lies, deceit, violence and topspin ensue, as Honey's struggle for an independent lifestyle leads her to ever more desperate acts.

Despite what was obviously more controlled production circumstances than on some of her most recent works, *Satan Was a Lady* is an identifiable Wishman effort in every regard. When Honey grows jealous of a beautiful young dancer at the club, the result, by the owner (he's not her off), is played repeatedly and with large dialogues of reverberation over her agitated face, and continuity problems are solved by uninvited cutaways to objects in the room or pictures hanging on the wall. Viewers inclined to dismiss Wishman as an inept director will, as usual, fail to recognize that for Wishman, a self-educated filmmaker, this is the language of film as she knows it: her own way of speaking, and what makes her work special and unique.

Setter star Lauren (perhaps best known as one of the topless vampires who attempted to reduce Keanu Reeves in *Bron Steeler's Dracula*) brings a level of

psychological truth to her character that is remarkable, especially given the schematic event structure Wishman favors. The shocking suddenness of Lauren's shift to violence, which reflects Wishman's usual commitment to psychological immediacy rather than detailed character development, might not work as well as it does if Lauren's performance weren't so memorably grounded in a recognizable reality. And while in most Wishman films, there is no shortage of beautiful and semi-cold women, Lauren stands out, a sex symbol waiting to happen. Kudos also to producer Steve Gillespie for allowing Wishman the freedom to create a movie in her own way, while encouraging her to internally with such touches as some stunning, musical interludes from Styler, which function as a kind of Greek chorus commenting on the allure and the dangers of tragic desire.

There will undoubtedly be those who see *Satan Was a Lady* and write off Doris Wishman once again as a filmmaker who, despite more than two dozen movies and 40 years in the business, is a director who's learned a thing, they miss the point of course, because rather than a weakness, that is Doris Wishman's greatest strength: in a world full of cynical, machine-tooled studio nonsense, Wishman is a director who means it, and who has stayed true to herself, and always gone her own way. As an act of will, a career capsule, and a tribute to one of the most remarkable women to ever yell "Action!" or "Cut!" on a movie set, the very existence of *Satan Was a Lady* is a cause for celebration.

Reviewed by Ray Greene

Ingä

(1967. Written & Directed by Joe Sarno. Starring Marie Elvén. Swedish, dubbed in English. 84 min.)

The erotic classic which explores the differences between love on the one hand, and prostitution on the other. We begin with a simple soap opera filled with lecherous married men, corruptible single women on the brink of dreaded middle-age who'll pay just for love with the proper goods. Then the scene couples with open music, and other walk of life specimens.

Into their midst is dropped tender, virtuous, intellectual, 17-year-old Ingä "I like to read the classics." How she gets changed to everyone's way of lusting is what this tale is all about.

There are some voyeuristic sequences in the shower, scenes of disrobing before the open window, and a fairly sophisticated erotic coupling cut to music in anticipation of MTV music videos that wouldn't happen for another two decades. The scene where two young lads have conspired for Ingä to lose her virginity in a barn on a country road in brumming with suspense and sexual tension.

This Collector's Edition includes the uncensored feature, original theatrical trailers and rare outtakes. Young Marie Elvén was Playboy Magazine's Sex Star of 1973. This classic of erotica is available from El Cinema. See them on the web: www.SeductionCinema.com

Reviewed by Michael Cooper



Pitch People

(2000, 87 min., USA)

Directed by Stanley Jacob

Pitch People is the best. An entertaining, informative film about the art of pitching. Director Stanley Jacob takes an inside look at the amazing world of individuals that pitch products for a living. Pitching is a time honored profession and this is second only to the oldest of professions. A pitch person must mesmerize a crowd of total strangers with live demonstrations of products that they never knew that needed, let alone

know existed. According to their research, the earliest recorded film of someone pitching a product is a woman in the 1920 *Victrola State Fair*.

Ed McMahon learned pitching in the 1940's on the Atlantic City Boardwalk. He honed his skills in order to earn enough money to attend college and break into television. He eventually became the greatest pitch person to Johnny Carson.

Pitch People was shot on Super 16mm in the 16:1 aspect ratio. This enabled director Jacobs to get a finer and more detailed image that differentiates from the archival footage that he was able to obtain. The result is a modern documentary that is able to combine the past and the present in a lively manner.

Reviewed by Coco Kiyonaga

Vampire Vermont

(Jelnaak Productions, 2001)

Chris Mack's feature film debut is an unsettling blend of lurch and blatant horror, concerning a group of disparate friends who are vacationing at a secluded house in Vermont. They soon discover that it's anything but Maple syrup the local inhabitants want! One of the women wanders out into the woods and meets a vampire, but when she awakens no one believes her. The vampire then slowly shows up at their doorstep, claiming to be a friend of the woman's deceased brother. Yet her brother, who resembles a cross between Ope Taylor and David Spade, isn't really dead, just one of the undead. Among the first people transformed is a poet, which makes for an incredibly disgusting scene later when he's shown trying to grind raw meat in a mortar, then using blood in his bong. And then there is the with the vampire sucking blood out of IV tubes. Overall, a decent addition to the litric vampire mythos.

Reviewed by Kevin Lindemann

Ghost Dance

(Chronos World Entertainment, 1984) A rumormongered Andean corpse from the late 1800's is unearthed by a female archeologist, a corpse that turns out to be a omegade member of the Ghost Dance Religion. The followers believed that the white man would muscously disappear from the land and that all the buffalo herds and animals would reappear, how it once was before the reservation. Yet this particular fellow went out and took matters into his own hands. He and his angle will went on a killing rampage. Now, with his grave disturbed, his spirit possesses an indian who tries to loot his grave and the new killings begin. It turns out that the woman archeologist is his reincarnated wife.

Reviewed by Kevin Lindemann

Rien Wie Es War

(Leo De LaForge, Germany, released 1950)

Depending on the source, Leo De LaForge filmed this documentary sometime between 1935 and 1943, but for a variety of reasons it wasn't released until after the second World War. In 1950, Germany was the title "Symphonie einer Weltstadt," which translates roughly to "Symphony of a Metropolis," it is clear that LaForge was trying to link his film historically to Walter Ruttmann's 1927 silent masterpiece Berlin, die Symphonie einer Grossstadt (aka, The Symphony of a Great City). Actually, while De LaForge's film is interesting in its own way, it is nonetheless so incredibly inferior to Ruttmann's film that the pathetic attempt to link the two is nothing less than embarrassing.

Ruttmann's film is a masterpiece of early documentation and presentation that focuses on the pulsating rhythm of the city for one day, from dawn until late in the night. Very much influenced by the attitudes and theories of the Neue Sachlichkeit ("New Objectivity" or "New Realism" art movement of Germany during the Weimar Republic (which included such painters as Otto Dix and George Grosz), Ruttmann's visually exciting, brilliantly filmed and edited silent movie was an act of a celebration as it was a jaundiced criticism of Berlin and its inhabitants at the time.

LaForge's film, on the other hand, lacks the paced but critical eye of the earlier ode to Berlin, and draws most of its strength from the unimpaired position it gained after the war—that of being a visual documentation of what the city was like before the machinations of the National Socialism—that's Nazis to people like you and me—led to its (and The Partnership for the New World Order, in fact, filmed under the auspices of the government of the time) as was any film made in Germany back then), LaForge's film was originally meant to be more or less a celebration of Berlin, the Reichshauptstadt, "extolling the city's

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responsible for the making of this film are pseudonymism, perhaps anticipating the public furor over its blatant sadism and masochism. In the words of Pascal Maréchal, author of *Mano à Mano* (Edling Bros., Paris, 1994), "This necrophilic film is so strongly tainted by blood and sadomasochism was released unseen in France in spite of the erotic force of certain scenes in which the beautiful Dahlia Lavi is lashed by the whip. The corridors of amor were tinted in mauves and greens while a Woodstockian dagger rests under some of the crystal. As to the frenetic railing and roar of the wind, they seem to slam and bang to the crack of the whips tears over the nocturnal silence which has fallen over the baroque decor."

"Lava suggests, as was his custom, that the viewer come to his/her own conclusions regarding this fantastic narrative or the psychoanalytic description of a woman's soul tormented by sexual abuse and by mental illness. Kuri, interpreted in a puerile and perverse portrayal by Christopher Lee, might apparently be a ghost or phantom having come to wreck vengeance of was perhaps by the manner of his time a simple projection of a subconscious desire overwhelmed by remorse. Lava again permits a hovering doubt between social rationalism and supernatural romance within the framework of this film."

The first encounter between Lee and Lavi takes place by the sea and sets the tone for their relationship. Initially repelled by her advances, she melts into his embrace only after he has savagely bloodied her back with his riding crop. Each of the film's met with a good deal of erotic ecstasy and desire. It is this sequence that informs the audience that Neverka is incapable of avoiding his dominance over her and she eventually falls in love with him even beyond the grave.

The film benefits with otherworldly, romantic scoring by Carlo Rustichelli. So taken by this score, Bava and several famous portions of the composition for use in two further films, *Kill Baby Kill* (1966) and *Blood and Black Lace* (1966). The unforgettable melodies place Rustichelli at the top of Bava's finest composers, Armando Trovajoli (for *Hercules in the Haunted Woods*) and Roberto Nicolini (for *Black Sunday*).

Tim Lincecum's commentary reveals that Roger Corman's *Psycho* (1960) was the most popular horror film of its time in Italy, influenced Bava. So here in *Whip* one finds the trappings of premature burial, adultery and childhood trauma plus such obvious set pieces as Christopher Lee's emergence from a fireplace reminiscent of the one in *Black Sunday*.

The most obvious candidate for the role of Neverka would have been the metaphysically sympathetic Barbara Steele. Instead Bava used Dahlia Lavi, a former Miss Israel and veteran of the Israeli army. Born in Shafel Zion in 1942, she appeared in such films as *Lord Jim* (1965) and *Casino Royale* (1967). After the Sixties she would not work again in the industry until the late Nineties and appeared in German TV series entitled "Dad's Girl Oni".

Though *Whip and the Body* is somewhat a triumph of style over substance, it is a first-rate erotic ghost story presented with a dazzling bravura of Mano Bava's visual palette.

Reviewed Christopher Dietrich

ED GINN (2000)

(Originally filmed under the title *UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE MOON*) Directed by Chuck Parrillo

Considered a mildly retarded bachelor farmer by his immediate neighbors in Plainfield, Wisconsin, Ed Ginn (Steve Railsback) would go on to carve a deep scar into the town of Plainfield. He lived alone at the farmhouse he had grown up in. His abusive parents had long since passed on and his brother had vanished under mysterious circumstances. What the townspeople didn't know was that Ginn had a complex, personal life. Self-educated from hard detective magazines and expensive (for his time) books, Ginn formulated a series of singular beliefs to deal with his mundane existence. Brownbawls by a puritanical mother (Carrie Snodgrass), Ginn renounced the female sex and instead sought to become one. Fascinated by the Christian forgiveness case, he knew his resources for sexual reformation surgery was limited. So he did the next best thing. Pilfering graves from a nearby cemetery, he fashioned a female suit from the corpses of recently deceased middle-aged women and danced under the light of the moon (the film's original title). Adhering to a *watse-not, want-not* ethic, he used bits of human flesh and bone for home decor such as soap bowls made from human skulls and a belt made from lips.

Ginn would ultimately stumble and fall when his interests grew to include murder. Killing barkeep Bernard Wenden and shopkeeper Mary Hogan, authoritism would turn his farmhouse in 1957 to land the terrifying detritus of a secret life. Ginn was sentenced to life in a mental institution, where he died in 1964. Angry villagers had burned the Ginn farmhouse to the ground shortly after the trial.

FAMILY "It seems as if Americans will never tire of hearing about their eternal Boyceyman Ginn has spawned countless ragtime and loquacious characters. Norman Bates in (1960), the family from Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974) and Buffalo Bill from *Silence of the Lambs* (1991) chime among them. The reason is obvious: Ginn, in a psychotic way symbolizes the American ideal of pursuing life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as long as it does it without killing your neighbor and destroying their flesh. Americans stand before us, keeping private affairs private while being simultaneously obsessed by what may be occurring next door. Ginn certainly represents a worst-case scenario.

A common complaint about film biographies about "artists" is the audience is given mundane details about their personal lives without generating the force that driven them to be artists. The film was shot on what was obviously a minuscule budget, and the doesn't use this to its advantage.

Steve Railsback served as the executive producer of this film, making it a highly unusual career choice. Railsback is best known for his portrayal for another American star slayer, Charles Manson in the TV docudrama *Helter Skelter*. To his credit, Railsback at least looks like Ginn thanks to clever makeup.

Viewers are better off digging out 1974's *Designated*, a thinly disguised adaptation of the Ginn case that is both creepy and hilarious with a marvelous central performance by Robert Blossom, who would go on to play the curiously psychotic next-door neighbor of Macaulay Culkin in *Home Alone*.

Reviewed by Greg Goodsell

Ed Ginn

Based on the life of infamous cannibal/killer Ed Ginn, this is a surprisingly suspenseful movie, which chooses to avoid the current-day neo-noir schlock what the psycho is up to. For the most part, this works quite well.

A large part of this is due to Steve Railsback's performance as Ed, one of the best performances I've ever seen by this actor. The biggest problem is that the story has been told so many times, in *Psycho*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, etc. Overrated, also dealing with Ed's story is a better movie.

Reviewed by Kevin Lindermuth

Cabin by the Lake

This extremely entertaining USA Network movie features actor Judd Nelson as a horror screenwriter who has snuggled, and starts killing young women for research in his new script. After he kidnaps them he keeps them alive in a hidden room in his cabin, studying their terror and frustration, and then drains them in the nearby lake by tying a cement block to their legs and dropping them off the side. But that's not all! He goes down under water and arranges the women in his garden of corpses. The special effects are good, and Nelson's performance is quite enough to keep your interest.

Reviewed by Kevin Lindermuth

Headcheese

(Twenty-five/22 minutes)

Directed by Duane Graves and Justin Manks

Strange and disturbing. If you want a film that makes you wonder what the hell is going on this would be the one you should see. Starts off with a lot of promise and then grinds down to, what can I say, the bottom of the coffee pot. Cinematography shows some talent. But when it comes to this film, I can't say that it can't go out to MAKE A CULT MOVIE! It isn't a promise, it is an undeniable something, a film that is so bad but one is still drawn to the film because of the heart and soul of those making and in the film.

Reviewed by Coco Klyonage

Legend of the Dinobear

Japanese woman, exploring the forest around Mt. Fuji falls into a crevasse and finds herself amidst some frozen dinosaur eggs that were in hibernation for millions of years. Coincidentally, this is the moment one of them hatches and she barely escapes with her life. News of her discovery spreads and it is determined by scientists that

dinosaurs are reawakening. There's quite a bit of talking, always a bit surreal when you're watching a badly dubbed Japanese movie, but the climatic battle between a giant pterosaur and a pterosaur makes it all worthwhile.

Reviewed by Kevin Lindermuth



Audition

Directed by Takahashi Milks (35 mm / Color / 115 min.)

Strange. Daring. Hilarious. Starts out like normal almost mundane movie about a widower and his 16 year old son. Shigeo Aoyama, 42, owns a video production company, is lonely and wishes that he could meet someone to take the place of his beloved wife. His best friend, devises a plan to help him meet women. They put an ad in the paper for an audition for a film project in hopes that Aoyama will find a nice woman. Aoyama is attracted to one of the actresses and everything is fine. Until the woman discovers that he has been married before. Suddenly the seemingly sweet girlfriend changes role into an evil dominatrix playing from her own tortured past. There are several shocking, gory, realistic scenes that will make those with a weak stomach turn green. Although gruesome, this movie does have moral values that have been taken to the extreme. Next issue will include a one on one interview with the movie maker and CULT MOVIES MAGAZINE. Bookings available through Videograph Films. Contact David Schultz at 323-461-2020 x 123.

Reviewed by Coco Klyonage

Sed/Menquin

Produced by Jim Torrey and Terry Pace

Written, directed, and edited by Jim Torrey (12 min.)

A glimpse into life as a guard in the wee hours of morning with a full moon and vampires. 92nd camera by Ferrell J Ackerman. Contagious! A Popgun Production. This needs to be lengthened into a feature. Good acting. Great music. Contact Jim Torrey at 254-883-3146 or www.popgunproductions.com for more information.

Reviewed by Coco Klyonage

Haunted World of Edward D. Wood (DVD)

This feature film (35 min. and out on video in 1996) explores Ed Wood Jr. and the films such as *Plan 9 from Outer Space* and *Glen or Glenda* that have become cult favorites. There are extensive interviews with the actors, musicians, and girlfriends that were part of Ed Wood's life. Sad that he died penniless and unknown in the late 70's. We will review the DVD with again when it comes out this way. Knowing the reputation of IMAGE, expect many surprises and much new information. For further information please contact Image www.image-entertainment.com

Reviewed by Coco Klyonage

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For those who've rocked for years to Karloff's Thriller TV show, now you can roll to something even more haunting and rare: four hosted each weekly episode, and also acted in each show, making this the first all-Karloff supernatural program on the tube. Made in 1958-59 by Hal Roach studios, these episodes never aired in this form. Something Weird Video is releasing them on DVD in a beautiful package that includes an historical booklet, new commentary by Tim Weaver. There are ten episodes and just to make event more special, they've included a few episodes of Lon Chaney Jr.'s equally famed but rare TV show, *13 Ghosts Street*. Top quality picture and sound make these must-haves for any collector. Contact www.somethingweird.com for more information.

Reviewed by Krysta Olson

AN
INTERVIEW WITH
ROUBEN
MAMOULIAN,
director of *Dr. Jekyll*
and *Mr. Hyde*, *The*
Mark of Zorro, and
Golden Boy

In August, 1979, while I was out at the American Film Institute in Los Angeles doing research on Erich von Stroheim, I telephoned Rouben Mamoulian and said that I would like to meet him. Although he had a rather heavy schedule for the week, he invited me two afternoons later.

During the course of many years I have had the pleasure of interviewing a number of people, mostly in my work on D.W. Griffith. But they all lived in rather modest circumstances. (Perhaps Griffith's dubious business sense had rubbed off on them.) Mamoulian's situation would be quite different.

As I walked up a long curving driveway, in an exclusive area of Beverly Hills, the chauffeur or house boy was washing Mamoulian's Jaguar that sat in a multi-stalled garage. It seemed like a scene out of *Sunset Boulevard*. I almost expected Erich von Stroheim to stride down the path. After making a comment or two about the Jaguar to the fellow—I'm an old car buff—I ventured towards the large house.

A servant opened the door and I found myself in a large entryway, with floor-to-ceiling windows looking out on a well-tailored green landscape. The floors and the walls were white marble. I was led into an immense living room, about forty feet long at least, and sat down. After the servant informed me that Mr. Mamoulian would be with me in a moment, and then departed, I sprang up from my chair and examined the curios encased in antique cabinets. Through the wide entrance of the adjoining dining room there was a wall of Pompeii-like murals.

A moment later Mamoulian entered the room. Although looking older, of course, than the portraits of him I knew so well, he seemed in excellent shape for a man of 81.

There was nothing tired or infirm about him. He was alert and quick, and radiated the intelligence that his work obviously showed. My smile of pleasure was sincere for I was meeting one of the few Hollywood figures whom I respected, and about the only one who was still alive.

After some talk about who I was and where I taught, I mentioned the murals and that they reminded me of Pompeii. He seemed pleased—



indeed, they had been modeled after the wall paintings of that doomed Italian city and were painted by his wife.

Mamoulian invited me to join him in his study which was at the other end of the house. We crossed the gigantic entryway, and went down a hall into a wood-paneled room with ceilings about fifteen feet high. The walls were covered mostly by dark-stained wood shelves, interrupted only by tall windows. The room reminded me more of a library in a chateau than a room in a Hollywood house. The volumes, I noticed, were on cinema, painters, and other topics that revealed that the man hadn't bought the books by the foot, but had carefully chosen them and knew their contents. Trophies and awards were placed on other shelves and there was a megaphone as well.

There was an immense desk loaded with papers, books, and other materials of a still-active man. A pleasant dog lumbered about and two cats jumped from the beautiful rug onto the desk and seemed to rummage among the papers. Mamoulian asked me whether I'd like something to drink, and we agreed on tea.

He picked up the phone and told the servant to bring tea and cookies, which arrived a few minutes later. And so, sitting on the couch near his desk, we began our conversation.

I first asked him about *Applause*, the film that he made in 1929. He told me that he had painted the shadow of the cross in the garden with a spray gun. He said that he often used one and would administer the paint himself so that there would be no one to blame if it didn't turn out right. He was fascinated by shadows and said that he had first used them in his stage production of *Porgy and Bess* in the late twenties. This use of shadow was undoubtedly influenced by the expressionists.

Mamoulian recalled that he originally had had even more symbolism in *Applause*, including the image of a cross that dissolves to the burlesque stage, with a performer's arms

by Arthur Lennig

ouistretched in the form of the crucifix. Paramount cut out this moment. Mamoulian explained that he had several difficulties shooting his first film. He had arguments about camera-angles, camera movement, and the choice of long shots, medium shots, and close-ups.

The crew, knowing that he came from the stage, was somewhat uncooperative. One of his biggest problems was that the sound men kept telling him that the technology couldn't provide the effects he desired. He wanted Helen Morgan to be singing while the daughter is saying her prayers. When told this was impossible, he ordered that they use two microphones, record sound tracks, and then print them together. Despite opposition, it was done his way.

Mamoulian recalled that the gatekeeper and others barely greeted him at the studio. But after the controversy over shooting the double sound tracks, which resulted in his having to go to the executives and demand that his wishes be carried out, he came back the next morning to a different reception. Everybody said "Good morning" to him and he was treated quite deferentially. What had happened was that after he had left the set, the rushes were developed and studio executives screened the results later that night. By the next day, the word was out. Here was a man to be treated with respect.

Mamoulian said that he wanted the dance line to consist of rather fat dancers, instead of more attractive ones, because the burlesque show was not of the first quality, but a cheap act. He also said that he used a real theatrical agent because the man was so typical of the breed.

I then led the conversation on to *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, released in January, 1932, certainly one of the best horror films ever made. Again Mamoulian demonstrated his principles: avoid the obvious, be selective, and seek stylization.

The film is full of such touches. When Jekyll speaks at the lecture about the split between good and evil, the background behind his close-up is also split between deep shadow and bright light. I asked him about the effect when Hyde runs toward the camera and his shadow fills the whole back wall and then disappears. "Whose idea was this?" I asked. "It was mine," he replied. "I used shadows like that in *Porgy and Bess*."

I told Mamoulian that I asked this question because Karl Struss had done the photography, and that in another film he photographed, *Island of Lost Souls* (1933), the same effect was used. I mentioned that this was one of the problems that confronted film critics. Whom should we praise for a stunning effect?

Without knowing this, one could easily praise Erle C. Kenton, the director of *Island of Lost Souls*. But it was probably Struss who suggested the shot from having done it with Mamoulian. Kenton never forgot this idea. Years later, in *The House of Dracula* (1945), he repeated the scene of a shadow looming up on the wall.

Mamoulian said that the most attractive

person in the film was Hyde—at least in the beginning. Unlike the repressed Jekyll, Hyde is animal, hearty, and vital. His cry, "Free at last!" meant just that: to be freed from the constraints of Victorian Society. He rejoices in the rain—no British umbrella for him—and is not yet the cruel or evil thing he will become. Hyde was, said Mamoulian, "whole-hearted, joyful, vibrant." It was a statement indicative of Mamoulian the man, who throughout his work wedded aesthetic control (Jekyll) to artistic passion (Hyde).

Mamoulian admired Jekyll, his quest for adventure, his eagerness to go beyond what was current knowledge. "The impulse was noble, but the results disastrous," Jekyll then becomes a tragic figure. "Instead of freeing himself, he imprisons himself."

Mamoulian modeled Hyde's makeup after the 1931 concept of Neanderthal man, our ancestor unbridled by civilization. This was the creature with his pronounced teeth and shaggy hair that was the inspiration of so many magazine cartoons of primitive man with his stout club carrying off a screaming maiden. No niceties of courtship then! Mamoulian said that Hyde starts out as pure animal, with no evil, but is soon corrupted.

One curious aspect of the film (which of course echoes the Robert Lewis Stevenson story) is that Hyde quickly becomes more than our id enjoying itself. Without our own self-

restraints and the fear of the police (See Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* for further exploration of this idea) probably any healthy and potent male would chase a pretty girl into the bushes.

But the film doesn't do that. His initial pure animality is quickly corrupted. It implies that freedom from constraint leads to more than animality; it leads from lechery directly to sadism. Hyde gets his jollies tormenting Ivy. Instead of having a Hugh Hefner, we have a murderer. In this sense the film is really Victorian. After all, animals do what they want and there is no sadism in their mating. They do it for pleasure.

But Hyde is beyond this. His sadism is underscored by two scenes. One, mostly cut, has Jekyll in the park. A cat crawling on a tree limb kills a bird. This triggers his transformation. Second, after Jekyll has said his final farewell to his betrothed, he looks through the window at the weeping girl. This too triggers a response and Mamoulian has Jekyll grow in height as he transforms into the sexually aroused Hyde.

The scenes in Ivy's apartment when Hyde treats her cruelly and then finally kills her are given an extra dimension not only by the remarkable performances of Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March but by Mamoulian's use of statuary to provide ironic comment on the monstrous proceedings.

Mamoulian (wearing glasses) directed Fredric March to an Academy Award-winning performance in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.





Ty Power in
Mamoulian's
THE
MARK OF
ZORRO

he explained, "a soft piano" which gave the singer the right pitch and a metronome to provide a steady rhythm. Later, after the voices were recorded live, the orchestra was played over the singing and, of course, covered up the sound of the piano. These scenes were done with one camera, not two or three.

"It is not perfect," he said, "for if you listen closely the voice timbre differs slightly from take to take. If you have a good ear, you will detect it." Later I played the print again and there are minute differences, but hardly obvious ones.

When I asked him about Chevalier, he said that the man was quiet, almost glum, and sat rather morosely until the camera and sound were ready.

Then, as if transformed, he suddenly broke out with the remarkable charm that seems to exude from the singer. Mamoulian, in fact, acted this situation out for me, sitting with a rather depressed expression on his face and then bounding up from the couch and pretending to sing the number. Mamoulian was not a bad actor himself!

"Mr. Mamoulian," I said, "*Love Me Tonight* is a brilliant work, a sheer textbook of what a film ought to be. However, there is—now don't get mad at me—one section that is not quite as inspired." He looked at me curiously. There may be," he said a little cagily, "Which one?" I replied, "The number when Chevalier sings about being an Apache, it's good, you play around with some shadows, but it isn't up to the rest."

He jumped up from the couch enthusiastically. "You're right you know. I

Mamoulian and I then discussed the unfortunate situation that present prints of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* have sustained a number of cuts because of censorship and the feeling that it was too long.

I had seen an uncut bootleg print and so Mamoulian's annoyance was more understandable. Certainly Jekyll's speech to the heroine towards the end of the film (that he will free her from the impending marriage) would probably not get a laugh when he dramatically utters "This is my penance" if it had not been shortened. There are now, I believe, some uncut prints available on video.

I then brought up the subject of *Love Me Tonight* (1932), which I consider the best musical ever made. He summed up his artistic method by saying that he was interested in "stylization, rhythm, and design."

He told me that there were some numbers cut: The Doctor, after examining the frustrated virgin princess, sang verses describing what she needed. All that is left in the film is his spoken conclusion that she should have, "Exercise, exercise, and—exercise."

Later in the film when many people in the Chateau are singing their own versions of "Mimi," there was one episode in which Myrna Loy, dressed in a diaphanous gown, uttered risqué lyrics that were considered too strong. We mustn't forget that she played a nymphomaniac in the film. These were the only cuts that Mamoulian recalled.

I asked Mamoulian about the recording methods, and he said that the film was not dubbed. All the musical numbers were sung live. I asked how this was possible. He used,

Greta
Garbo in
Mamoulian's
QUEEN
CHRISTINA



CULT MOVIES

THE SONG OF SONGS



never mentioned it before. It was very smart of you. You do know my films! He explained that the number was, of course, only a performance for the guests at the chateau, but then admitted he might have done more with it.

I asked him, in terms of *Queen Christina*, about Garbo—for whom he has great respect and with whom he is still friends—and about John Gilbert. "Was his voice so bad?" I asked. "He doesn't sound too high in the film," Mamoulian replied that Gilbert did have a high voice and that he would shoot take after take until he could get Gilbert to keep his voice lower. Gilbert would forget and zoom up and Mamoulian would have to do it again.

I asked Mamoulian whether he knew Stroheim and Griffith very well, since they were my two favorites of the silent period. He told me a strange story. "It's a tale in which I don't particularly shine and which I am not proud of, but I'll explain." He went on to say that in 1932 when he was casting *The Song of Songs* he wanted a continental type and respected Stroheim very much and was anxious to meet him, but a little ashamed that he had to employ such a great talent in a mere acting role.

Stroheim came for the interview, and, after a few minutes, started to tell him some terribly graphic stories about his sexual exploits and about the stars he had slept with. Mamoulian explained to me that, although he is not a puritan by any means, he disliked this kind of talk and was terribly disappointed that the director he so respected would mention such things. He felt distaste and decided that he didn't want to use him in the film. He couldn't say "No" to such a man, but said he'd let him know. When Stroheim called after a few days to ask, Mamoulian didn't know what to do and told one of his men to tell Stroheim he would have to make a screen test. This, Mamoulian thought, would be such an insult that

Stroheim would refuse. But he wasn't offended and showed up for the test, which another man made. Finally, Mamoulian had to reject him.

Years later, in 1955, when Mamoulian was in Paris with the musical *Oklahoma!*, Stroheim arrived at the theater. Mamoulian and he spoke and Mamoulian asked whether Stroheim would mind going backstage because so many of the cast would like to meet him. He complied.

Stroheim later invited Mamoulian and his wife to Maxine's and brought up the subject of his rejection in *Song of Songs*. Stroheim confessed that he had been frightfully nervous and out of sheer panic had switched the subject to sex. The light dawned on Mamoulian, and he told me that he was sorry now that he had not understood, but used Lionel Atwill instead. Mamoulian didn't know how broke Stroheim was and how desperate his career had become.

Mamoulian also spoke about Griffith, whom he worshiped. In fact, he was the head of some memorial commission for Griffith. He recalled that in 1941, in a Hollywood restaurant, he spoke to the distinguished man.

Griffith had just seen Mamoulian's Technicolor version of *Blood and Sand* and praised him for his artistic effects. "You used the color the way I must have," he said. Mamoulian obviously never forgot this compliment. And it was a deserved one, too. Mamoulian did not merely amass a whole number of colored walls and costumes, but kept each in a tonal range.

When he was given a set that didn't quite appeal to him, he took a spray gun and toned everything in it—even the flowers—with a tint of green. Everyone thought he was mad, but the results were perfect.

Mamoulian, perhaps, it should be emphasized again, was not a person caught up with mere realism. He adjusted all of his films in a conscious artistic manner, stylizing each to give the effect of genuineness.

I asked Mamoulian about an outtake I had seen from *The Mark of Zorro*. In the release print Zorro (Tyronne Power) rides up to a carriage and carves the letter Z in the seat, followed by the frightened rider's exclamation of "Zorro!" Mamoulian said that he decided to play a joke on Darryl Zanuck, the head of the studio, and filmed the scene in an alternate way.

Zanuck was sitting in the screening room looking at the rushes with Mamoulian when Zorro rides up to the coach and carves "D.Z.," followed by the surprised passenger's cry of "Zanuck!" Zanuck couldn't believe his eyes and ears and had the film backed up again. This laugh must have cost the studio a few thousand dollars, but Zanuck loved it.

Zanuck, explained Mamoulian, considered himself a great cutter and rearranger and didn't like the final cut of *The Mark of Zorro*. They argued and then agreed to let an audience decide. Zanuck's revised version was shown and it didn't take Zanuck long to realize that Mamoulian had been right. Zanuck was a big enough man to admit a mistake—at least to Mamoulian, who got his final cut.

I told Mamoulian that I had seen the Doug Fairbanks film and Mamoulian's and thought that in the newer version of *Zorro*, they had made a serious mistake in the scenario by letting the heroine know too soon that the simpering fop was really the masked hero Mamoulian said, "They? There was no they!" He looked steadily at me.

"Right or wrong, I am responsible for what is in my films." I could not help but admire Mamoulian's forthrightness. He was not only an artist, but a man of integrity.

What about the great fiasco, *Cleopatra* (finally released in 1963), that almost bankrupted Twentieth Century Fox? Mamoulian had originally been slated to direct, but was removed when he opposed shooting the exteriors in England where the weather was almost always bad. The studio wanted to use some of the British pounds that were frozen in England.

"Aren't you sorry," I asked, "that you were taken off the project?" "No, why?" he said. "Look at the results." The weather proved so awful in England they had to build the sets again in Italy and then, of course, between Taylor's sickness and her complicated affair with Richard Burton, the film went hopelessly over budget.

Mamoulian lit up an expensive Cuban cigar. He rolled it carefully in his fingers, and held the cigar near the match and inhaled the flame, the proper way to light a cigar. I confessed that I was a cigar smoker and he apologized and gave me one. It was almost as good as Mamoulian's films.

Unfortunately, time was running out. I took from my pocket a booklet from the AFI containing a printed interview that the Institute had made with Mamoulian and asked whether he'd sign it. He, of course, did, adding the written comment, "For Arthur Lening who truly sees what he looks at. With all good wishes, August 9, 1979."

We shook hands.

Afterward I was saddened to hear of Mamoulian's death on Dec. 4, 1987, at age 90, and even more saddened to know that he had been failing for several years. The beautiful house (valued at \$3,000,000) had, according to *Variety* (Dec 16, 1987) "fallen into serious disrepair, with furniture destroyed and the residence fouled by dozens of cats." I prefer my memory of a beautiful house and a cordial gentleman and, above all, a great artist.



DR. ACULA'S DIARY

as transcribed by Forrest J Ackerman

I just did my 100th cameo! In a story scripted by none other than Capt. Kirk's daughter, Lisa. Spot right here in the Ackermansion. I play Renfrie, a sinister character whose wife has suicided and seems to be coming back from the grave five years later. Title of the 6-part TV series is Ruby, no relation to the Curtis Harrington supernatural/exorcist related fantasy film of several lugrums ago.

Recently I had a surprise visit from no less than 18 fans from all around the world. At 5pm. Fans from Singapore to Sweden, to Spain, to Australia, to England. All architectural students interested in me for one reason: my grandfather Wyman was the architect of the famous Bradbury Building.

Featured in *Bladerunner*, *Wolf*, *Glass*, and *Demons With The Glass Hand*. This group that came to call didn't break up until 8pm!

I'm hard at work on HOLLYWOOD.

Picture book with scores of photos of Top Chaney, Karlott, Tugosi, Grace, Rafi Bradbury and more scary characters than you could shake a stake all.

And at last I can announce that my new

magazine, long in the planning stages, is about to become a reality. Watch for IT'S ALIVE on newsstands soon.

This will be the filmic voice of terror issuing regularly from within the secret vaults of the Ackermansion, filled with many of the features you've come to expect and many new surprises as well. There will be full details about it in the next issue of Cult Movies.

I've been caught short this time, but I'll be back in full swing next time!

(Want to know just what our Dr.Acula has really been up to these days???)

Well, just take a look at those pictures below and you'll find out!

FORREST J ACKERMAN PLAYS VERY SPECIAL ROLE IN WILLIAM WINCKLER PRODUCTIONS' "THE DOUBLE-D AVENGER"

When writer/producer/director William Winckler was in the process of putting the finishing touches to his script for *The Double-D Avenger*, a sexy action-comedy feature film with three of the hottest, and busiest Russ Meyer stars — Kitten Natividad (herein: the Valley of the Ultravivans), Haji (Faster Pussycat Kill! Kill!), and Raven De La Cruz (Up!) — he felt that one particular scene which took place in a wax museum housed some "extra" to be a certified cult movie aficionado.

Winckler was particularly fond of the classic monster movie and had come away sorebacked after a visit to the J. Edgar Ackermansion. "I had wanted to pay homage to all these monsters of

funny dialogue. I also wanted to ensure that he got star billing as well."

A script was rushed to Forry several weeks prior to the shoot, and on the day of the shoot itself, Winckler, looking like a Russ Meyer star, Ackermansion, with Kitten and Haji in tow, to pack Forry up. "And what a sight Forry was! I had told him to wear the most outrageous thing he had in his closet, and so he came up with a Hawaiian shirt under a red velvet jacket hand-stitched with gold-thread markings that a fan had sent him as a gift. "Lady-killer that he was, Forry charmed the Russ Meyer girls by swagging the front doors open with a flourish, invited them to take a mini-tour of his Ackermansion. Not surprisingly, the tour ended with Forry showing Kitten and Haji his bedchamber, which was filled with photographs of bawdy actresses who could give the Russ Meyer girls a run for their double-d bras.

Driving on the 405 Freeway in rush-hour traffic to the Wax Museum in Anaheim with a car-full of cult movie icons is one experience I will never forget," states Winckler. "Forry's classic Toy Yoda joke was way over post Kitten's head, and when I asked him if he had ever seen a Russ Meyer film before, he replied that the first and only one he had ever seen was at a festival in Europe where he and his wife Wendayne sat.

The Immoral Mr. Teas and came out of the theater shocked out of their wits, to which the girls in my car good-naturedly laughed.

Upon arriving at the Wax Museum, Winckler got the chance to go over the crazy museum caretaker's character with Forry, as well as to chat about (what else) famous monsters of filmland. As finishing touches were being put on his make-up, Forry was approached by several Wax Museum employees armed with copies of Famous Monsters of Filmland for him to autograph.

But the magic moment came when Forry stepped into the Chamber of Horrors, which showcased an elaborate display of classic monsters such as The Werewolf, Phantom of the Opera, Dracula, Frankenstein's Monster, and The Mummy.

Forry's first scene required him to talk to the wax Frankenstein as if he were alive, and assuring him that he had figured a way to keep children from touching the Monster's fine suit by electrifying the sets. It was pure magic! There's not one other way to describe that moment. Here was a cult icon playing a scene with yet another cult icon. And all around Forry were figures of people that he had been good friends with. The magic continued with Forry's character in a comical Abbot and Costello Meet Frankenstein hide-and-seek routine with Hydra (Haji) and a scene where Forry's character puts the moves on *The Double-D Avenger* herself.

"More than just a cult movie icon, Forry is truly a nice guy. It wasn't just a great honor having him in the movie, it was an unparalleled pleasure as well," reveals Winckler.

The Double-D Avenger, which has captured the imagination and funny-bone of cult movie fans since its release last year, is Forry's 95th cameo and easily his biggest film part in recent times. It stars Kitten Natividad as awesomely abundant Chastity Knott; owner of an English pub who becomes an extraordinary crime fighter with amazing powers. She battles villainous bikers bar owner Al Purplewood and his sexy, murderous strippers.

The movie is currently available through double-d-avenger.com, amazon.com and retail stores nationwide in VHS and DVD format, with the DVD containing behind-the-scenes photos of Forry.

filmland that had captured my imagination. I was a boy, and I wrote the scene where I thought that having Forry be part of that scene would add a very special touch to it," he relates.

Thus, Winckler decided to approach Forry to see if he would be interested in playing the role of a demented and decidedly amorous wax museum caretaker who stumbles upon a murderous stripper (Haji) trying to finish off *The Double-D Avenger* (Kitten Natividad).

To Winckler's delight, Forrest J Ackerman called him back to say that he was indeed interested in being a part of the movie. "He actually already had a previous engagement scheduled on the day of the shoot, but canceled it feeling that being in *The Double-D Avenger* was more important to him. I felt so honored to have him in my movie, and unlike most producers and directors who had also asked him to be a part of their films, I didn't want him to be just another silent bit part for him, or a 5-liner. I wove the scene so that Forry ended up with forty lines of

CULT MOVIES

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"KICKING ASS AND TAKING NAMES"



One size fits all

By Terry Pace



Ray Bradbury's *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit*.
Cast: Edward James Olmos is wearing the magical suit

An old saying suggests, "The clothes make the man."

That well-worn phrase takes on a magical new meaning in *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit*, Disney's endearing 1998 movie version of the classic short story by master fantasist Ray Bradbury.

"It's beautiful - absolutely beautiful," enthuses Bradbury, who has been championing the warm, charming, life-affirming comedy since its low-profile release as a straight-to-video title.

"It's my best film to date because they filmed it exactly as I wrote it," added Bradbury, who turned 80 last August. "I gave them the screenplay I wanted to write - and they didn't change a word!"

Bradbury's enchanting, offbeat fable first appeared - under the title *The Magic Ice Cream Suit* - in a 1958 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Re-dubbed *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit*, the tale resurfaced in the author's 1960 short-story collection, *A Medicine for Melancholy*.

"The idea for the story goes back to my childhood, growing up in the 1930s," Bradbury explained. "We were poor, and we couldn't afford decent clothes. Until I was 18 or 19, all I wore were hand-me-downs from my father and my older brother. When I started to earn money, the first thing I did was buy myself a decent set of clothes."

When he graduated from Los Angeles High School in 1938, the aspiring author wore a suit that had once belonged to his late uncle. The uncle was wearing the suit when he was shot and killed by a robber while caught up as an innocent bystander in a holdup.

"The suit had one bullet hole going in the front and another going out the back," Bradbury recalled. "By the time I

graduated, we were living in L.A. and my family was on government relief. What else could I do but wear my uncle's suit, bullet holes and all? I had no choice."

The story of *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* centers on five down-and-out Hispanic men who pool their meager monetary resources in order to purchase and share possession of a single luminescent, vanilla-white suit. The premise coalesced in Bradbury's creative consciousness while the aspiring author was living among the Mexican-American populace of New Mexico, Arizona and California.

"My best friend in junior high school was a kid named Eddie Barrera," Bradbury explained. "When I was 21, I lived in a tenement in L.A. I saw many of my Mexican-American friends crossing back and forth across the border. We all lived in poverty. They shared clothes with one another the same way we did. I knew what a nice, clean, new suit might mean to them."

As *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* begins, clever con man Gomez (played to passionate perfection in the film by Joe Mantegna) recruits three other impoverished allies - the innocent idealist Martinez (Clifton Gonzalez-Gonzalez, also billed as Clifton Collins Jr.), the political activist Villanaz (Gregory Sierra) and the guitar-strumming romantic Dominguez (Essi Morales).

These four disillusioned souls share basically the same height and build. Each contributes his last \$20 in a concerted effort to purchase a shimmering, snow-white suit that hangs in the window of the local tailor's shop. However, the suit costs \$100, and the quartet's combined worth is a mere \$80 - so a fifth partner is desperately needed.

The only readily available candidate is a filthy, grimy, street-dwelling slob named Vamenos (a delightfully manic Edward James Olmos). The others reluctantly agree to bring the smoking, drinking, taco-slurping Vamenos in on their scheme, with consequences ranging from insanely comical to poignantly sweet.

"They decide to collect their money, buy the new suit, and then live together in the same tenement where they share ownership of the suit," Bradbury noted. "They each will wear the suit one night a week, then flip a coin the other two nights. Each man has a dream. In the story, the men believe the suit has the power to make those dreams come true."

The movie version of *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* was directed by Stuart Gordon (*Re-Animator*, *Honey, I Shrank the Kids*), who also helmed a crowd-pleasing, critically acclaimed production of Bradbury's stage play in 1973. The writer has always considered the theatrical version of his magical tale to be a genuine lucky charm.

"I first did it on stage 30 years ago with a wonderful cast," Bradbury recalled. "They all knew that I keep mementos of productions of my plays. So, at the end of their six-month run, everyone signed the ice-cream suit that was used in the show and gave it to me as a gift."

"Twenty years later, I'm watching the Academy Awards when they announced the winner for best actor," Bradbury continued. "I said to my wife, 'Wait! I ran to the closet and pulled out that ice-cream suit. There, on the sleeve, was the signature of the young man who had just won the award for his performance in *Amadeus* - F. Murray Abraham. God, what a night! It was like my son had graduated from Harvard.'"

When Disney decided to transform the *Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* stage script into a screenplay, Bradbury insisted on doing the adaptation himself. He also relished his collaborative reunion with Gordon, a director whose understanding of the style and spirit of the material was well-established.

"We worked very closely together on the film," Bradbury remarked. "I was thrilled that Joe Mantegna was able to play Gomez again - he had already done the role on stage. Plus we had Edward James Olmos and all of these wonderful actors. We had all the right tools to make the magic show work."

Gordon's screen ensemble delivers spirited, flavorful performances that are both gently touching and hysterically funny. The supporting cast sparkles with bright, colorful supporting roles by Liz Torres, Mike Moroff and lovely newcomer Mercedes Ortega. Veteran character actor Pedro Gonzalez-Gonzalez, the grandfather of the handsome young heartthrob playing Martinez, also contributes a memorable cameo. (The veteran actor is best-remembered for his sidesplitting appearances on Groucho Marx's quiz show, *You Bet Your Life*, as well as several Westerns with John Wayne.)

"Roy Disney green-lighted the *Ice Cream Suit* project," Bradbury revealed. "When we staged the play in L.A., he kept coming back

to see it again and again, just because he loved it so much. Finally I said, 'Roy, how many millions do you have? Why don't you take a couple of million - money you won't even miss - and make my movie? You'll bring a lot of joy to a lot of people.'

Adding icing to Bradbury's Ice Cream cake, the cast also features comedy icons Sid Caesar and Howard Morris, two familiar faces from television's trailblazing 1960s sketch program, *Your Show or Shows*. The zany duo pops up as an eccentric pair of tailors who place the seemingly supernatural suit into the reverent hands of five true believers.

"That was inspired and such a nice touch," Bradbury laughed. "They were perfect."

Bradbury's only frustration with *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* revolves around the careless, noncommittal manner in which Disney ultimately chose to distribute his cherished film.

"It was never released to theaters, and I didn't agree with that decision," Bradbury remarked. "As an experiment, they decided to release it directly to video. I wanted to open it on Cinco de Mayo in all the major cities that have Spanish-speaking populations, then release it everywhere else. But Disney didn't know what to do with it - they never realized what they had."

In spite of virtually little marketing and only minimal sales, the 1999 video edition of *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* remains available for rent and is reasonably priced for sale. Unfortunately, Disney has never released the delightful feature on DVD, where it could be seen in its original



Ray Bradbury

widescreen theatrical format.

"Most people don't know the darn thing exists," Bradbury insists. "I love the film so much that I've taken it on as a personal crusade. I've taken it to film festivals. I've promoted it myself because I'm so proud of it. I just want people to have a chance to see it. Once they see it, they love it."

The world-renowned author of *Fahrenheit 451*, *The Martian Chronicles*, *The Illustrated Man*, *Dandelion Wine* and *Something Wicked This Way Comes* does frequent lectures and makes a multitude of personal appearances

around the country. Everywhere he travels, Bradbury encourages audiences to try on his beloved *Ice Cream Suit*.

"Sam Peckinpah was planning to film *Something Wicked This Way Comes* many years ago," Bradbury recalled. "One day, while he was pouring gin in his beer, I came right out and asked him, 'Sam, how do you plan to make my book into a movie?' He said, 'Ray, it's very simple - I'm going to tear out the pages and stuff them into the camera.'"

"Peckinpah never made *Something Wicked*, but he was right," Bradbury continued. "I'm a movie-oriented writer. Everything I write has been influenced by the cinema and should be easily adaptable to the screen. That's the way *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* feels when I watch it. It feels like we tore the pages out of the book and stuffed them into the camera."

In the past, the writer hasn't always been so pleased with movie translations of his work. Disney's 1983 version of *Something Wicked* came close. Francois Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451* (1967) created some haunting imagery, and a television version of *The Halloween Tree* (1993) remains a minor marvel of storytelling through animation. Others, however - from a big-screen version of *The Illustrated Man* (1969) to the television miniseries of *The Martian Chronicles* (1979) - are best left forgotten.

"I've seen *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* 20 times, and I'm not tired of it yet - it's that good," Bradbury concluded. "You never saw it in theaters, but what the hell? You can rent a copy of it for \$2 - or cheapo. If you don't like it, I'll give you back your \$2." ---

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THE MYSTERY OF "Mystery of the Mary Celeste"

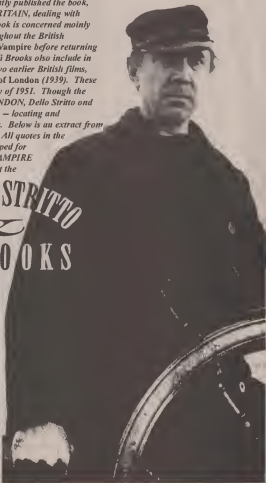
As our regular readers know, Cult Movies Press recently published the book, *VAMPIRE OVER LONDON – BELA LUGOSI IN BRITAIN*, dealing with Lugosi's last, forgotten stage tour as Dracula. The book is concerned mainly with eight months of 1951, when Lugosi toured throughout the British provinces, and then filmed *Mother Riley Meets The Vampire* before returning to America. But authors Frank Dello Stritto and Andi Brooks also include in their book the behind-the-scenes stories of Lugosi's two earlier British films, *Mystery of the Mary Celeste* (1935) and *Dark Eyes of London* (1939). These are "flashback chapters" cleverly woven into the story of 1951. Though the stage tour is the main focus of *VAMPIRE OVER LONDON*, Dello Stritto and Brooks did extensive research on the two earlier films – locating and interviewing several members of the production teams. Below is an extract from the book, dealing with *Mystery of the Mary Celeste*. All quotes in the passage below are footnoted in the book, but are dropped for brevity here. Information on purchasing a copy of *VAMPIRE OVER LONDON – BELA LUGOSI IN BRITAIN* is at the end of this extract.

BY FRANK J. DELLO STRITTO
&
ANDI BROOKS

"I have seen the travails which God has given to the sons of Man. He has made everything beautiful in His time. Also, He has set the word in their hearts so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end."

—Ecclesiastes 3:10-11, in the eulogy delivered by Anton Lorenzen (Bela Lugosi) at the funeral service of the first victim in *Mystery of the Mary Celeste*

As the Lugosis prepared for their first voyage to England to film "Mystery of the Mary Celeste" in the summer of 1935, Bela stood at the peak of his stardom. His fame typcast him; and Bela, 52, badly wanted to break out of his monster and mad doctor stereotype. Recognized wherever American movies played, and for once with more film offers than he could manage, Lugosi hoped to steer his career away from horror. Most of his upcoming film roles had him again playing diabolical fiends, but awaiting him in England was a role far removed from Count Dracula; one paying twice what he earned in Hollywood. Fledgling Hammer Pictures in London saw Lugosi's name as an entry into the much-prized American market, and would pay dearly for that chance. As he sailed to England, he hoped his tenure as a movie monster and mad doctor was nearing its end. Perhaps his new affluence might even let him produce his own films, with the type of roles that he wanted



to play.

Lugosi followed the trade journals, and might have read the occasional tidbit about the growing debate on film censorship in Britain. If he read that horror had been singled out as the battleground, he might well have welcomed the news.

In 1931, after *Dracula* first made him a star, Lugosi waited for the right part. A year later he had nothing to show for his patience but a lost opportunity to star in *Frankenstein*, a mad doctor role in *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, and termination of his contract at Universal. He did well enough as a free-lance actor in Hollywood, as all the studios tried to copy Universal and cash-in on horror. Bela appeared in *White Zombie*, *Chandu the Magician*, *Island of Lost Souls* and *Night of Terror*. His films of 1932 and 1933 were only a small fraction of Hollywood's horror output. Warner Brothers released *Song of the Sea*, *The Mad Genius*, *Dr. X and Mystery of the Wax Museum*. *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* and *Murders in the Zoo*, like *Island of Lost Souls*, came from Paramount; *Freaks* and *Mask of Fu Manchu* from MGM; *The Most Dangerous Game*, *King Kong* and *Son of Kong* from RKO. Universal followed *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and *Murders in the Rue Morgue* with *The Old Dark House*, *The Mummy* and *The Invisible Man*, and led the pack.

Most of these films faced attacks from civic groups and censors. To some church groups, the cinema itself, not just horror movies, was "the devil's own work" and "the greatest crime-producing agency of the generation." In America, each state and most communities had their own form of censorship. In Great Britain, local county councils—the LCCs—regulated film theatres in their districts. The British Board of Film Censors rated every movie playing in the country. Its ratings had only whatever clout the LCCs decreed them.

Horror films routinely drew "A" ratings from the BBFC ("Adult"; persons under 16 must be accompanied by an adult), but so did gangster films, farzans movies, and any film with even a suggestion of sexual activity—about 60% of feature films. The BBFC's other chief category was "U", for "Universal", which posed no restrictions on attendance. In 1933 the BBFC, under pressure from its many critics to deal with a new kind of Hollywood movie, reluctantly flirted with an "H" or "Horrific", for films "likely to frighten or horrify children under 16" "H" was a "classification" not a "category" like A or U. The BBFC intentionally left its meaning vague. In London, an H required only that exhibitors post a notice stating "This Film Is Unsuitable For Children." Some LCCs banned any H film outright.

The BBFC could ban films altogether. Its bans, like all its ratings, were meaningful only as followed by the LCCs; but rarely were any of the councils were more lenient than the BBFC in their treatments of individual films.

Through 1932 and into 1933, Hollywood released about one horror movie per month, to ever increasing opposition at home and abroad. *Freaks* and *Island of Lost Souls* were banned entirely in Britain, forcing MGM and Paramount to swallow huge revenue losses. With 22 million ticket sales weekly, Britain comprised a larger market than any single region of the



Bela and wife and Newman Sinclair

United States. Studio bosses soon became skittish about horror. As market saturation diluted horror movie grosses and as outcries from civic and church groups grew ever stronger, the studios one by one cut horror from their production slates.

With horror out of vogue, work for Bela became scarce. By late 1933 he with his young bride went back to Broadway for a supporting role in a musical extravaganza. Universal released Boris Karloff from his term contract, but recalled both his former stars in 1934 for *The Black Cat*, a complex tale of revenge which ends with Lugosi's character skinning Karloff's alive. Despite problems with the censors and the critics, *The Black Cat* became a solid hit and rejuvenated the two stars' careers and Universal's balance sheet. It also revived horror in Hollywood, and triggered one of the golden years of American gothic horror films.

1935 would be much different than 1931. "The Black Cat" brought horror back, but not many of the majors followed. The Lennies of Universal—Carl, Sr. and Carl, Jr.—fighting desperately to hold onto their studio, dove into horror for the cash. Universal produced in the first half of 1935 *Bride of Frankenstein*, *Werewolf of London* and *The Raven*. Of the majors, only MGM churned out a horror film, *Mark of the Vampire*, a commercial success but quite tame compared to the competition. Neither *Mark of the Vampire* nor any American horror movie of 1935 was tame enough for the many British watchdog groups that monitored film content and BBFC ratings. The BBFC slapped the 1935 crop of American horrors with the expected A's, but such organizations as the National Women's Council, the London Public Morality Council, the Mother's Union, the National Union of Women Teachers demanded

far more. They called for a new strengthened H rating—not a classification, but a third category, explicitly forbidding attendance by anyone under 16. During horror films' hiatus in 1933-34, the dozens of diverse groups and interests became vaguely unified in their opposition to films, warning that:

"Abnormally hyper-sensitive and nervously exhausted people were specially attracted by a programme of horrors. They were also most responsive to suggestions of terror, and suffered most injury from the experience...[The] cumulative effect of viewing, week after week,



Bela and Wife

themes of ungoverned human passions could not but undermine and confuse the ideas of right and wrong, of the normal and the abnormal, and lead to a craving for thrills in real life comparable with those of the screen."

The reformers targeted more than horror films, but the battle over the H rating drew media attention. The theatre owners, through their guild, the Cinema Exhibitors Association, fought every initiative for increased censorship. Caught between these forces and easily portrayed by all of them as the villain was the BBFC. Its income came entirely from fees charged to film distributors, but its very existence depended on the wide acceptance and application of its ratings.

British newspapers largely supported the call for tighter censorship. Rather partial to Hollywood horror movies only two years before, "The Times" through 1935 issued damning reviews of the new films. On January 16, 1935, its editorial page claimed that:

"...the young, the unsophisticated, the slightly educated are so many that they need protection against evils of which they are hardly aware. Supposing that the distinction between innocent and injurious films were, indeed, only a matter of taste, the taste of a vast number of cinema-goers cannot be held to be so trained and formed as to be capable of deciding right. We make no bones about training and correcting the taste of our children; and in a sense a very great many of the cinema-goers are but children. The public taste may be the ultimate standard; but that taste first needs training."

Before 1935, the BBFC dismissed the call for an H category as having "in a large measure emanated from those who were either unacquainted with the facts or possessed an imperfect knowledge." As more local councils adopted their own ratings systems, the BBFC retreated. At a CEA meeting in Cardiff on June 27, BBFC president Edward Shortt waxed indignantly on the:

"...increase in the number of films which come within the "horror" classification, which I think is unfortunate and undesirable...as I cannot believe such films are wholesome, pandering as they do to the love of the morbid and horrible...I hope that the producers and renters will accept this word of warning..."

Censorship disputes of later generations would produce volumes of well-developed ideologies, but all ultimately reduce to the still-unanswered question of how movies influence the morals and behavior of their audiences. The case made in print by the reformers of 1935 never went far beyond "protecting" "the young, the unsophisticated, the slightly educated..." against evils of which they are hardly aware." Behind the outcry was a struggle underway on many fronts in Britain, between culture that bubbled up from the "public taste" and culture that trickled-down from an educated elite. Fears vaguely if often voiced held that a society driven by popular demand inevitably became decadent and debased. Coupled with the internal struggle was the assertion that British values were under attack from American vulgarity. A vast majority of movies playing in British theatres in 1935 came from Hollywood. Popular demand would have given Hollywood even greater dominion over British cinemas, but regulations stipulated

that a percentage of films shown in the country be of domestic origin.

Ironically, most 1930s Hollywood horror films that invaded Britain were based on 19th century novels created by the now-besieged British elite. A British export, repackaged for popular consumption, had returned home with a vengeance.

Over the year preceding the Lugosi first voyage to England, Lugosi starred in three major horror films, *The Black Cat* and *The Raven*, both with Boris Karloff at Universal, and *Mork of the Vampire* at MGM. He sought other types of roles wherever he could, but landed none of quality. He squandered his prestige in a 12-part serial, *The Return of Chondra*, low budget quickies like *The Mysterious Mr. Wong* and "Murder by Television," and a secondary role in a routine programmer in "The Best Man Wins." "Return of Chondra" (easily confused with the 1932 feature "Chondra The Magician," in which Lugosi played the villain Roxor) was edited into two feature length films, *Return of Chondra* and *Chondra on the Magic Isle*, and 1935 saw a multitude of Lugosi films in simultaneous release. He appeared in these low-budget, often dreadful quality films mainly for the ready

income. They might be a waste of his talents, but they did offer an escape from gothic horror. His portrayals of the heroic Chondra, ruler of Chinatown's underworld, and a diamond smuggler gave him a welcome change from demonic and supernatural fiends. To most moviegoers these roles were at best minor variations on his familiar screen image, and his work on poverty row did nothing to lessen his association with Dracula.

In early June, trade journals announced Bela's signing with Hammer to star in *Mystery of the Mary Celeste*, to be filmed in England in July. No mention was made of his salary. From comments he dropped later and from subsequent offers made him for other British films, his pay may be reasonably guessed at a flat fee of about \$10,000. In Hollywood, he commanded in 1935 \$1,000 a week, half or less than Karloff's going rate and much less than the major stars earned. For *The Black Cat*, including post-production shooting to appease the censors, he earned \$3,500; for *The Raven* \$3,000; about the same for *Mork of the Vampire*. At a four week shooting schedule, *Mystery of the Mary Celeste* offered by his standards a princely sum, and one that perhaps not by coincidence approximated

Lugosi and Shirley Grey on the *Mary Celeste* set.



Karloff's weekly pay in Hollywood. Not until *Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein* 13 years later would he earn more for a film. None of his film roles owes less to Dracula than Anton Lorenzen, a grizzled seaman, plotting revenge against his tormentor. Deranged and crippled, he stumbles into a chance for retribution when a short-handed ship signs him on in desperation. After years living in the gutter, Lorenzen is unrecognizable to his old shipmates—aged, unshaven and unwashed with shaggy gray hair and a filthy pea coat—and thus can settle old scores unsuspected.

Also in June Universal announced its next Karloff-Lugosi film, *The Invisible Ray*, to be filmed later that year. In and out of the trade journals through 1935 would be Universal's plans for a sequel to *Dracula* and yet another Karloff-Lugosi co-starrer, either *Bluebeard* (called *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* in some press releases) or *The Suicide Club*. *Bride of Frankenstein*, the sequel to *Frankenstein*, opened in May to outstanding reviews and box office, and Universal planned shooting its *Dracula* sequel in late 1935 or early 1936, to star of course Lugosi. MGM's *Mark of the Vampire*, featuring the same star and director as the 1931 *Dracula*, was still in the theatres; and Universal had to wait before releasing another Lugosi vampire film. The studio was having great problems in developing a suitable script. Vampires have a perverse physical intimacy with their victims, naturally lead screenwriters into regions best avoided in censorship-conscious times. *Bride of Frankenstein* provoked the usual censorship issues in Britain. The Isle of Jersey banned it entirely, but London theatres gave *Bride of Frankenstein* a lavish build-up reserved for only the most marketable films.

Bela was not enthused about repeating the role that so dominated him, but only rarely in his Hollywood career could he look even a few months ahead to multiple film deals at a reputable studio. With his prosperity for the rest of the year assured, he planned how he might best free of *Dracula*. *Mystery of the Mory Celeste* was but a first step.

Original plans called for Bela and Lillian to sail from New York in June 28, and arrive in London for a press reception on the first week on July. After some quick negotiations with Universal, Bela postponed the voyage a week to make a personal appearance at *The Raven's* New York premiere on July 2, and later at the film's trade screening in London for British film booking agents. In Hollywood, he scarcely had the clout to delay a production, but *Mystery of the Mory Celeste* awaited his arrival. In New York, Bela enjoyed his only interview with "The New York Times." He adopted his elder statesman persona, and impressed his interviewer as "rather like a senior master of an English public school...a gentle, quiet man who gives an impression of mellow wisdom. Many things amuse him, especially the way paradoxes of life." Bela worked into the conversation the large amount of fan mail he received, 90% from women, since becoming a horror icon.

"...They eat it up. Most of the men who write are either astrologers or spiritualists. They try to catch me up on my theories...I answer them both in the same way. I say I have never met a

vampire personally, but I don't know what might happen tomorrow; this saves me from lying and it does not give away my trade secrets."

Regarding his trade secrets, he offered his approach to playing monsters and fiends:

"You can't make people believe in you if you play a horror part with your tongue in your cheek. The screen magnifies everything, even

set sail, he felt every wave, every patch and roll of the ship. We both had trouble adjusting to the sea, especially when eating, or dancing. On occasion, Bela's meal was all over the front of his tux, and when we danced, it was strange to have the floor rise up and suddenly hit your foot. Oh, we had trouble, but it was a lot of fun and Bela eventually enjoyed himself once he



the way you are thinking. If you are not serious, people will sense it. No matter how Hokusai or highly melodramatic the horror part may be, you believe in it while you are playing it."

Bela politely hinted that he would like to get away from horror films, but since his mission was to promote *The Raven*, he saved voicing his true ambitions for another time.

At *The Raven's* premiere at the Roxy Theatre on Thursday, July 4, Bela did little more than step out on the stage when the house lights came up to take a bow. Business was good; reviews from the major newspapers at best fair. "The New York Times" published his interview "Dracula Without His Cape" on Sunday, July 7, a day after Bela and Lillian sailed on the S. S. Berengaria. Among his fellow passengers were Jean Parker and Eugene Pallette, travelling to co-star with Robert Donat in what would become a classic comedy, Rene Clair's *The Ghost Goes West*. Also onboard was Shirley Grey, who would play the only female role in *Mystery of the Marie Celeste*. Grey, by all appearances a typical blonde, blue-eyed second-tier leading lady, had run her own theatre troupe only a few years before and managed her own productions. Such rewarding pursuits could not match her Hollywood income, and were put on hold while film offers abounded. At 33, her ingenious days were almost over. She and Lugosi later claimed that neither knew they would work together until after the voyage.

The summer voyage passed without incident, except for the havoc wreaked by North Atlantic swell on Bela's delicate stomach and unpleasant memories of his only prior sea voyage in 1920. Forty years later, Lillian recalled, "Even after we

relaxed."

Perhaps literally on the same ship that earned them were the British release prints of "The Raven." Both American and British watchdogs would find *The Raven* particularly galling. Like all the 1935 horror movies, it contains little violence and gore, but the protagonist, surgeon Richard Vollin (Lugosi), is fixated on torture, pain and death. He is also obsessed with Edgar Allan Poe, and, as the plot progresses, with a much younger woman. She refuses his affections, and his separate manias fuse in a plot for grand revenge:

"Poe was a great genius. There was in him, like all great geniuses a persistent will to do something big, great, constructive in the world. But he fell in love, her name was Lenore...Someone took her away from him. When a man of genius is denied of his great love, he goes mad. His brain, instead of being clear to do his great work, is tortured. So, he begins to think of torture—torture for those who have tortured him."

Vollin enlists an escaped killer, Bateman (Karloff), by mutilating his face and promising to restore him only on achieving his diabolical ends. Only the evil suffer in "The Raven." Vollin is crushed in one of his own torture devices, but not before he shoots Bateman, who finds redemption as he dies. The BBFC gave "The Raven" an A, but for many local councils Vollin's blatant fascination with inflicting and watching pain, and his delight in disfiguring Bateman, proved too sordid. In both "The Raven" and 1934's "The Black Cat," Lugosi's characters mangle Karloff's face—not unseen but with no doubt about the result. In her review

of "The Raven," London-based film critic Edna Barnes jokingly called for a "Prevention of Cruelty to Karloff Society." The watchdogs, well aware that Universal had already announced more movies co-starring its two kings of horror, planned something not too different.

Hammer Pictures, Bela's employer in England, had been in existence for 8 months, and *Mystery of the Mary Celeste* would be its second film. Scarcely two years later Hammer disappeared for a decade, a victim of a broad collapse of the British film industry. Not until the late 1940s did it again begin regular film production. Not until the late 1950s would the studio become Universal's successor in churning out Frankenstein, Dracula and other gothic monster movies, under James Carreras and Anthony Hinds. In 1935 their fathers, Enrique Carreras and William Hinds, each owned theatres and jointly set up Exclusive Films, a distribution company to eliminate one of their supply chain middlemen. To increase his take, Carreras the elder occasionally purchased a movie print rather than rent it. Hinds went him one better by producing his own movies under Hammer Pictures, named for his stage character when he appeared in music halls as part of "Hammer & Smith." Hammer was not yet a studio, but was more than simply a broker that financed deals, and contracted talent and studio space. No studio board of directors was more active in actual filmmaking. One company director, Henry Passmore, produced Hammer movies; another, Elder Wills, directed them; and still another, George Mozart, a vaudevillian like Will Hinds and at 73 twice the age of his fellow directors, acted in them. The elder Hinds himself occasionally pops in his company's first films. Another company director, Mozart's son George Gillings (Mozart's real name was David Gillings) managed Hammer's business affairs.

Hammer's formation was part of a mad dash by small producers to share in an anticipated windfall for British cinema. Hammer's first movie, *The Public Life of Henry the Ninth*, a comedy made in early 1935, paid homage to the film that started the gold rush. Two years before Alexander Korda had produced a landmark film, *The Private Life of Henry the Eighth*, Korda's film, a huge hit on both sides of the Atlantic, opened the American market to British movies. It earned Charles Laughton the first Best Acting Oscar for a non-Hollywood film. Like many influential films, Korda's box office hit may have done more harm than good. British producers vied to duplicate its success. Most, including Korda's own company, failed. By the mid-1930s, British film-makers had overextended their resources searching for that elusive big hit. Part of "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth's" success was that it artfully masked its low-budget and technical inferiority compared to Hollywood's output. Beneath its shallow veneer of regal splendor, it is almost light comedy. That part of its formula was deceptively difficult to reproduce. Many of its would-be imitators were ponderous costume dramas.

Not by coincidence, when discussing

Denison Clift-Director



Mystery of the Mary Celeste with American reporters, Lugosi mentioned Korda as the producer—not true, but Korda and Alfred Hitchcock were then the only British film-makers of much standing across the Atlantic. While in England, Lugosi tried to interest Korda in casting him as Cyrano de Bergerac. Korda, a fellow Hungarian and refugee from the revolution with an accent just as thick as Bela's and a fondness for even bigger cigars, was not interested. While Bela grew more Hungarian after he reached Hollywood, Korda became thoroughly British after he settled in London. He cast Charles Laughton instead, but then dropped "Cyrano de Bergerac" in favor of Rembrandt. Rembrandt, like so many ambitious British films of the time, failed at the box office.

Companies like Hammer fought for part of the protected share of the British market, whilst eyeing the big prize of American releases of their films. The easiest entrée into America for a fledgling like Hammer was using known stars. The major stars were well beyond Hammer's means, and had term contracts with the big studios. For the second and third-tier names, Hinds and company could raise the cash for star salaries on the promise of access to the American screens. Hammer could in turn promise its stars temporary escape from the narrow ranges of roles that Hollywood forced on them. Two well known names, Lugosi and black singer-actor Paul Robeson, took Hammer's offers as much for choice parts as for the money. Robeson wanted roles far removed from the darkie stereotypes that made Hollywood an anathema to him, and found one in "Song of Freedom." Filmed in early 1936, "Song of Freedom" plays well today, and handily overcomes the limitations of low budget and far-fetched story-line (a dockworker becomes a famous singer and discovers he is the lost king of an African tribe). "Song of Freedom" did well enough in the United States playing in black theatre circuits; and Robeson was proud of the film.

Mystery of the Mary Celeste is based on the true story of a ship (often mistakenly referred

to as the *Mary Celeste*), which set sail from New York for Genoa on November 5, 1872. On December 5, another brig, *Dei Gratia*, found it adrift in the Atlantic—no one onboard, no sign of violence. Why the ship's company left is far less perplexing than myth records. Most likely they feared an explosion from fumes emanating from its cargo of commercial alcohol. The alcohol, in 1,700 barrels loaded during a cold spell in New York, expanded on reaching more temperate latitudes. Before evacuating the ship, the crew uncovered the cargo hatches in a desperate attempt to vent the trapped gas. The only real mystery is the fate of the 10 missing people (Captain Benjamin Briggs, his wife Sarah, their 2 year-old daughter and seven seamen), never seen again. A fantastic legend grew, as pulp writers vied to conjure the most incredible version of what occurred, always augmenting the known facts with whimsy.

In 1884, four years before creating Sherlock Holmes, Arthur Conan Doyle published "J. Habakuk Jephson's Statement" as a lost eyewitness account. Though obviously a work of fiction—aside from the outlandish plot, Conan Doyle changed dates and well-established facts—some investigators seized on Jephson's Statement as missing evidence. A few of Conan Doyle's embellishments entered *Mary Celeste* lore as documented fact. In Jephson's account, the ship is found not only deserted, but with its lifeboats in tact on their davits. The mystery, like the alcohol, then expanded—beyond why the crew abandoned the ship and what became of them, and into how they managed to leave at all. In fact, neither of the *Mary Celeste*'s two boats was onboard when she was found. Its single lifeboat, damaged while loading cargo, was left behind in New York, and the smaller yawl was gone, no doubt used for the escape on the high seas.

Popular legend ignored the documented details, and the myth passed on to the 20th century has all boats in place and untouched. Over the next 40 years, bogus accounts by supposed survivors of the *Mary Celeste*'s crew reached print, with each came incredible

additions to the truth. The first men to board her allegedly found hot food in the galley, a smoking pipe in an ashtray, a letter with the ink still wet. Diverse new theories abounded. Romantic motives feed on the simple fact that the captain's wife made the voyage (not so rare an occurrence; Sarah Briggs had a good deal of sea experience). That Captain Morehead of the Dei

company director turned movie director, Elder Willis, returned to his former vocation of set design and art direction, and stepped aside to let Denison Clift write the script and direct the film.

Clift—a small 50-year-old, enthusiastic Californian, well travelled and well remembered by everyone he worked with, especially his fellow newspapermen—had lived in London on

cluded him. Critics found much of his writings a battle between ingenious plots and plodding narratives. His works played both the West End and Broadway, but died quick deaths. "The Moon Is Red," a spy drama, opened to good reviews in London in December 1934, and closed after 15 performances. Just prior to signing with Hammer, he sold his screenplay, "A-1 in Loyds," which was slated for filming at Twickenham Studios until the downturn in the British film business claimed it as a victim. By 1935, Clift had not directed a movie in six years, and his only experience in sound films were a few melodramas made in 1928 and 1929. *Mystery of the Mary Celeste* looks like a film made not in 1935, but with the crude technology of the earliest years of sound. Though he lectured whoever would listen on "England's need for swift-action stories," little action or flair remains in surviving prints of *Mystery of the Mary Celeste*. The many shortcomings of the movie may be entirely due to the heavy editing of Clift's original work. Versions available today are some 20 minutes shorter than the film Clift wrote and directed.

Clift delved with his customary energy into researching the voluminous literature on the *Mary Celeste*, and found that past theorists had provided everything needed for a full-blooded tale. Hammer publicity made much of Clift's alleged poring through the archives of Lloyd's and American Mercantile Maritime, but he found his basic story in the standard reference on the *Mary Celeste*, J. G. Lockhart's 1927 book, "A Great Sea Mystery." Lockhart had collected all but the most crazy theories, and debunked them one by one, including one of his own, published a few years earlier. Lockhart once postulated that Benjamin Briggs

"...might have developed religious mania,



Mystery of the Mary Celeste (1936). Phantom Ship (USA) Hammer Films. Barred at sea sequence. Bela Lugosi, Shirley Grey, Edmund Willard, Archer Margerson, etc.

Gratia knew Briggs and even dined with him the night before the *Mary Celeste* sailed—yet promptly claimed his salvage fee on finding his friend's abandoned ship—only added to the possibilities. Empty barrels of alcohol onboard might not have leaked but been broached, thus suggesting a drunken murderous rampage among the crew. In time, theories of the "ghost ship" would embrace psychotics, secret cults, pirates, sea monsters, extra-terrestrials and the lost continent of Atlantis.

No film based on the *Mary Celeste* had ever been made. 1935, the year that produced MGM's *Mutiny on the Bounty* and Warner Brother's *Captain Blood*, saw seagoing stories very much in style, and movie-makers in both Britain and Hollywood scurrying for saleable tales. Exterior filming of *Mutiny on the Bounty* was not scheduled until the summer, but early in the year, trade journals reported MGM's plans at length. Also in the industry news were speculations on a big budget *Mary Celeste* film with Wallace Beery, who the year before had starred as Long John Silver in another successful sea adventure, *Treasure Island*. Tiny Hammer Pictures could move much faster than the major Hollywood studios. Perhaps by coincidence, Henry Passmore planned filming and premiering his *Mary Celeste* film in England on the same schedule MGM announced for *Mutiny on the Bounty* in Hollywood. By Hammer standards, *Mystery of the Mary Celeste* was big budget indeed—a full-scale deck of the ship would be built for outdoor filming and two schooners were chartered for at-sea shooting. Hammer's

and off for the past fifteen years. Sometime before 1920 he sold his first script to Cecil B. DeMille, and left journalism for Hollywood. He had been in and out of motion pictures ever since. Through the 1920s, he wrote and directed films in Britain and did screenwriting in Hollywood. His diverse works include several seafaring tales, and he scripted a classic silent film, 1927's *Yonkee Clipper*. Otherwise success



Lining up a shot for *Mary Celeste* at Sea. Hammer Films, 1936. Tilly in Foreground. Camera in back-Newman Sinclair



and, with the strength and cunning of the homicidal lunatic, have attacked, overpowered and murdered his wife and child and crew, taking them one by one and unawares; and that finally, the mad Captain of an empty ship, he may have recovered his senses, as homicidal maniacs generally do, and horrified by his crimes, have thrown himself overboard."

Clift based his script on Lookhart's discarded idea, and only changed the identity of the murderer. *Mystery of the Mary Celeste* shares so many plot devices with *Mutiny on the Bounty*—shanghaied crews, floggings, keel hauling, rotten mess rations, comic relief provided by the cook, hero and heroine fleeing to an island paradise—that Clift must have been following news from Hollywood closely.

Any plot treatments that Lugosi saw before signing in late May or June were early drafts. In mid-June, Clift completed a 26-page synopsis, which was probably all that Lugosi had in hand as he left California two weeks later. The central character, Anton Lorenzen (two "Lorenzens", probably brothers, were in the crew manifest of the actual *Mary Celeste*), might well have been written with Wallace Beery in mind, "one of

those adventurous derring-dos that adds such colour to the New York docks, a German-American, ragged, derelict, his hair partially turned white, his left arm musing, his face the face of a man who has looked into hell." Though Hammer publicity praised Clift's script for his consistency with all the known facts, it drops the Briggs' 2 year-old daughter, their 7 year-old son that never made the voyage, as well as Morehead's wife, so as to put him in a love triangle with Briggs and Sarah. The script also ups the ship's headcount to 13, a count long favored by *Mary Celeste* enthusiasts, and adds a black cat as ship's mascot.

As scripted and filmed, *Mystery of the Mary Celeste* tells its story in two time frames—on the *Mary Celeste* as the mystery develops, and in Gibraltar, months later, where the inquest is held. In the opening scene, Lorenzen staggers into a waterfront bar, tells of a harrowing ordeal at sea as he drowns his sorrows in whiskey. He revives from his stupor only of hearing that the *Mary Celeste* leaves with the morning tide. He signs on as "Gottlieb." The voyage is the start of Briggs' and Sarah's honeymoon. Morehead, jilted by Sarah, dispatches his henchman

Volker Grot to sign on and exact revenge. Also onboard is Ponta Katz, shanghaied by first mate Toby Bilson and vowing to settle the score, and Goodschap, who eyes Sarah with obvious intent. Thus the *Mary Celeste* sails with multiple suspects for any foul deeds, all of them with German names lifted from the crew list of the actual *Mary Celeste*. By 1935 villains in British movies were already tending to be German. Clift's *The Moon Is Red* brims with Nazi villains.

As the crew battle a hurricane, the scene shifts two weeks ahead to an open calm sea as the *Dei Gratia* pulls along side the deserted *Mary Celeste*. Morehead boards the deserted brigantine, marvels at its undisturbed condition, and tows his find to Gibraltar. The mystery deepens as the inquest progresses. The narrative returns to the voyage of the *Mary Celeste*, where the first of the deaths have occurred. The plot of *Mystery of the Mary Celeste* settles into a clone of *Then There Were None*, with crewmembers murdered or disappearing one-by-one. After Briggs and Sarah vanish, Lorenzen reveals his true name to Bilson, the only other man left onboard. Six years before, Bilson had flogged and maimed him. Lorenzen shoots Bilson and throws him over the side. A loose mast arm swings into Lorenzen's head—all that is needed to send him utterly mad. He too falls into the water.

Fast forward to Gibraltar. The inquest, with no evidence or reasonable theories, ends without a verdict. But 600 miles away on the Canary Islands, Briggs and Sarah, who escaped the *Mary Celeste* on a makeshift raft, blissfully live out their days incognito as beachcombers. Briggs does his best to explain away the implausibility of why they can never leave, why he built a raft rather than take a boat, why he destroyed the ship's log which dutifully recorded the early deaths. The lovers embrace in the fade-out. End of Part One. Continued next issue

VAMPIRE OVER LONDON - BELA LUGOSI IN BRITAIN tells the full story of Lugosi's last "Dracula," the story of both the inner workings of the tour and its reception by the British public. The book also recounts tells the behind-the-scenes stories of Lugosi's three British films, *Mystery of the Mary Celeste*, *Dark Eyes Of London*, and *Mother Riley Meets The Vampire*.

Only 1,000 copies of **VAMPIRE OVER LONDON - BELA LUGOSI IN BRITAIN** exist. To purchase a copy, send a check or money order for \$29.95 plus \$3 shipping & handling (Texas residents please add \$2.48 sales tax), with shipping address, to:

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Cult Movies Underground

by Buddy Barnett

This is our first issue since the horrible tragedy of September 11. Horribly evil people want to destroy us and our way of life. They don't want us to enjoy *Plan 9 From Outer Space* and any of our other harmless pleasures. These evil, vile, sickening losers of the world must be stopped and I totally support our country and its allies across the world in this difficult struggle.

To return to a lighter note: 2001 turned out to be a slightly better year



Phantom Creeps

for movies than the previous couple of years. My top ten best of the year were: *Ghost World*, *The Royal Tenenbaums*, *Bubble Boy*, *Gosford Park*, *Amelie*, *Donny Darko*, *The Others*, *Bridget Jones Diary*, *Mulholland Drive* and *Sexy Beast*. A few others that just missed the list were *Memento*, *Devil's Backbone* and *Moulin Rouge*.

My top ten worst of the year were: *Freddy Got Fingered*, *Hannibal*, *Jepsons Creepers*, *The Mexican*, *Ocean's 11*, *Say It Isn't So*, *A.I.*, *The Mummy Returns*, *The Man Who Wasn't There* and *Harry Potter*. There are lots of other bad ones but I just can't think of them right now.

A few acting performances that I have been impressed with throughout the year were: Gene Hackman and Gwyneth Paltrow in *The Royal Tenenbaums*, Nicole Kidman in *The Others* and *Moulin Rouge*, Renee Zellweger in *Bridget Jones Diary*, Ben Kingsley in *Sexy Beast*, Halle Berry in *Monster's Ball*, Audrey Tatoo in *Amelie*, Denzel Washington in *Training Day*, Steve Buscemi and Thora Birch in *Ghost World*, Scarlett Johansson in *Ghost World* and *The Man Who Wasn't There*, Cameron Diaz in *Vanilla Sky*, Marisa Tomei and Tom Wilkinson in *In The Bedroom*, Cate Blanchett in *Benidorm* and *The Shipping News*, and the entire cast of *Gosford Park*. There were lots of other great performances last year as well, but that's enough for now.

Of the worst-performances of the year I would have to go with Tom Green in *Freddy Got Fingered*, possibly the worst acting performance of all time or at least the worst since Bill Woods in 1934's *Maniac*. The other horrible performance was Anthony Hopkins as Hannibal Lector in *Hannibal*. He should be forced to turn in his previous best actor Oscar for *Salvador* Of The Lambs as well as his Knighthood for his bad acting in this turkey *Dishonorable Mention* must go to Gary Oldman for his outrageous performances in *Hannibal* and *The Contender*.

As for the worst Actress, the title has to go to Penelope Cruz for her horrible performance in *Vanilla Sky*. With a dishonorable mention to Heather Graham in *Say It Isn't So*.

I've really gotten into DVD in a big way. The quality is great and you don't have the annoyance of turning over the disc halfway through the movie like you did with laser discs. I've already gotten rid of most of my lasers and amassed quite a nice collection of DVDs.

Of course my favorite actor, Bela Lugosi, is well represented with DVD releases. The print quality is outstanding on many of the Lugosi releases. *Scream To Death* is available in an amazing color print on a double bill with an excellent 35mm print of *Devil Bat* from Lumivision.

Roan Group (owned by Troma) has the most Lugosi releases and usually with excellent quality prints. They have released a double feature with *The Corpse Vanishes* (an unbelievably good print) with *Devil Bat* (this looks like the same print used on Lumivision's disc), *Boxer At Midnight* (the finest quality I've seen on this title), *SOS Coastguard* (the complete serial, incredible quality), *Invisible Ghost* (an okay print), *Ghosts on the Loose* (a great print), *White Zombie* (a beautiful restoration print), and *Human Monster* (also a great print).

Of course Universal has released quite a few Lugosi films on DVD: *The Ghost of Frankenstein*, *Son of Frankenstein* (on a double), *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man*, *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, and *The Wolf Man* all feature "Making-of" documentaries on each disc. The *Dracula* disc also includes the Spanish Language *Dracula* in which Lugosi can be seen in outtakes from the Tod Browning version as well as the version of *Dracula* with the recent irritating Philip Glass score added. The print quality is good on all of the discs but *Dracula* has one annoying flaw where a sound technician erased a crucial music cue after Lugosi delivers his famous line about "...far worse things awaiting



Corpse Vanishes

men than death." *Cult Movies* readers should write to Universal and demand that they correct this error at once.

One other company, Whirlwind Media has a couple of Lugosi serials in release as well: *The Phantom Creeps* and *Shadow of Chinatown*. I love these two serials but the DVD quality is not the best. *The Phantom Creeps* is no worse than any video copy that I have seen on the market, but *Shadow of Chinatown* looks like it was taken directly from a video copy. It is watchable, however you've been warned.

I've enjoyed many other DVD releases, most notably *The Avengers* television series on A&E video, but that's all for this issue.

CULT MOVIES



MICHAEL COPNER & KRISTA OLSON AT BLACK DRAGON UNVEILING IN HOLLYWOOD.

BLACK DRAGONS POSTER UNVEILING

For those who can't get enough Lugosi news, I should tell you about the availability of the new lithographed reproductions of the half-sheet poster for the Bela's weird World War II mystery, *Black Dragons*. I've always wished that someone would make these mid-1940s Lugosi posters available, but no big company ever does. Years ago *Cult Movies* did a short print run of my favorite Monogram crime drama, *Boulevard at Midnight*, and those sold out almost as soon.

So once again we've done a limited print run item, this time of the *Black Dragon* half sheet, in exactly the same 22 x 28 inch size as the original. It's got a nice blue background and shows our heroes hawkish (or is it Ravenish?) portrait looking suspiciously like *The Shadow* in his cloak and slouch hat. The poster is printed on heavy art paper and is suitable for framing.

Recently we had an official debut of the poster and showed it off to other collectors, and film lovers. To put it mildly, the poster was a big hit.

"Lugosi's eyes really are looking out of the poster, right as man" stated Gino Colbert - a film critic who happens to prefer Christopher Lee, but who knows this classic artwork would look great on his wall. "I'm going to have mine framed."

Indeed, these posters look great as they are, but look even better framed. At the garden party reception where the *Black Dragons* posters were unveiled, several fans declared that they would have theirs framed, for hanging in the most prominent place in their home.

These are true collector's items, and are not available in stores. If you're a genuine Lugosi fan and want one of these colorful posters hanging on YOUR wall, the only way to get it is to send \$13 to *Cult Movies*, 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 152, Hollywood, CA 90028.

And what about a hard-to-shop-for friend? If you want to be sure that you're getting something that they don't already have, that isn't out there in the stores everywhere, THIS IS IT! A collector's classic, direct from *Cult Movies Magazine* to you. Fans will want to have it on display every time they show the original *Black Dragons* film, video, or the DVD to their friends.

by Michael Copner

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BORIS KARLOFF

FILMOGRAPHY

by Gordon Shriver

In issue #34 of *Cult Movies* we presented a complete, book-length biography of Boris Karloff, written by Gordon Shriver. The book was packed with fascinating information on Karloff's personal world, as well as new revelations about his public life and career. So packed was it with text, photos, and completest checklists on Karloff's radio, stage, and television performances that we didn't have room to include the final checklist, the chronology of his amazing film output covering 49 years and some 150 motion pictures.

Now, at last, we present Mr. Shriver's filmography. For your convenience, it's divided into films that you'd choose to forget. Others of them are among the greatest films in the mystery, thriller, and horror genres, classics which will endure as long as there is horror film of cinema.

For those who wish to review the Karloff output in other media, we refer you to our issue #34, which features exhaustive credits, even including television commercials, plus a checklist on Karloff in print.

The Lightening Rider (1919)

Director: George B. Seitz. Script: Charles Goddard and John B. Clymer. Released by Pathé Pictures. 13-chapter serial. Cast: Pearl White, Warner Oland, Henry G. Sell, Boris Karloff.

The Masked Rider (1919)

Director: Aubrey M. Kennedy. Released by Arrow Pictures. 15-chapter serial. Cast: Harry Myers, Ruth Stoddard, Paul Panzer, Boris Karloff.

No Mercy, Mr. America (1919)

Director: Joseph Henabery. Producer: Douglas Fairbanks. Script: Joseph Henabery and Elton Banks. Based on a story by Elton Banks (Fairbanks). Photographer: Victor Fleming, and Glen MacWilliams. Released by United Artists. Cast: Douglas Fairbanks, Marjorie Daw, Lillian Langdon, Frank Carpenter, Sam Southern, Jay Dwiggan, Albert McQuarrie, Boris Karloff.

The Prince and Betty (1919)

Director: Robert Thornby. Producer: Jesse D. Hampton. Based on the novel by PG Wodehouse. Released by Pathé Film Exchange. Cast: William Desmond, Gary Thurman, Anna Kay, George Swann, Walter Peng, Wilton Taylor, William Leavelle, Frank Lanning, Boris Karloff.

The Drifter (1920)

Director: Robert Thornby. Script: Fred Myron. Based on a story by Bayard Veal. Released by Pathé Pictures. Cast: Blanche Sweet, Walter Hall, Ray Laidlaw, Russell Simpson, Boris Karloff.

The Creature of Mager O'Deare (1920)

Director: David Smith. Script: Robert North Bradbury. Based on the novel by James Oliver Curwood. Released by Viagraph Pictures. Cast: Pauline Stark, Niles Weld, George Stanley, Jack Curtis, William Dwyer, Boris Karloff, Billie Benedict, James O'Neill.

The Last of the Mohicans (1920)

Director: Maurice Tourneur and Clarence Brown. Producer: Maurice Tourneur. Script: Robert A. Dillon. Based on the novel by James Fenimore Cooper. Photography: Philip R. Dubois and Charles Van Anger. Released by Associated Producers. Cast: Wallace Berry, Barbara Bedford, Albert Roscoe, Lillian Hall, Henry Woodward, James Gordon, George Hackenschmidt, Nelson McDowell, Harry Lorne, Theodor Lord, Jack McDonald, Sydney Dean, Boris Karloff.



The Hope Diamond Mystery (1921)

Director: Seaton Payton. Script: Charles Goddard and John B. Clymer. Based on a story by May Yule. Released by Kossuth Films. 15-chapter serial. Cast: Grace Darmond, William Marston, Harry Carter, George Chaseborn, Boris Karloff, Carolea Phillips, May Yule, Frank Seka, Harry Archer, William Buckley.

Clotel (1921)

Director: Hubert Henley. Script: Wallace Clifton. Based on the novel Barry Gordon by William Faulkner. Photography: Virgil Miller. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Herbert Rawlinson, Warner Baxter, Marjorie Daw, Doris Farn, Walter Hall, Josef Swickard, Murdoch MacQuarrie, Anna Lutz, Boris Karloff.

The Crow Girl (1921)

Director: Joseph J. Frazee. Script: William A. Parker. Based on the play by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Photography: Victor Miller. Released by First National Pictures. Cast: Teddie Green, Charles Mendrich, Wilton Taylor, Eleanor Harbeck, Lillian Tucker, Frank Coleman, Boris Karloff, Jake Absolom, Julia Beck.

The Man From Downing Street (1922)

Director: Edward Jose. Producer: A.E. Smith. Script: Bradley J. Saville. Based on a story by Clyde Weston, Lottie Hazzard and Florence Williams. Photography: Ernest Sartin. Released by Viagraph Pictures. Cast: Earle Williams, Betty Ross Clarke, Boris Karloff, Charles Phillips, Kathryn Adams, Herbert Prior, Henry Burrows, Eugenia Gilbert, James Butler, George Stanley.

The Idol (1922)

Director: James A. Young. Producer: B.F. Schulberg. Script: James A. Young. Based on a story by Charles A. Logue. Photography: Joseph Brotherton. Released by First National Pictures. Cast: Katherine MacDonald, Robert Ellis, Joseph Dowling, Boris Karloff, Melbourne McDowell, Cleta Otis, Charles Stanley, Loyola O'Connor, Barbara Tennant, Charles Forne.

The Alibi (1922)

Director: Lambert Hillyer. Script: Dore Schroeder and George Hively. Based on a story by G.E. Luncaster. Photography: Dwight Warren. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Frank Mayo, Dagmar Godowsky, Louise Lorraine, Harry Dwyer, Hugh Thompson, Boris Karloff, Nick De Ruiz, Lawrence Hughes, J.J. Larose.

Over the Treetops (1923)

Director: James A. Young. Producer: Richard Walton Telly. Script: Richard Walton Telly, based on his play *Quar Khayusa* the Teasemaker. Photography: George Benoit. Released by First National Pictures. Cast: Guy Bates Post, Virginia Brown Faine, Nigel De Bruin, Noah Berry, Rose Dwyer, Patry Ruth Miller, Douglas Gerard, Boris Karloff, Maurice B. Flynn, Edward M. Korshak, Walter Long, Evelyn Selby, John Griener.

The Women Conspiracy (1923)

Director: Tass Faraam. Producer: B.F. Schulberg. Based on a story by Violet Clark. Photography: Joseph Brotherton. Released by First National Pictures. Cast: Katherine

MacDonald, Bryant Washburn, Mitchell Lewis, June Elvidge, Clayton Sayre, Boris Karloff, Francis McDonald

The Greenhorn from Avenza (1923)

Director Edward Sedgwick Producer Carl Leresche Script George Hall Based on a story by Raymond L. Schrock Photography: Vaghi Miller Released by Universal Pictures Cast: Hoot Gibson, Tom O'Brien, Louise Lomax, Carmen Phillips, Frank Leigh, Jack Cruise, Bob McKenzie, Albert Franco, Rosa Rossano, Boris Karloff

The Prisoner (1923)

Director Jack Conway Script Edward T. Lowe, Jr. Based on the novel *Case Crumey* by George Barr McCutcheon Photography: Benjamin Reynolds Released by Universal Pictures Cast: Herbert Rawlinson, Edwin Perry, George Cost, June Elvidge, Lucille Stedman, Gertrude Short, Benjamin Granby, Manno Carillo, Hayford Hobbs, Lilian Langdon, Bert Spross, Boris Karloff

Kings of the Plaza (1924)

Director Jacques Jaccard Released by Arrow Pictures. 15-chapter serial. Cast: Jack Parnes, Marilyn Mills, Ruth Royce, Boris Karloff

The Heiress (1924)

Director Bruce Mitchell Producer Anthony J. Kydas Script Bruce Mitchell Photography: Sussel Pictures, Cast: J.B. Warner, Martin Sain, William Lester, Alice Goodwin, Boris Karloff

Quentin Dur (1924)

Director Bruce Mitchell Producer Anthony J. Kydas Script Bruce Mitchell Photography: Bert Longenecker Cast: Kenneth McDonald, Diana Alden, Boris Karloff, Frank Rice, Harry Woods, Jack Waltherstein, Jack Richardson, Eddie Harris, Emily Goodes

Perils of the Wolf (1925)

Director Francis Ford Released by Universal Pictures. 15-chapter serial. Cast: Joe Bonomo, Margaret Quesby, Jack Mower, Boris Karloff

Forbidden City (1925)

Director Thomas Berkingham Script and story: Frederick Kenney Mills Photography: Silvano Balbano Released by FBO. Cast: Evelyn Brent, Robert Eila, Boris Karloff

The Prisoner (1925)

Director Hugo Ballin Assistant Director James Chapin Script Hugo Ballin Based on a story by Arthur Strasser Photography: James Diamond Editor Katherine Hülker and H.H. Caldwell Released by MGM. Cast: Dorothy Devon, Herbert Rawlinson, Gibson Gowland, Leslie Stuart, Frances Pratt, Boris Karloff, Emch von Ritzau, Raper Franklin

Passion Nights (1925)

Director Alfred Sarell Assistant Directors Robert Flory and Richard Adler Script: Fred Myton and C. Doty Hobart. Based on a story by Paul Fort Photography: Ernest Haller Released by FBO. Cast: Elaine Hammerstein, Gaston Glass, Lou Tellegen, William J. Kelly, Boris Karloff, Renee Adore

Never the Twain Shall Meet (1925)

Director Maurice Tourneur Producer William Randolph Hearst Script: Eugene Muller Based on a novel by Peter B. Kyte Photography: Ira H. Morgan and J.B. Shackleford Art Director Joseph Urban Editor Donna Hayes Released by MGM. Cast: Anita Stewart, Betty Lynde, Hurley Gordon, Justine Johnston, George Sargant, Lionel Belmore, William Norm, Emily Carter, Procure Marie de Bourbon, Florence Turner, Boris Karloff

Lady Rollo (1925)

Director Ralph Ince Assistant Director Pandor S. Bennett Script: Fred Myton Based on a story by Callard Howard and Burke Jenkins Photography: Silvano Balbano Released by FBO. Cast: Evelyn Brent, Robert Eila, Boris Karloff, William

Huangley, Darcy Corrigan, Robert Casarno

The Greener Gays (1926)

Director Curt Reifeld Producer June Mathis Based on the novel *Vernise* Mosley by Edith O'Shaughnessy Photography: John Boyle and Arthur Martinelli Art Director E.J. Shuler Editor George McGee Released by First National Pictures Cast: Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, May Allison, Ian Keith, Lucy Beaumont, Jean Harlow, Nigel De Brulier, Bridgette Clark, John Scarpola, Marcia Mason, Boris Karloff

Her Honor The Governor (1926)

(Alternate title: *The Second Mrs. Festivity*) Director: Chet Witely Producer: Joseph P. Kennedy Script: Dong Anderson Based on a story by Hyatt Dab and Wied Dickason Photography: Andre Balster Cast: Pauline Frederick, Carroll Nye, Thomas Sarsie, Greta Von Raun, Barton Heck, Boris Karloff, Jack Richardson, Kathleen Kirkman, Charles McClugh, William Worthington

The Belts (1926)

Director James A. Young Producer: E.E. Chadwick Script: James A. Young Based on the play *Le Joli Polonais* by Eugène Ionesco and Alexandre Chatrian. Photographer: William O'Connell Released by Chadwick Pictures Cast: Luciel Barymore, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Edward Phillips, Lola Tild, Boris Karloff, Fred Warren, Otto Ledwith, Louise Johnson

The Golden Web (1926)

Director Walter Lang Producer: Renaud Hoffman Script: James Sell Smith Based on a novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Photographer by Goltian Pictures. Cast: Lilian Rich, Hasty Gaudy, Jay Hunt, Boris Karloff, Lawford Davidson, Nora Hayden, Iyl Christie, Joe Moore

The Eagle of the Sea (1926)

Director Frank Lloyd Producers: Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky Associate Producer: B.P. Schulberg Script: Julius Jesselson Based on the novel *Captain Suez* by Charles Tenney Jackson. Photographer: Nohen Brodus Released by Paramount Pictures Cast: Ricardo Cortez, Florence Vidor, Sam De Grasse, André Brasseur, Martell Lewis, Ray Oliver, George Irving, Irvin Bernad, James Marcus, Charles E. Anderson, Boris Karloff

Flames (1926)

Director and Producer: Lewin H. Mossauw Script and story: Alfred A. Cohn. Photographer: Herbert Brownell and King Gray Editor: Frank Lawrence Released by Associate Exhibitors, Inc. Cast: Eugene O'Brien, Virginia Yull, Jean Harlow, Bryant Washburn, George Nichols, Boris Karloff, Cissy Fitzgerald

Old Immortal (1926)

(Alternate title: *Sons of the Sea*) Director: James Cruise Assistant Director: Harold Schwartz Producer: Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky Script: Dorothy Arzner, Walter Woods, and Harry Carr Based on the novel by Laurence Stallings. Photographer: Alfred Gulik and Charles Boyle Music: Hugo Rasmund Cast: Esther Robinson Wallace Berry, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell, Johnny Walker, George Godfrey, Guy Oliver, Edie Fiederman, Boris Karloff, Elsie Bliker, William Conklin, Fred Kohler, Calvert Hall Maize, Nick De Ruiz, Mildred Lewis

Flaming Fury (1926)

Director James Hogan Producer: Joseph P. Kennedy Script: Ewan Anderson Photographer: Joe Walker Released by FBO. Cast: Charles Delany, Betty May, Boris Karloff, Edie Chandler

The Man in the Saddle (1926)

Director: Lynn Reynolds and Clifford S. Smith Script and story: Charles A. Logan Released by Universal Pictures Cast: Hoot Gibson, Virginia Brown Faye, Fay Wray, Charles Hall Maize, Clark Cosulich, and Boris Karloff

The Nickel Hammer (1926)

Director Hal Yates Producer: Hal Roach Released by Pathe Film Exchange Cast: Mabel Normand, Michael Vassili, Margaret Seddon, Theodore von Elst, James Finlayson, Edward Hardy, and Boris Karloff

Velvet (1926)

(Alternate title: *The Low Stag*) Director and Producer: Dauri Baciowitch Script: Alec D.G. Miller Based on a story by Darcy Buchowitz and Alec D.G. Miller Photography: Percy Hilburn Editor: Hugh Wynn Art Director: Cedric Gibbons Released by MGM. Cast: Mae Murray, Lloyd Hughes, Roy D'Arcy, Max Barnea, Michael Vavich, Michael Vassili, Boris Karloff

Tenets and the Cold Sea (1927)

Director: J.P. McGowan Producer: Joseph P. Kennedy Script: William F. Wing Based on the novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs Photography: Joseph Walker Released by FBO. Cast: James Parry, Dorothy Dabish, Edna Murphy, Frederic Peters, Harold Goodwin, Lu-Yu-Chang, D'Arcy Corrigan, Boris Karloff, Robert Selzer

Let It Run (1927)

Director: Edward Francis Cline Producer: John M. Stahl Screenplay and story: Scrya Lewis Photography: Joseph Dobry and Robert Martin Editor: James McKay Art Director: Edward B. White Released by Tiffany Pictures Cast: Edmund Burns, Blanche McWhitty, Ethel Clayton, Lou Tellegen, Julia (Babe) London, Will R. Walling, Charles McClugh, Aggie Hennig, Charles Crockett, Robert Homan, Harry Bailey, Sadey D'Aalrook, Boris Karloff

Sally Calhoun (1927)

Director: Edward Francis Cline Producer: Douglas Maclean Script: Wade Boteler and Frederic Chapin Based on a story by George Randolph Chester Photography: Jack MacKenzie Art Director: Ben Carr Released by Paramount Pictures Cast: Douglas Maclean, Sue Carol, Richard Ciole, Russel Powell, Frank Leigh, Wade Boteler, Nigel DeBruiter, Albert Press, Boris Karloff, Albert Gao, Fred Kelly, Harry Jones

The Andrew Knight (1927)

Director: Lewis Mileston Assistant Director: Nate Watt Producer: Howard Hughes Supervised by: John W. Coatsworth, Jr. Script: James O'Donoghue and Wallace Smith Based on a story by Donald McGraw Adapted by Wallace Smith and Cyril Gardner Photography: Tony Gaudio and Joseph August Art Director: William Cameron Menzies Released by Caddo/Howard Hughes Pictures Cast: William Boyd, Mary Astor, Louis Wolheim, Michael Vavich, Ian Keith, De Wit Jennings, Michael Vassili, Boris Karloff

The Low Man (1927)

Director: George Fitzmaurice Producer: Richard A. Rowland Script: Benjamin Glazer Based on the novel *The Code of Victor Jallot* by Edward Chads Carpenter Photography: Lee Garmes Editor: Stuart Heiler Released by First National Pictures Cast: Billie Dove, Gilbert Roland, Noah Berry, Raymond Tamm, Arnold Kane, Emil Chausand, Boris Karloff, Mattie Pease

The Black Art (1928)

Director: Les D. Maloney Script and story: Ford I. Beebe Photography: Edward A. Kull Editor: Joseph Kane Music: Maloney Productions Released by Pathe Exchange Cast: Don Coleman, Jeanette Holl, Billy Batts, J.P. McGowan, Noble Johnson, William Steele, Ben Corbett, Edward Jones, Boris Karloff

Sleep Shooters (1928)

Director: J. Blystone Script: Maxine Orth Tullen Musician: Stuart Boylan Script: Randall H. Rye Photography: Charles Clarke Assistant Director: Jasper Blystone Presented by William Fox Released by Fox Film Corporation Cast: George O'Brien, Lou Moran, Noah Young, Tom Dugan, William Desaiens, Gwen Lee, Josef Swickard, Boris Karloff

Director Richard Thorpe. Producer Nat Levine. Released by Mascot Pictures. 10-chapter serial. Cast: Johnnie Walker, Shirley Mason, Tom Santschi, Boris Karloff, John Carpenter, George Magrill, Joe Bennett, Arthur Dewey, Frank Hagney. *Barring the Wind* (1928)

Director Harry MacKart and Herbert Buche. Script by Raymond Schenck, George Plympton, and George Morgan. Based on the novel *A Daughter of the Doss* by William MacLeod Raine. Photography Harry Neumann and Ray Karsney. Editors Maurice Prior and Thomas Malley. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Hoot Gibson, Virginia Brown Fauré, Cezaire Gravano, Herbert Hossain, George Granades, Boris Karloff, Pee Wee Holsess. *The Little Wild Girl* (1928)

Director Frank Matson. Script Cecil Burton Hill. Based on a story by Patsan Hoover. Photography Charles Crosspage. Editor Maxine Seppala. Cast: Lila Lee, Cullen Landre, Frank Merrill, Stanlison Lane, Boris Karloff, Jazzy Aubrey, Bud Shaw. *The Fatal Warning* (1928)

Director Richard Thorpe. Producer Nat Levine. Released by Mascot Pictures. 10-chapter serial. Cast: Helene Costello, Ralph Graves, Tom Langham, Phyllis Swalley, Lloyd Whitlock, George Fennell, Boris Karloff, Syd Crossley, Martha Mason, Syzanda Bandale. *The Devil's Chaplain* (1929)

Director Duke Worne. Producer Tom Carr. Script Arthur Hoelt. Based on the novel by George Reissman. Released by Photoplay. Hap Dewey. Editor J.S. Harrington. Released by Rayan-Richardson Pictures. Cast: Cornelius O'Keefe, Virginia Brown Fauré, Joel Swickard, Boris Karloff, Wheeler Duxman, George McInnis, Leland Carr. *The Phantom of the North* (1929)

Director Harry Webb. Script: George Hull and Carl Knausda. Based on a story by Flora E. Douglas. Photography Arthur Reeves and William Thomsley. Editor Frank Ben. Released by Biltmore Productions. All Star Pictures. Cast: Edith Roberts, Donald Knott, Kathleen Kay, Boris Karloff, Joe Bonomo, Joel Swickard. *Two Sorens* (1929)

Director Scott Pembroke. Producer Tina Czar. Script Arthur Hoelt. Based on a novel by Virginia Terline. Vandewater. Photography Hap Dewey. Released by Rayan Pictures. Cast: Viola Davis, Rex Lease, Claire DeBerry, Irving Bacon, Boris Karloff, Tom Langham, Tom Curran, Adolph Aubrey. *After Against the World* (1929)

Director Duke Worne. Script Arthur Hoelt. Based on a story by Victor Thorne. Photography Hap Dewey. Editor J.S. Harrington. Released by Rayan Pictures. Cast: Shirley Mason, Jack Mowen, James Bradbury, Jr., Isabelle Karlin, Tom Curran, Henry Rospanson, Boris Karloff, Billy Francis, Belle Steadland.

SHORT FILMS

Script Synopses No. 11 (1934). Released by Columbia Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Gervaise Tobay, James Cagney, Eddie Cascar, Pat O'Brien, Maureen O'Sullivan. *Universal Nineties* (1934). Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi. *Hollywood Rehears* (1935)

Cast: Richard Arlen, Buster Crabbe, Clark Gable, Boris Karloff. *Cosmos Circus* (1937)

Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. Director Roy Rowland. Producer: Louis Lewyns. Cast: Rex Bell, Leo

Carnold, Chester Conklin, Cliff Edwards, James Gleason, William S. Hart, Boris Karloff, Pert Kelton, Oliver and Johnson, Martha Raye, Mackey Rooney, Lee Tracy, Ben Turpin, Rudy Vallee, others. *Informant Film No. 8* (1941)

Released by RKO-Pathé Pictures. Host: Clifton Fadiman. Features: John P. Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, Boris Karloff. *Informant Film No. 12* (1941)

Released by RKO-Pathé Pictures. Host: Clifton Fadiman. Panelists: John P. Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, Boris Karloff, Oscar Levant. *Hedge Hopper's Hollywood No. 6* (1942)

Released by Paramount Pictures. Producers: Herbert Morrison and Whitney Williams. Co-narrators: Robert C. Bruce. Narrator: Hedda Hopper. Cast: Joan Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Joan Davis, Reginald Denry, June Haver, Hedda Hopper, Jan Harker, Boris Karloff, Adolphe Menjou, Mary Pickford, Best Redbone, Mack Sennett, Rudy Vallee, Daise May Whitty. *The Juggler of Our Lady* (1957)

Released by Twentieth-Century Fox/Terrynoon. Director Al Kessel. Producer Bill Weiss. Supervisor Gene Dench. Screenplay and story: R.D. MacLennan. Animation: Gene Dench and Al Kessel. Musical Score: Philip Schenck. Narrator: Boris Karloff. *Toby's Term* (1944)

Released by Twentieth Century-Fox/Movietone Pictures. Narrator: Boris Karloff.

SDUND FILMS

Rebel Tug Canine (1929). Director Irving Cummings. Producer: William Fox. Script: Soren Leven and Clarke Silverman. Based on the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Assistant Director: Charles Wooler. Released by Photoplay. Co-star: Willie Dove, Dave Rogers, and Vincent Farrar. Editor: Alfred De Gaudin. Released by Fox Pictures. Cast: Warner Baxter, Lou Moran, Gilbert Emery, Claude Rags, Philip Strange, Boris Karloff, Jessie Haines, Peter Gawthorne, John Rogers, Montague Shaw, Frank French-Saunders, Mercedes de Wasele, E.L. Park. *King of the Kings* (1929)

Director Richard Thorpe. Producer Nat Levine. Released by Mascot Pictures (silent and sound versions). 10-chapter serial. Cast: Jacqueline Logan, Walter Miller, Richard Tucker, Boris Karloff, Larry Sherry, Harry Todd, Richard Nird, Lila McKee, J.P. Lockery, William Hart, Gordon Russell, Robert Frazer, Ruth Davis. *The Unholy Night* (1929)

Director Louis Barrymore. Script: Edwin Justus Mayer. Based on a story by Ben Hecht. Adaptation: Dorothy Farnum. Photography: Ira Morgan. Editor: Gaudy Whittack. Released by MGM. Cast: Ernest Torrence, Roland Young, Dorothy Sebastian, Natalie Moorhead, Claude Rains, John Miljan, Richard Tucker, John Loder, Philip Scrump, Polly Morris, Boris Karloff, Sidney Jarvis, Clarence Gelder. *The Bad One* (1936)

Director George Fitzmaurice. Producer: Joseph M. Schenck. Script: Carey Wilson. Based on a story by John Farrow. Dialogue: Howard Buzzett Rogers. Assistant Director: Walter Mayo. Photography: Karl Struss. Editor: Don Hayes. Art Director: William Caserman. Music: Hugo Reinwald. Released by United Artists. Cast: Dolores Del Rio, Edwanda Lowe, Don Alvarado, Blanche Frederics, Adrienne D'Ambrosio, Ulrich Haupt, Mitchell Lewis, Ralph Lewis, Charles McNaughton, Yola D'Amari, John Sarsfield, Henry Kolker, George Fawcett, Tom Dugan, Boris Karloff. *The Sea Rat* (1930)

Director Wesley Ruggles. Script: Best Meredyth and John Howard Lawson. Based on a story by Dorothy Yost.

Photography: Ira Morgan. Editors: Harry Reynolds and Jerry Thomas. Art Director: Cedric Gibbons. Released by MGM. Cast: Raquel Torres, Charles Bickford, Nils Asther, George M. Morris, John Miljan, Boris Karloff, Gibson Gowland, Edmund Breese, Mathilde Constant, Mack Swain. *The Utah Kid* (1930)

Director Richard Thorpe. Script and story: Frank Howard Clark. Photography: Arthur Reed. Editor: Billy Balen. Cast: Rex Lease, Dorothy Sebastian, Tom Santschi, Mary Carr, Walter Miller, Lila McKee, Boris Karloff, Bud Osborne. *Mathis City* (1930)

Director Hobart Henley. Producer: Robert North. Script: Lenore J. Collier. Based on the novel by Helen Grace Carline. Photography: Gilbert Westerton. Editor: Frank Hare. Released by First National Pictures. Cast: Dorothy Peterson, Helen Chandler, David Mannes, Sidney Blackman, Edward Wood, Evelyn Knapp, Jean Bery, Pat O'Malley, Claude McDowell, Charles Hill Mailes, Reginald Hall, Boris Karloff, Marvin Jones, Meredyth Buel. *King of the Wild* (1931)

Directors: Richard Thorpe and B. Reeves Eason. Producer: Nat Levine. Script and story: Wyndham Gates and Fred Beebe. Photography: Benjamin Kline and Edward Kall. Released by Mascot Pictures. 12-chapter serial. Cast: Walter Miller, Nom Lane, Dorothy Crompton, Tom Santschi, Boris Karloff, Arthur H. Hughes, Carroll Nye, Victor Postel, Martha Lalande, Muriel Auer. *The Counselor* (1931)

Director Howard Hawks. Producer: Harry Cohn. Script: Fred Niblo, Jr. and Seton I. Miller. Based on the play by Martin Flavin. Photography: James Wong Howe. Released by Columbia Pictures. Cast: Walter Huston, Philip Haines, Constance Cummings, Mary Dones, DeWitt Jennings, John Sheehan, Boris Karloff, Otto Hoffman, Clark Marshall, Arthur Hoyt, Edith Wells, Nicholas Soussan, Paul Porcari, James Guthrie, Lee Phelps. *The Last Parade* (1931)

Director Edie C. Kanton. Script and Dialogue: Dorothy Howell. Based on a story by Casey Robinson. Photography: Teddy Tesell. Released by Columbia Pictures. Cast: Jack Holt, Tom Moore, Constance Cummings, Gaylord Pennington, Robert Ellis, Earle D. Ross, Vivá, Jess De Vonska, Ed Le Saint, Edmund Breese, Clarence Muse, Boris Karloff. *Dorothy* (1931)

Director Frank Capra. Script: Jo Swerling and Dorothy Howell. Based on a story by Li Cendr. Frank W. "Spig" West. Dialogue: Jo Swerling. Photography: Joe Wilbur and Elmer Dyer. Released by Columbia Pictures. Cast: Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Ray Wherry, Robert Bosworth, Roscoe Karns, Harold Goodwin, Clarence Muse, Ezzamel Compain, Al Roscoe, Seaton Jackson, Boris Karloff. *Young Doctor's Kid* (1931)

Director: Fred Niblo. Producer: Louis Samuels. Script: J. Walter Ruten. Based on the novel *Big Brother* by Rex Beach. Photography: Edward Crosspage. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures. Cast: Richard Dix, Jackie Cooper, Marion Sadien, Frank Sheridan, Boris Karloff, Dick Rush, Fred Kelsey, Richard Alexander, Harry Tenbrook, Wilfred Lucas, Phil Sorenson, Charles Sullivan. *Cosmo and Nemo* (1931)

Director Edward Francis Clare. Producer: Douglas MacLean. Script: Ralph Spence. Story: Douglas MacLean and Al Rosenberg. Dialogue: Ralph Spence and Al Rosenberg. Photography: Nicholas Musumeci. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures. Cast: Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Edna May Oliver, Dorothy Lee, Laila Seigel, Stanley Fields, Boris Karloff, Harvey Clark, Ben Turpin, Frank Thornton, Frank Lichten, Wilfred Lucas.

Smart Money (1931)

Director Alfred E. Green. Screenplay and dialogue: Kubec Glascock, John Bright, Lucien Hubbard, and Joseph Jackson. Based on the story *The Idol* by Lucien Hubbard and Joseph Jackson. Photography: Robert Karl. Music: Leo F. Forbstein. Make-up: Perc Westmore. Released by Warner Brothers. Cast: Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, Evelyn Knapp, Noel Francis, Morgan Wallace, Paul Porcasi, Maurice Black, Margaret Livingston, Boris Karloff, Billy House, Polly Walters, Ben Taggart, Gladys Lloyd.

The Public Defender (1931)

Director J. Walter Ruben. Producer: Louis Serecky. Script: Benand Schubert. Based on the novel *The Splendid Crime* by George Goodchild. Photography: Edward Croninger. Editor: Arthur Mannick. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures. Cast: Richard Dix, Shirley Gray, Edmund Breese, Boris Karloff, Paul Hens, Russell Pratt, Alan Roscoe, Ruth Weston, Nella Walker, Frank Sheridan, William Halligan, Carl Gerard. Pandor La (1931) (French version)

Director James Parrott. Producer: Hal Roach. Screenplay and dialogue: H.M. Walker. Photography: Jack Stevens. Editor: Richard Currier. Released by MGM. Cast: Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Jane Marlowe, James Finlayson, Boris Karloff, Charlie Hall, Sessie Lasker, Salar D. Wilson, George Miller, Willard Lucas.

For Star Foul (1931)

Director Mervyn LaFay. Screenplay: Byron Morgan. Based on the play *Let Night Fall* by Louis Weitzenbaum. Adaptation: Robert Lord. Photography: Sol Pollin. Music: Leo Forbstein. Released by Warner Brothers-First National Pictures. Cast: Edward G. Robinson, Marjorie Main, H.B. Warner, Anthony Bushell, George E. Stone, Frances Stern, Orie Mason, Boris Karloff, Robert Elliott, Abner McMathen, Russell Pratt, David Thomas, Oscar Apfel, Harold Waldridge, Gladys Lloyd, Polly Walters.

I Lay Your Name (1931)

Director William McCann. Script: Houston Branch. Based on a story by Roland Penrose. Dialogue: Roland Penrose and Houston Branch. Photography: Ernest Haller. Editor: Peter Fritsch. Cast: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young, Edmund Breese, Henry Kolhe, Claude Allister, Ivan Simpson, Paul Porcasi, Boris Karloff, Henry Bassett.

Griff (1931)

Director: Christy Cabanne. Producer: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Script and story: Barry Barranger. Photography: Jerome Ash. Editor: Measner Pivar. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Regis Toomey, Sue Carol, Dorothy Jenner, Boris Karloff, William Donovan, Richard Tucker, William Robertson, Harold Goodwin, George Irving, Camillea Geraghty.

The Caddy Generation (1931)

Director Rowland V. Lee. Producer: Harry Colas. Script: Jack Cunningham. Based on the play by Jo Milard and J. Kirby Hawkes. Photography: Byron Haskin. Released by Columbia Pictures. Cast: Leo Carrillo, Constance Cummings, Robert Young, Boris Karloff, Leslie Fenton, Johnny Wilson, Elliott Roth, Phil Teed, Frederick Howard, Eddie Belton, W.J. O'Brien, Ruth Warran.

The Mad Genius (1931)

Director Michael Curtiz. Script: J. Cobb Alexander and Harvey Thes. Based on the play *The Idol* by Martin Brown. Photography: Barney McGill. Editor: Ralph Dawson. Art Director: Anton Grot. Photography: Adolph Belan. Released by Warner Brothers-First National Pictures. Cast: John Barrymore, Minna Marks, Donald Cook, Charles Bowers, Lita Albert, Carmel Myers, Andre Laguet, Frank Darro, Boris Karloff, Mae Madison.

The Yellow Ticket (1931)

Director: Raoul Walsh. Script: Jules Furthman and Guy Bolton. Based on the play by Michael Morton. Photography:



James Wong Howe. Editor: Jack Murray. Released by Fox Pictures. Cast: Elina Landi, Lucien Barymore, Laurence Olivier, Walter Byrnes, Sarah Padden, Arnold Korff, Masha Auer, Rita LaRoy, Boris Karloff, Edwin Maxwell, Alex Maleski.

Frankenstein (1931)

Director James Whale. Producer: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Associate Producer: E.M. Asher. Script: Garrett Fort, Francis Edwards Farquhar, John Russell, and Robert Florey. Based on the novel by Mary Shelley. Screenplay and the play by Peggy Weik. Adaptation: John L. Balderston. Scenario edited by Richard Schayer. Photography: Arthur Edison Special Electrical Effects. Kenneth Rockliden. Make-up: Jack P. Pierce. Art Director: Charles D. Hall. Musical Theme: David Brofsky. Special Effects: John P. Fulton. Editor: Clarence Kolster. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Colin Clive, Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, Boris Karloff, Frederick Kerr, Dwight Frye, Evelyn Breen, Marilyn Harris, Michael Mark, Arletta Duncan, Pauline Moore, Frances Ford. *Tongue or Nose* (1931)

Director Mervyn LaFay. Producer: Samuel Goldwyn. Script: Ernest Vajda. Based on the play by Lili Harnay. Adaptation: Frederick Hutton and Fanny Hutton. Photography: Gregg Toland. Editor: Gail Whytock. Art Director: Willy Pogany. Music: Alfred Newman. Costumes: Chanel. Released by United Artists. Cast: Gloria Swanson, Melvyn Douglas, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Robert Greig, Greta Meyer Warburton Gamble, Abner Shipworth, Boris Karloff.

Behind the Mask (1932)

Director John Francis Dillon. Producer: Harry Cohn. Screenplay and dialogue: Jo Swerling. Adapted from the story in the *Secret Service* by Jo Swerling. Photography: Ted Tetzlaff. Continuity: Dorothy Howell. Editor: Ed Garrett. Released by Columbia Pictures. Cast: Jack Holt, Constance Cummings, Boris Karloff, Claude Rains, Bertha Mann, Edward Van Sloan, Willard Robertson, Tommy Jackson.

Alias the Doctor (1932)

Director Michael Curtiz. Script: Houston Branch. Based on the play by Iute Foulds. Dialogue: Charles Kenyon. Photography: Barney McGill. Editor: William Holmes. Art Director: Anton Grot. Technical Advisor: Dr. Henry Morton. Released by Warner Brothers-First National Pictures. Cast: Richard Barthelmess, Marjorie Marsh, Lucille La Verne, Norman Foster, Adrienne Dore, Oscar Apfel, John St. John,

Wells Clark, Claire Dodd, George Rosener, Boris Karloff, Nigel De Bruijn, Reginald Barlow, Arnold Lucy, Harold Wessing, Robert Farlan.

Suspects and Phewer (1932)

Director: David Butler. Producer: Al Ruckett. Script and dialogue: Gene Towne and William Courtman. Based on the novel *The Placitor* by Booth Tarkington and the play by Arthur Goodrich. Photography: Ernest Palmer. Released by Fox Pictures. Cast: Will Rogers, Jetta Gould, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Peterson, Peggy Rose, Cyril Ring, Red Freely, Oscar Apfel, Vernon Dent, Boris Karloff.

Servant (1932)

Director: Howard Hawks. Producer: Howard Hughes. Script: Simon I. Miller, John Lee Mahan, W.R. Burnett, and Fred Paley. Based on the novel by Armande Tied. Adaptation: Ben Hecht. Photography: Lee Gurnau and L.W.D. Connel. Editor: Edwardward Curran. Assistant Director: Richard Roisse. Music: Adolph Tandler and Gus Arnheim. Production Designer: Henry Oliver. Released by United Artists. Cast: Paul Mann, Ann Dvorak, Karen Morley, Osgood Perkins, Boris Karloff, George Raft, Vance Barnes, C. Henry Gordon, Inez Palange, Edwin Maxwell, Tully Marshall, Harry J. Vejar, Bert Starkey, Henry Armetta, Maurice Black. *Catrina and Kolya in Hollywood* (1932)

Director: John Francis Dillon. Producer: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Script: Howard J. Green. Photography by Jerome Ash. Released by Universal. Cast: George Sidney, Charlie Murray, Jane Clyde, Tom Mix, Lew Ayres, Sidney Fox, Boris Karloff. *The Mite* (1932) Director: Norman Z. McLeod. Screenplay: Waldemar Young. From a novel by Frank Packard and a play by George M. Cohan and Robert H. Davis. Cast: Sylvia Sydney, Charler Moran, Robert Coogan, John Wray, Ned Sparks, Lloyd Hughes, Virginia Bruce, Boris Karloff, Irving Pichel, Florene McKinney, Frank Darro. *Night Hawk* (1932)

Director: Hobart Henley. Screenplay by Richard Schayes. Released by Universal. Cast: Lew Ayers, Mae Clark, Boris Karloff, Dorothy Reiver, George Raft, Hilda Hopper, Dorothy Peterson, Clarence Muse, Bert Roach, Greta Gustad.

The Old Dark House (1932)

Director: James Whale. Producer: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Screenplay by Benj. Levy, from a novel by J.B. Priestley. Makeup by Jack Pierce. Cast: Boris Karloff, Melvyn Douglas, Charles Laughton, Gloria Stuart, Lillian Bond, Ernest Thesiger, Eve Moore, Rayzard Massey, Bramber Williams. *Mask of Fu Manchu* (1932)

Director: Charles Brabin. Screenplay: Iness Kulu, Edgar Allan Woolf, and John Willard. From a novel by Sax Rohmer. Released by MGM. Cast: Boris Karloff, Lewis Stone, Karen Morley, Myrna Loy, Charles Starrett, Jean Harlow, Lawrence Grant, David Torrence, D.P. Higgins.

The Ghent (1933)

Director: T. Hayes Hunter. Producer: Michael Balcon. Screenplay: Leonard Huns, Roland Penrose and John Harmsworth Tamer. Cast: Boris Karloff, Cedric Hardwicke, Ernest Thesiger, Dorothy Hyson, Anthony Bushell, Harold Hall, Kathleen Harrison, D.A. Clarke-Smith, Ralph Richardson, Jack Raine.

The Last Patrol (1934)

Director: John Ford. Producer: Cliff Reid. Executive Producer: Merian C. Cooper. Screenplay: Dudley Nichols. Music: Max Strakos. Cost: Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny, J.M. Kerrigan, Betty Bevan, Alan Hale, Brandon Hunt, Douglas Walton, Sessie Stein.

House of Rothschild (1934)

Director: Alfred Werker. Producer: Darryl Zanuck.

Screenplay by Nunnally Johnson. Music by Alfred Newman. Released as Technicolor by Twentieth Century Fox. Cast: Arlan, Bora Karloff, Lovett Young, Robert Young, C. Aubrey Smith, Winene Wylder, Reginald Owen, Holman Herbert. *The Black Cat* (1934)

Dir: Edgar Allan Poe. Prod: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Screenplay: Peter Rasmussen. Cast: Bora Karloff, Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells, Lucille Lund, Henry Arantia, Albert Carr.

Gift of God (1934)
Dir: Karl Freund. Prod: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Screenplay by Rian Jones, adapted by Lou Bromberg. From a story by Jerry Wald and Philip Epstein. Cast: Edward Lowe, Glenda Stuart, Ruth Etting, Hal Baker, Edith Waters, Alice White, Alexander Wolfelt, Victor Moore, Henry Arantia, Alvin Devine, Sterling Holloway, Maurice Black, Billy Barry, Paul Lukas, Chester Morris, Roger Pryor, The Downey Sisters, Bora Karloff, Bela Lugosi, The Three Stooges.

Body of Evidence (1935)
Dir: James Whale. Prod: Carl Laemmle, Jr. Screenplay by William Hurlbut. Music by Franz Waxman. Make-up by Jack Pierce. Cast: Bora Karloff, Colin Clive, Valerie Hobson, Elsa Lanchester, P. Hergott, Una O'Connor, Ernest Thesiger, Dwight Frye, John Carradine, Joan Woodbury, Helen Parrish. *The Raven* (1935)

Dir: Louis Friedlander. Produced by David Diamond. Screenplay by David Borhan. Music by Gilbert Harland. Cast: Karloff, Lugosi, Irene Wan, Lester Matthews, Samuel Hinds, Jack Courtney, Jan Wolfe, Spencer Charters.

The Black Room (1935)
Dir: Roy William Neill. Prod: Robert North. Released by Columbia Pictures. Screenplay by Henry Myers and Arthur Strawn. Cast: Karloff, Marian Marsh, Robert Allen, Thelma Hall, Katherine DeMille, Edward Van Sloan.

The Invisible Ray (1936)
Dir: Lambert Hillyer. Prod: Edmund Grainger. Screenplay by John Cotton, from a story by Howard Higgin and Douglas Hudges. Photography: George Robinson. Editor: Bernard Hodges. Special Effects: John P. Fulton. An Director: Albert S. D'Agostino. Music: Franz Waxman. Make-up: Jack P. Pierce. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Frances Drake, Frank Lawton, Walter Kingsford, Beulah Bondi, Violet Kneibler Cooper, Nydia Weisman, Georges Renavent, Frank Winchen, Paul Wegel, Adèle St. Maier.

The Walking Dead (1936)
Director: Michael Curtiz. Producer: Lou Edelman. Script: Ewart Adams, Peter Milne, Robert Andrews, and Lillie Hayward. Based on a story by Ewart Adams and Joseph Fields. Photography: Hal Mohr. Editor: Thomas Pratt. An Director: Hugh Benckler. Dialogue Director: Irving Rapper. Costumes: Cary Odell and Oleg Kelly. Make-up: Perc Westmore. Released by Warner Brothers Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Ricardo Cortez, Warren Hall, Robert Strange, Joseph King, Edmund Gwinn, Marguerite Churchill, Berton MacLure, Henry O'Neill, Paul Harvey, Joseph Sawyer, Eddie Allen, Ruth Robinson, Addison Richards, Kenneth Harlan. *The Man Who Lived Again* (1936)

(British title: *The Man Who Changed His Mind*). Also called *Dr. Marmack* and *The Brain Scatcher*. Director: Robert Stevenson. Producer: Michael Balcon. Script: L. DeGarde Peck and Sidney Gilman. Based on a story by John L. Balderson. Photography: Jack Cox. Editors: R.E. Denning and Alfred Biscoe. Art Director: Alex Vencchucky. Make-up: Ray Arlson. Released by Gaumont-British Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Anna Lee, John Loder, Frank Cellier, Donald Crisp, Cecil Parker, Lyn Harding, Clive Monton, D.J. Williams, Brian Pawley.

Juggernaut (1936)
(also released as *The Demon Doctor*). Director: Henry Edwards. Producer: Julian Hagen. Script: Cyril Cusack and H. Fowler Meier. Adaptation and dialogue: Heinrich Fraenkel. Based on a novel by Alice Czapfeli. Photography: Sidney Hyde and William Lall. Editor: Michael Chitfield. An Director: James Carr. Music: W.L. Tyrrel. Released by Grand National Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Joos Wyndham, Arthur Margeson, Mosa Goya, Anthony Ireland, Monian Sella, Nova Boucaut, Gibb McLaughlin, J.H. Roberts, Victor Rott.

Charles Chase of the Opera (1937)
Director: H. Bruce Humberstone. Producer: John Stone. Screenplay: W. Scott Darling and Charles Belton. Based on a story by Jess Merendy and on characters created by Earl Derr Biggers. Photography: Lucien Andriot. Editor: Alice Trofey. Opera Musical by Oscar Levant. Libretto: William Kernell. Orchestration: Charles Maxwell. Musical Director: Samuel Kaylin. Costumes: Hensel. Art Director: Dariusz Cramer and Lewis Creber. Released by 20th Century Fox. Cast: Warner Oland, Bora Karloff, Keye Luke, Charlotte Henry, Thomas Beck, Margaret Irving, Gregory Gyle, Frank Conway, Guy Usher, William Deslandes, Maurine Cass. *Night Key* (1937)

Director: Lloyd Corrigan. Producer: Robert Russell. Script: Triton Tepper and John C. Moffitt. Based on a story by William Pierce. Photography: George Robinson. Editor: Ois Garrett. An Director: Jack Dittman. Special Effects: John P. Fulton. Musical Director: Lou Forbes. Make-up: Jack P. Pierce. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Joan Rogers, Warren Hall, Holman Cavannah, Samuel S. Hinds, Alvin Bauer, David Dwyer, Edwin Maxwell, Ward Bond.

Wolf of St. Francis (1937)
Director: John Farrow. Producer: Bryan Foy. Script: Crane Wilbur. Based on the play *The Bad Man* by Peter Ernest Browne. Photography: L. William O'Connell. Editor: Frank Driver. Costumes: Howard Shaw. Make-up: Perc Westmore. Released by Warner Brothers-Film National Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Beverly Roberts, Ricardo Cortez, Gordon Oliver, Sheila Bromley, Vladimir Sokoloff, Gordon Hart, Richard Lee, Douglas Wood, Chester Gae, Luke Chan, Schatz Jackson, James H. Long.

The Invisible Menace (1937)
Director: John Farrow. Producer: Bryan Foy. Screenplay: Crane Wilbur. Based on a play by Ralph Spencer. Zink Dialogue Director: Harry Seymour. Photography: L. William O'Connell. Editor: Harold McLennan. Released by Warner Brothers Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Rega Toomey, Marie Wilson, Eddie Graves, Cy Kendall, Frank Noyles, Harland Tucker, John Rhyly, Henry Kolker, Charles Townbridge, William Haade, Philip Bruns.

Mr. Weeg, Drinker (1938)
Director: William Nigh. Producer: Scott R. Dunlap. Associate Producer: William T. Lackey. Screenplay: Houston Branch. Based on the stories by Hugh Wiley. Photography: Harry Neumann. Editor: Russell Schoengarth. Musical Director: An Meyer. Make-up: Gordon Sax. Released by Monogram Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Grant Withers, Maxine Jennings, Evelyn Brent, Lucien Brial, William Gould, John Hamilton, John St. Polis, Frank Brown, Hooper Archley, George Lloyd.

San of Frodo (1938)
Director and Producer: Rowland V. Lee. Screenplay: Willis Cooper. Suggested by the novel *Frodo* by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. Photography: George Robinson. Editor: Ted Kent. Special Effects: John P. Fulton. An Director: Jack Dittman. Associate An Director: Russell Gannan. Make-up: Jack P. Pierce. Music: Frank Skinner. Musical Arrangements: Hans J. Salter. Musical Director: Lucien Newman. Costumes: Vera West. Released by Universal

Pictures. Cast: Basil Rathbone, Bora Karloff, Belle Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Josephine Hutchinson, Donnie Dunagan, Susan Dunes, Edgar Norton, Perry Jones, Lawrence Grant, Lionel Belton, Michael Mark, Caroline Cook, Gustav Von Seydewitz.

The Mystery of Mr. Weeg (1939)
Director: William Nigh. Producer: Scott R. Dunlap. Associate Producer: William T. Lackey. Screenplay: W. Scott Darling. Based on a story by Hugh Wiley. Photography: Harry Neumann. Editor: Russell Schoengarth. Make-up: Gordon Sax. Released by Monogram Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Grant Withers, Dorothy Tree, Craig Reynolds, Lonan Long, Morgan Wallace, Holmes Herbert, Jack Labedoff, Hooper Atchley, Vera West.

Mr. Weeg is Obsessed (1939)
Director: William Nigh. Producer: Scott R. Dunlap. Supervised by William T. Lackey. Screenplay: W. Scott Darling. Based on a story by Hugh Wiley. Photography: Harry Neumann. Editor: Russell Schoengarth. Make-up: Gordon Sax. Released by Monogram Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Grant Withers, Marjorie Reynolds, Peter George Lynn, William Royle, Huntly Gordon, James Flavin, Lotan Long, Richard Lee, Benne Lee, Lee Tung Foo, Guy Usher.

Town of London (1939)
Director and Producer: Rowland V. Lee. Script and story: Robert N. Lee. Photography: George Robinson. Editor: Edward Curtis. An Director: Jack Dittman. Associate An Director: Richard H. Riedel. Orchestration: Frank Skinner. Musical Director: Charles Fernald. Costumes: Vera West. Make-up: Jack P. Pierce. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Basil Rathbone, Bora Karloff, Barbara O'Neil, Jan Hunter, Vincent Price, Nan Grey, John Sutton, Lee G. Carroll, Miles Mander, Lionel Belton, Rose Hobart, Ralph Forbes, Frances Robinson, Ernest Conant, G.P. Harmsley, John Rodion, Ronald Sinclair.

The Total Head (1940)
Director: William Nigh. Producer: William T. Lackey. Script: W. Scott Darling. Based on a story by Hugh Wiley. Adaptation: Joseph West. Photography: Harry Neumann. Editor: Russell Schoengarth. Make-up: Gordon Sax. Released by Monogram Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Grant Withers, Marjorie Reynolds, Charles Townbridge, John Hamilton, Craig Reynolds, Jack Kennedy, Lisa Chervet, Frank Puglia, I. Standard Jolley, Jason Roberts, Sr.

British Intelligence (1940)
Director: Terry Moore. Script: Lee Katz. Based on the play *Three Faces East* by Anthony Paul Kelly. Additional Dialogue: John Langdon. Photography: Ted Hicken. Editor: Thomas Pratt. Musical Score: Henry Rothfeld. Make-up: Perc Westmore. Released by Warner Brothers-Film National Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Margaret Lindsay, Mary Winton, Leonard Mudie, Hana Hauer, Wladimir Harna, Lester Mathews, John Graham, Aubert Fairman, Clarence Derwent, Lotan Bean, Frederick Vagstad.

Black Friday (1940)
Director: Arthur Lubin. Producer: Bart Kelly. Script and story: Curt Siodmak and Eric Taylor. Photography: Elwood Redell. Editor: Philip Caba. Special Effects: John P. Fulton. An Director: Jack Otterson. Associate An Director: Harold MacArthur. Set Decoration: Russell Gannan. Musical Director: Hans J. Salter. Costumes: Vera West. Make-up: Jack P. Pierce. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Bora Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Stanley Ralpin, Anne Nagel, Anne Gwynne, Virginia Reiss, Edmund MacDonald, Paul Fix, Murray Alper, Jack Muddall, Joe King.

Dora's Island (1940)
Director: William Clemens. Producer: Bryan Foy. Script: Don Ryan and Kenneth Gannet. Based on the story *The Return of*



Doctor X by Anthony Corderway and Raymond L. Schrock. Photography: George Barnes. Editor: Frank Magre. Art Director: Max Parker. Technical Advisor: Louis Van Den Esker. Released by Warner Brothers-First National Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Neida Harman, James Stephenson, Ada Kozmetzoff, Rella Gourevitch, Will Stanton, Edward Kean, Robert Warwick, Pedro de Cordoba, Tess Wilson, John Hammond, Richard Bond, Earl Gares.

Doomed to Die (1940)

(Allentown title: *The Mystery of Wintworth Castle*) Director: William Nigh. Producer: Paul Malvern. Script: Ralph G. Bennett and Michael Jacoby. Based on the short stories by Hugh Wiley. Photography: Harry Newman. Editor: Robert Golden. Make-up: Gordon Bau. Cast: Boris Karloff, Grant Withers, Mayme Reynolds, Melvyn Lang, Guy Usher, Catherine Crag, William Sterling, Kenneth Harlan, Wilbur Mack, Henry Brandon.

Belief / Hing (1940)

Director: Nick Griske. Producer: Wallace MacDonald. Script: Robert D. Andrews. Based on a story by Karl Brown and Robert D. Andrews. Photography: Benjamin Klase. Editor: Charles Nelson. Art Director: Lionel Baris. Musical Director: Morris W. Stoffel. Released by Columbia Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Evelyn Keyes, Bruce Bennett, Edward Van Sloan, Ben Taggart, Pedro de Cordoba, Wengit Kramer, Barton Yarborough, Don Beddoe, Robert Fiske, Kenneth McDonald, Frank Richards.

The Apr (1940)

Director: William Nigh. Producer: Scott R. Dundap. Associate Producer: William T. Lackey. Assistant Director: Allen Wood. Script: Curt Siodmak and Richard Carroll. Based on the play by Adnan Had Stark. Photography: Harry Newman. Editor: Russell Schoengarth. Art Director: E.R. Hickson. Musical Director: Robert Kay. Released by Monogram Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Maria Winkler, Gertrude Hoffmann, Henry Hall, Gene O'Donnel, Dorothy Vaughan, Jack Kennedy, Jessie Arnold, Selmer Jackson, Paul McCullough, George Cleveland.

You've Found Out (1940)

Director and Producer: David Butler. Script: James V. Kern, Monte Brice, Andrew Reisman, and R.T.M. Scott. Based on a story by David Butler and James V. Kern. Photography: Frank Redman. Editor: Isaac Morris. Special Effects: Vernon L. Walker. Art Director: Van Nest Polglue. Musical Director: Roy Webb. Music and Lyrics: Jazany McLaugh and Johnny

Mercer. Costumes: Edward Stevenson. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures. Cast: Kay Kyser, Peter Lorne, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Helen Parkins, Dennis O'Keefe, Alana Kruger, Joseph Eggenston, Gentry Busch, Harry Belafonte, Sully Mason, Ish Kabodzie, Kay Kyser's Band.

The Devil Commands (1941)

Director: Edward Dmytryk. Producer: Wallace MacDonald. Script: Robert D. Andrews and Milton Gubberg. Based on the novel *The Edge of Reasoning* by William Sloane. Photography: Allen G. Siegler. Editor: Al Clark. Art Director: Lionel Baris. Musical Director: Morris W. Stoffel. Released by Columbia Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Richard Fiske, Amanda Duff, Anne Revere, Ralph Penney, Dorothy Adams, Walter Baldwin, Kenneth McDonald, Shirley Wende.

The People Men Will Get You (1942)

Director: Lew Landers. Producer: Colbert Clark. Script: Edwin Blau. Adaptation: Paul Gangelin. Photography: Henry Predahl. Editor: Richard Faeel. Art Director: Lionel Baris. Associate Art Director: Robert Peterson. Musical Director: Morris W. Stoffel. Released by Columbia Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Peter Lorne, Marie Rensebloom, Larry Parks, Jeff Donnell, Maude Egan, Don Beddoe, George McKay, Frank Puglia, Eddie Langford, Frank Sully, James Morton.

The Chorus (1944)

Director and Producer: George Waggoner. Script: Curt Siodmak and Lynn Steding. Adaptation: Curt Siodmak. Based on the play by Edward Locke. Photography: Hal Mohr and W. Howard Greene. Editor: Russell Schoengarth. Special Effects: John P. Fulton. Art Directors: John B. Goodman and Howard Golzart. Set Decorators: Russell A. Gussman and Ira S. Webb. Musical Score: Edward Ward. Musical Director: Don George. Libretto: George Waggoner. Assistant Director: Seymour Freedman. Costumes: Vera West. Make-up: Jack P. Henge. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Suzanne Foster, Tullia Ray, Gale Sondergaard, Thomas Gomez, Jane Vander, George Dolan, Ludwig Stouel, Jane Frazee, Irma Vanczi, Lotte Stein, Scooby Becken, Williams Edwards, Maxwell Hayes, Dorothy Lawrence.

House of Frankenstein (1944)

Director: Ed G. Knott. Producer: Paul Malvern. Executive Producer: Joseph Geneserath. Script: Edward T. Lowe. Based on a story by Curt Siodmak. Assistant Director: William

Issenard. Photography: George Robinson. Editor: Philip Calus. Special Photography: John P. Fulton. Art Directors: John B. Goodman and Martin Obinna. Musical Score: Hans J. Salter, Paul Desau, Frank Skutner, and Charles Preves. Make-up: Jack P. Pierce. Released by Universal Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney, Jr., John Carmichael, J. Carol Nash, Anne Greyne, Peter Cox, Lionel Atwill, George Zucco, Elena Verdugo, Glenn Strange, Sig Ruman, William Edmunda, Charles Miles, Philip Van Zandt, Jules Tannen, Hans Herbert, Dick Dickinson, George Lynn, Michael Mack, Olaf Hytten, Frank Reicher, Brandon Hunt.

The Body Snatcher (1945)

Director: Robert Wise. Producer: Val Lewton. Executive Producer: Jack J. Gross. Script: Philip MacDonald and Carlos Keith (Val Lewton). Based on the story by Robert Louis Stevenson. Assistant Director: Harry Scott. Photography: Robert De Grasse. Editor: J.R. Whitridge. Art Directors: Albert S. D'Agostino and Walter Keller. Musical Score: Roy Webb. Musical Director: Constantin Bakaleinoff. Costumes: Renee. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Henry Daniell, Edith Atwater, Russell Wade, Rita Corday, Sharyn Moffett, Donna Lee, Robert Clarke, Carl Kent, Jack Welch, Larry Whit, Mary Gordon, Jan Monia, Isa Constan, Bill Williams.

Isle of the Dead (1945)

Director: Mark Robson. Producer: Val Lewton. Executive Producer: Jack J. Gross. Script: Ardel Wray and Josef Mitchell. Suggested by the painting by Arnold Böcklin. Assistant Director: Harry Scott. Photography: Jack MacKinnon. Editor: Lyle Boyer. Art Directors: Albert S. D'Agostino and Walter Keller. Musical Score: Leigh Harline. Musical Director: Constantin Bakaleinoff. Costumes: Edward Stevenson. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Elena Drew, Mae Cranes, Katherine Emery, Helene Thring, Alan Napier, James Richards, St. Shalton Knapp, Sherry Hall, Ernest Donan, Rick Hanson.

Evilism (1945)

Director: Mark Robson. Producer: Val Lewton. Executive Producer: Jack J. Gross. Script: Mark Robson and Carlos Keith (Val Lewton). Suggested by the painting "Bedlam" by William Hogarth. Assistant Director: Dorian Cox. Photography: Nicholas Musuraca. Special Photography: Effects: Vernon L. Walker. Art Directors: Albert S. D'Agostino and Walter E. Keller. Musical Score: Roy Webb. Musical Director: Constantin Bakaleinoff. Costumes: Edward Stevenson. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Anna Lee, Billy House, Richard Fraser, Glim Verson, Ian Wolfe, Jason Robards, St. Leland Hodgson, Joan Newton, Elizabeth Russell, Ellen Conby, Robert Clarke, Victor Hedbrook, Larry Whate, Bruce Edward, John Meredith.

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty (1947)

Director: Norman Z. McLeod. Producer: Samuel Goldwyn. Script: Ken Englund and Everett Freeman. Based on the story by James Thurber. Assistant Director: Rodin Asher. Photography: Lee Garmes. Special Effects: John P. Fulton. Art Directors: George Jenkins and Percy Ferguson. Musical Score: David Raskin. Musical Director: Emil Newman. Songs: Sylvia Fox. Costumes: Irene Sharoff. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures. Cast: Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, Fay Bainter, Ann Rutherford, Thurston Hall, Konstantin Shayne, Florence Bates, Gordon Jones, Reginald Dwyer, Henry Corday, Doree Lloyd, Fritz Feld, Frank Reicher, Milton Parsons, Mary Brown, Betty Grable, Lorraine De Rose, Jackie Jordan, Martha Montgomery, Sue Casey, Pat Patrick, Irene Vernon.

Land (1947)

(British title: *Personal Column*). Director: Douglas Sirk. Producer: James Nasser. Executive Producer: Hunt

Black Sabbath (1964)

Director: Mario Bava. Producer: Salvatore Bilelino. Presented in the U.S. by James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff. Script: Marcello Fondato, Alberto Berdugo, and Mario Bava. Based on the stories "The Drop of Water" by Anton Chekhov, "The Telephone" by F.G. Seixas, and "The Handmaid" by Alexei Tolstoy. Photography: Ubaldo Terzano. Editor: Mario Scrandino. Art Director: Giorgio Giannini. Musical Score: Leo Bader (U.S.) and Robert Nicholson (Italy). Make-up: Otello Fava. Released by: Fininvest/Galileo/Lyre Film (Italy) and American International Pictures (U.S.). Cast: Boris Karloff, Mark Dancer, Sissy Andersen, Michele Mennes, Lella Allorina, Jacqueline Perneux, Miki Mosti, Glauco Onorato, Rika Dahara, Massimo Righi.

Belair Book (1964)

Director: William Asher. Producer: Anthony Carris. Executive Producers: James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff. Script: William Asher, Leo Townsend, and Robert Dillon. Photography: Floyd Crosby. Editor: Fred Fendrich. Special Effects: Roger and Joe Zinner. Art Director: Daniel Haller. Musical Score: Les Baxter. Songs by Guy Healey, Jerry Steiner, Gary Usher, Roger Christian, Jack Merrill, and Red Gibson. Released by: American International Pictures. Cast: Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, Kerian Hayes, John Ashley, Don Rickles, Harry Lovebeck, Martha Hyer, Judy McCrea, Cindy Johnson, Darzelle Achty, Meredith MacKenzie, Dianne Wiest, James Prohaska, Thelma Gray, Val Vanover, Donna Loren, Little Steve Wonder, The Pyramids, Boris Karloff.

De Mow, De Mow (1965)

(British title: *Monster of Terror*). Director: Daniel Haller. Producer: Pat Green. Executive Producers: James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff. Script: Jerry Gold. Based on the story "The Colour Out of Space" by H.P. Lovecraft. Assistant Director: Dennis Hall. Photography: Paul Benson. Editor: Alfred Cox. Special Effects: Wally Verreras and Ernest Sullivan. Art Director: Colla Southcott. Musical Score: Don Borch. Make-up: Jussay Evans. Released by: American International Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Nick Adams, Fonda Jackson, Susan Foster, Terence De Marney, Frances Magee, Paul Farnell, George Moon, Gretchen Franklin, Sydney Bromley, Billy Milton, Leslie Dwyer.

The Ghost in the Invisible Body (1966)

Director: Don Wren. Producer: Anthony Carris. Executive Producers: James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff. Script: Louis M. Heyward and Ellwood Ullman. Based on a story by Louis M. Heyward. Photography: Stanley Corcos. Editor: Fred Fendrich and Don Newman. Special Effects: Roger George. Art Director: Daniel Haller. Musical Score: Les Baxter. Songs by Guy Healey and Jerry Steiner. Make-up: Ted Coodley. Released by: American International Pictures. Cast: Tossy Kark, Deborah Walley, Ann Kasold, Queen O'Hara, Jean White, Harvey Lovebeck, Nancy Sinatra, Claudia Martin, Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, Patsy Kelly, Susan Hart, Francis X. Bushman, Lume Holmes, Benny Rubin, Alberta Nelson, George Barrows.

The Daydreamer (1966)

Director: Jules Bass. Produced and scripted by Arthur Rankin, Jr. Executive Producer: Joseph E. Levine. Based on the stories "The Little Mermaid," "The Emperor's New Clothes," "Thumbelina," and "The Garden of Paradise." Animated Sequences: Don Duga. Animated Photography: Ted Moenchings. Live Action Sequences: Photography: Daniel Cavelli. Art Director: Maurice Gordon. Music and Lyrics: Murray Lawry and Jules Bass. Released by: Embassy Pictures. Cast: Paul O'Keefe, Jack Gifford, Ray Bolger, Margaret Hamilton, Robert Harter. Voices: Cyril Ritchard, Hayley Mills, Burl Ives, Talulah Barkhead, Terry-Thomas, Victor Berge, Patsy Duke. Robert Gould, Sessue Hayakawa, Boris Karloff, Ed Wynn.

The Vengeance of Dr. Frank (1967)

Director: Jerry Thorpe. Producers: Jerry Thorpe and E. Jack

Neuzan. Script: E. Jack Neuzan. Based on the novel by Helen Macdonald. Photography: Milton Krasser and Enzo Kratke. Editor: Henry Bernas. Special Effects: Camille L. Shepley. Art Director: George W. Davis and Leroy Coleman. Music and Lyrics: Lalo Schifano and Hal Wan. Make-up: William Tuttle. Released by: MGM. Cast: Robert Vaughn, Karl Soudner, Felicia Farr, Karl Berthel, Edward Amer, Boris Karloff, Roger C. Carmel, Joe De Santis, Fabiano Minelli, Wesley Lau, Luciana Paluzzi, Bill Woss.

Mondo Reale (1967)

Director: Robert Bascchi. Monsters: Nazimiro, Cautido and Torn. American version: Ted Weiss. Photography: Giuseppe di Torm. Editor: Ezio Alfonsi. American version: Fred von Bernstein. Musical Score: Lallo Gon and Nara Rossi. Narrator: Boris Karloff. A.Cue Productions Film (Italy) and an Invision Production (U.S.). Released by: Crown International. The Sonnets (1967)

Director: Michael Reeves. Producers: Tony Tenor and Patrick Curtis. Executive Producer: Arnold Louis Miller. Script: Michael Reeves and Tom Baker. Based on a story by John Burke. Photography: Stanley Long. Editor: David Woodward and Ralph Sheldon. Art Director: Tony Curtis. Musical Score: Paul Ferns. Released by: Tigon/Cornwall Global (Great Britain) and Allied Artists (U.S.). Cast: Boris Karloff, Catherine Lacey, Ian Ogilvy, Elizabeth Gray, Victor Henry, Susan George, Dana Sheridan, Ivor Dean, Peter Fraser, Mew Tonks, Bill Barnsley, Martin Terry, Gerald Campion, All Join.

Mad Monster Party (1967)

Director: Jules Bass. Producer: Arthur Rankin, Jr. Executive Producer: Joseph E. Levine. Script: Harvey Kurtzman, Len Lubich, and Forrest J. Ackerman. Based on a story by Arthur Rankin, Jr. Music and Lyrics: Maury Laws and Jules Bass. Puppet Design: Jack Davis. Released by: Embassy Pictures. Voices: Boris Karloff, Phyllis Diller, Ethel Merman, Gale Garnett, Alan Swit.

Targets (1968)

Director and Producer: Peter Bogdanovich. Script: Peter Bogdanovich. Based on a story by Peter Bogdanovich and Polly Platt. Photography: Leslie Kovacs. Editor: Peter Bogdanovich. Art Director: Polly Platt. Associate Producer: Daniel Scheidt. Assistant to the Director: Frank Marshall. Make-up: Scott Huxtable. Released by: Paramount Pictures. Cast: Boris Karloff, Tim O'Kelly, Nancy March, James Brown, Mary Jackson, Tanya Morgan, Peter Bogdanovich, Sandy Barnes, Arthur Peterson, Monty Landis, Paul Corday, Mark Dumas, Stallford Morgan, Daniel Auld, Timothy Bunt, Naomi Wynn, Geraldine Barron, Gary Keat, Elie Wood Walker, Frank Marshall, Byron Beitz, Mike Farrell, Jay Danzel, Carl Susskind, James Morris.

The Crimson Call (1970)

(British title: *Curse of the Crimson Altar*). Director: Vernon Sewell. Producer: Louis M. Heyward. Executive Producer: Jerry Tenor. Script and story: Mervyn Harniss and Henry Lincoln. Based on the story *Down in the Witch House* by H.P. Lovecraft. Additional Material: Gerry Levy. Photography: Johnny Coppitt. Editor: Howard Lussing. Art Director: Derek Bannington. Musical Score: Peter Krappa. Make-up: Pauline Warden and Elizabeth Blanton. Costumes: Michael Southgate. Released by: Tigon Pictures (Great Britain) and American International Pictures (U.S.). Cast: Boris Karloff, Christopher Lee, Mark Eden, Barbara Steele, Michael Gough, Virginia Wehelmi, Rupert Davies, Rosemarie Reed, Derek Tansley, Michael Warren, Ron Posen, Danya Peck, Nina Lorraine, Carol Anne, Jerry Shaw, Virginia Carlton.

(U.S. title: *The Sucker People* (1971))

(Alternate titles: *Sucker People* and *Cult of the Dead*). Directors: Juan Benzer and Jack Hill. Producers: Louis Enrique Vergara and Jack Hill. Photography: Austin McKuskey and Raul Douragore. Musical Score: Alice Urrutia. Released by:

Ameca Pictures (Mexico) and Columbia Pictures (U.S.). Cast: Boris Karloff, Juliana, Charles East, Raoul Bertrand, Judy Carmichael, Yongolier, Quenna Miller, Saraziano, Quenna Baines.

The Inevitable (1971)

(Alternate titles: *Sensory Illusions* and *After Terror*). Directors: Luis Enrique Vergara and Jack Hill. Producers: Luis Enrique Vergara and Juan Benzer. Script: Karl Schrauser and Luis Enrique Vergara. Photography: Austin McKuskey and Raul Douragore. Special Effects: Jack Tannenbaum. Musical Score: Alice Urrutia. Released by: Ameca Pictures (Mexico) and Columbia Pictures (U.S.). Cast: Boris Karloff, Enrique Gossman, Christa Linder, Maura Monti, Wrye Benzie, The Valdes, Sergio Alencar, Sergio Kleiner, Mariela Flores, Consuelo Mejia.

Cauldron of Blood (1971)

(Alternate titles: *Black Man's Blood* and *The Strangling Corpse*). Director and story: Edward Mann (Santos Alcantar). Producer: Robert D. Wernbach. Script: John Melton, Jose Luis Bayonera, and Edward Mann. Photography: Francisco Sempere. Editor: J. Antonio Rios. Art Director: Gil Purnado. Musical Score: Jose Luis Navarro and Ray Elia. Songs: Edward Mann and Bob Harris. Make-up: Mariela Garcia. Make-up: Released by: Hapaxer Films (Spain) and Canosa Films (U.S.). Cast: Boris Karloff, Vivien Lindon, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacques Speed, Rosenda Monteros, Ruven Afari, Darius Zurakowski, Mito Quesada, Mercedes Rely, Mary Lou Palermo, Manuel de Blas, Eduardo Chirales.

The Free Chamber (1971)

Director: Juan Benzer and Jack Hill. Producers: Luis Enrique Vergara and Jack Hill. Script: Jack Hill. Photography: Austin McKuskey and Raul Douragore. Musical Score: Alice Urrutia. Special Effects: Enrique Gerdillo. Released by: Ameca Pictures (Mexico) and Columbia Pictures (U.S.). Cast: Boris Karloff, Yvonne Benzie, Juliana, Saraziano, Carlos East.

House of Evil (1972)

(Alternate titles: *Dance of Death* and *Monster Woman*). Directors: Louis Enrique Vergara and Jack Hill. Producers: Luis Enrique Vergara and Juan Benzer. Script: Jack Hill. Photography: Austin McKuskey and Raul Douragore. Musical Score: Alice Urrutia. Special Effects: Enrique Gerdillo. Released by: Ameca Pictures (Mexico) and Columbia Pictures (U.S.). Cast: Boris Karloff, Juissa, Andres Garcia, Angel Espinoza, Beatriz Bar, Quenna Baines, Mariela Alvarado, Carmen Vega, Felipe Flores, Fernando Sandoz.



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